

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

"Canada's Greatest Magazine"

MARCH, 1931

10¢



DANCING AND PERSONALITY

BY

MADAME TAMARA KARSAVINA

(Most Famous of European Dancers)

ROBERT WATSON ♦ ELIZABETH JORDAN ♦ ALBERTA C. TRIMBLE ♦ GEORGE MARSH

More lips say
 “Fill’er Up
 with **ETHYL**”
 than ask for any other gasoline



IT hasn't taken people long to discover that any pump marked with the Ethyl emblem sells *something more* than gasoline. More car owners now ask for Ethyl Gasoline than for any other motor fuel.



For instance: A recent count on Route 20 between Troy, N.Y., and Boston, Mass., showed a total of 1219 gasoline pumps—of which 355 were Ethyl pumps. This is 10% more than for the next largest selling gasoline.

The reason (in engineer's language) is *combustion control*. Every gallon of Ethyl Gasoline contains valuable drops of Ethyl fluid. Yet these few drops control the action of the gasoline in the engine.

Instead of exploding in sharp, irregular bursts (that waste force against engine walls), Ethyl Gasoline delivers power to the pistons with smoothly increasing pressure—improving the performance of *any* car.

Ninety-five leading oil refiners now mix and sell this better fuel. To good gasoline (up to Ethyl requirements for purity, volatility, and other qualities) they add Ethyl fluid, making Ethyl Gasoline—for sale at pumps that bear the Ethyl emblem.

Try Ethyl in your own car. You'll like it. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City.



The Ethyl emblem on any pump stands for tested gasoline of Ethyl quality. Constant inspection of gasoline taken from Ethyl pumps throughout the country guards this standard.

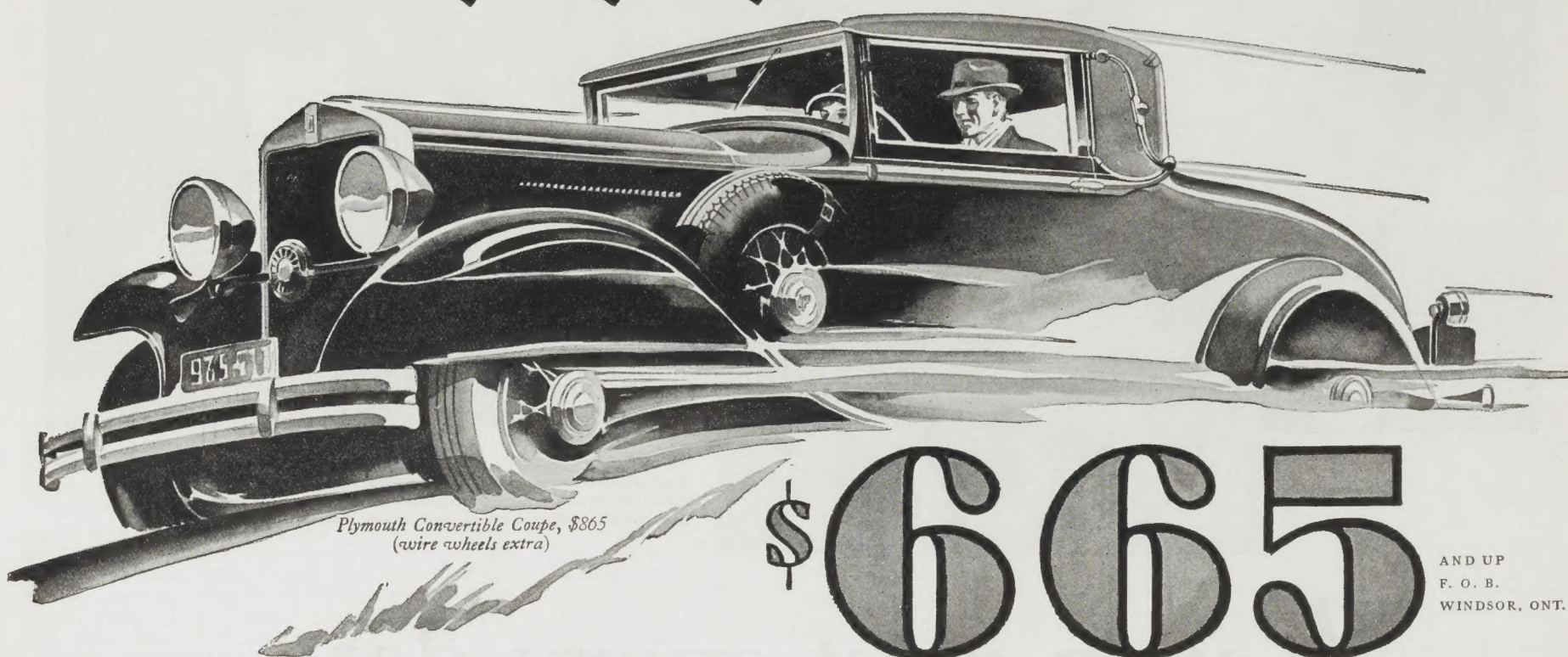
ETHYL GASOLINE

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The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.

DODGE DEPENDABILITY
CHRYSLER PERFORMANCE
DE SOTO SMARTNESS



Plymouth Convertible Coupe, \$865
 (wire wheels extra)

\$665

AND UP
 F. O. B.
 WINDSOR, ONT.

Naturally . . . IT'S A GREAT CAR WITH ALL THIS GREATNESS BEHIND IT

ENGINEERED and built side by side with fine cars, Plymouth naturally is a fine car, too . . . It is perfectly logical for Plymouth to partake of Chrysler *speed* and *performance* . . . It is only to be expected that Dodge influence should make Plymouth a *dependable* car . . . Natural, too, that DeSoto's contribution should be *dashing smartness* . . . Built the way it is, Plymouth cannot help being the car it is. That it should offer more in quality and value is the most natural thing in the world.

PLYMOUTH MOTOR CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED
 Division of Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

Plymouth is the Only Lowest-Priced Car with Hydraulic 4-Wheel Brakes

Because hydraulic brakes are always equalized and are quick, smooth and positive in action, they are the safest brakes known. Plymouth's hydraulic brakes are oversize, with a high ratio of braking surface to car weight. They are easier to operate. They are extremely simple in construction, with no rods, joints or pins to rattle or squeak and get out of adjustment. They never require oiling. They are completely enclosed and work uniformly in all weather, even in the heaviest downpour.

Business Roadster \$665 • Business Coupe \$700 • Roadster (rumble seat) \$760 • Sedan (4-door, 3-window) \$775 • Coupe (rumble seat) \$775 Convertible Coupe \$865 • (Artillery wood wheels standard; wire wheels at slight extra cost) • All prices f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario, including standard factory equipment (freight and taxes extra).

"CANADIAN-BUILT FOR CANADIANS"

PLYMOUTH

SOLD AND SERVICED BY CHRYSLER, DODGE AND DE SOTO DEALERS



DR. JOSEF FABRICIUS, of Vienna, in the operating room of the famous Diakonissen Hospital, of which he is head. (Left) Dr. Fabricius examines X-ray of the intestines. When poisons collect here, health suffers. Fresh yeast keeps this vital region clean.

"Eating yeast every day strengthens the muscles of the intestine"

EXPLAINS THIS NOTED HOSPITAL HEAD

WHEN your system is not functioning properly, what do you do about it? Take a dose of medicine? A violent pill? A weakening cathartic?

You know you cannot *correct* constipation that way. *Permanent* relief from internal sluggishness demands a gentler, more sensible course of action.

For this extremely unpleasant trouble means a weakening of vital internal organs. The delicate mechanism of your intestines must be "toned up" . . . *strengthened* to carry away the daily accumulation of poison-breeding wastes.

It is very simple to accomplish this, today. Here is the method famous physicians advise, in the words of Dr. Josef Fabricius, the noted Austrian medical teacher and hospital head:

"For preventing and cur-

ing constipation," Dr. Fabricius states, "physicians are securing the best possible results from fresh yeast. Its daily use will strengthen the muscular action of the intestines . . . promote thorough elimination . . . regulate digestion."

Why not make up your mind to discover what



(Left) Miss Lucie Konig of Vancouver, B.C. Her mother writes: "Yeast is doing Lucie as much good as it did me. Her skin is clearing up fine. She doesn't catch cold as easily, and now she seems to have lots of energy for her school work."



eating Fleischmann's Yeast will do for *you*? Why not let it rid you of the headaches and complexion troubles, the unnatural tiredness and indigestion to which constipation gives rise? Just add three cakes a day to your regular diet. Starting today! Write for a free copy of booklet on Yeast for Health. Address Standard Brands Limited, Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, P.Q.

READ WHAT THESE NOTED DOCTORS SAY:—

DR. WEICKSEL, celebrated German authority, reports: "I have prescribed fresh yeast for a large number of my patients suffering from disturbances caused by constipation." DR. FAROY, Paris digestive specialist, says: "Fresh yeast increases gastric and intestinal secretion."

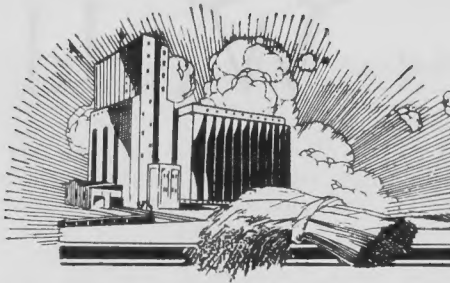
They guard Health with Yeast!

Many of the people you know owe their vigor and alertness to this simple health routine! Every day, regularly, they eat 3 cakes of fresh yeast—*Fleischmann's Yeast*.

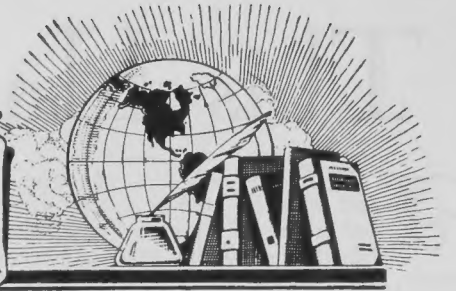
Try it!—either plain or in a third of a glass of water (hot or cold), or any way you like—before meals or between meals and at bedtime. Each cake is rich in vitamins B, G, D. You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains and drug stores.

Buy Made-in-Canada Goods

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh yeast—the only kind that benefits you fully. Eat 3 cakes every day!



EDITORIAL



VOLUME XXXII

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 3

A Time for Caution

FEW people in Western Canada are aware of the full significance of the various proposals to pipe natural gas as far as four hundred miles into the heart of Saskatchewan. On several occasions during past years, such proposals have been presented, but not until 1930 did the idea reach an advanced stage.

The old order must always give place to the new, providing, of course, the new order is in the best interests of the people as a whole. That is just the question. Would the burning of natural gas be in the best interests of the people of Western Canada?

Apart from the consumers themselves, there are two industries directly affected to a startling degree. One is Western Canada's coal-mining industry and the other is Western Canada's transportation industry. Western mines produce on an average of a million and a half tons of coal annually and the railways have that heavy tonnage to move.

Thirty thousand individuals whose existence now depends solely upon the actual mining of coal, are affected. The movement of Western coal last year into Regina, Saskatoon and Moose Jaw alone provided employment for 7,840 trainmen and enginemen. In other words, natural gas can be considered as nothing less than a menace to these people.

From the various companies seeking franchises to supply Saskatchewan with natural gas, have come as many proposals. One company plans to bring gas from the Kinsella field, 75 miles east of Edmonton. Another company proposes to use gas escaping in the Turner Valley to the yearly extent of a billion and a half cubic feet. Two other companies each claim sufficient supplies in the State of Montana. Other interests are exploring certain areas in Saskatchewan.

Negotiations at the present time are being carried on only in the cities of Regina, Saskatoon and Moose Jaw, but in the event of a line being laid, steps will be taken to supply smaller centres within a profitable area.

Regina and Saskatoon called upon the services of a gas expert. He recommended the Kinsella field in preference to the Turner Valley, taking the stand the latter was an abnormal structure. And now the people of Edmonton are opposed to the exportation of gas from the Kinsella field, since it is their source of supply. They fear the exhaustion of the field in a comparatively few years in spite of the fact the gas company interested is seeking a twenty-year franchise. In this connection, it has been pointed out that the Bow Island field had been already exhausted and that the Foremost field was nearly done.

Such facts hardly assure a supply of natural gas from this source for many years. It is something the consumer should consider before supporting the proposals and before going to the expense of having his heating plant altered to burn gas.

There has been so much talk about gas that it is now interesting to consider the relative merits of coal. Although Canada consumes 36,000,000 tons annually, there are sufficient resources within her borders to last for the next 30,000 years. As a matter of fact, Canada's heritage is twenty-one per cent of all the world's coal, eighty-five per cent of which is in Western Canada.

Coal has certain well-defined merits, so much so that most people are totally unconscious of them. The coal industry prides itself on offering a fuel that is safe, that is dependable, that is desirable, and that is economical.

Admittedly, gas is more convenient to burn, since there is no shovelling of coal or shaking down ashes. But the coal industry is apparently aware of its handicap. Machinery is being developed for the economical and automatic burning of coal. As a matter of fact, the day may be not far distant when the coal trade will be engaged in the marketing of heat, rather than the selling of a ton of coal.

To the people of Western Canada, heating has been and always will be a paramount issue. But before

they commit themselves to certain expenses and before they adopt a new order that has the danger of throwing many more thousands into the ranks of the unemployed, they must satisfy themselves that they have given this matter of heating its deserving attention.

Military Training in Schools

WITH the League of Nations operative and the World Court using its best effort to promote justice, it might be expected that the individual nations participating in the late war would endeavor to develop in the growing generation a passion for peace. Yet a review of what is being done in the schools in some of the countries which should know better is alarming. One need go no farther than the United States to find out that militarism with all its pomp and pride is still flourishing.

In 1910 military training under the War Department was given in 57 schools and colleges; today it is given in 318. The students enrolled in classes for instruction have increased from 29,000 to 145,000, the army officers from 85 to 1,800, the amount of money expended from \$725,000 to \$10,000,000.

Advertised Product Contest

The Publishers wish to express their appreciation to those hundreds of readers who so enthusiastically entered the recent contest. The returns surpassed all expectations and the quality of reply is of a very high order.

Owing to the number of letters received it will be some days yet before the judges will have completed their choice. Immediately this is done cheques will be forwarded and the names of the winners announced in the April Issue.

The arguments for this training are three, none of which will bear examination. In the first place military training is said to be a fine form of physical exercise. As a matter of fact it is about the worst of all the forms now employed in schools. Here is what was said by Colonel Koehler, who at the beginning of the World War was placed in charge of physical training in officers' camps, where he instructed over 200,000 officers and men, and who was awarded the distinguished service medal for conspicuous merit:

"The use of a musket as a means of physical development for anyone, be he man or boy, is more than worthless. It is, in my opinion, positively injurious. I deny absolutely that military drill contains one worthy feature, which cannot be duplicated in every well-regulated gymnasium in the country today. A thorough physical training develops all the necessary soldierly qualities to the greatest degree, and does it without injury. If we have athletes, we shall never be without soldiers."

It would be easy to find other authorities who are equally pronounced in their opinions.

The second argument for military training is that it is a fine form of discipline. In this connection one need only quote the words of T. Guthrie Speers in *The Christian Century*:

"There are two forms of discipline. One is inner self-control, the other is obedience to outer commands. Military discipline in general is of this last type. It requires implicit and unthinking obedience. It is not the best discipline for life in a democracy. There is a carefully thought-out obedience to external author-

ity that understands the reason for the command and is glad to obey. In a democratic country we need education of that kind in connection with the laws of the land. But there is also an automatic and unthinking obedience to external authority simply because it has the power to enforce its will. That kind of discipline is of little use in civil life."

Professor Kirkpatrick of Columbia College expresses this opinion:

"Military training in our schools and colleges, if it is to be defended at all, must, so far as I can see, be defended from considerations strictly of military preparation for war. Claims for moral training or for citizenship or for health training have little or no validity."

The third reason advanced for giving military training in schools is that it prepares for war. Even here the argument cannot be upheld unless it means that national pride may be built up and international hatreds cultivated. The art of war has to be learned all over again by the man who marches to the trenches or who joins the flying corps.

The whole situation is well summed up in these words:

"The real damage in all this training is not that it actually makes soldiers out of our students. In case of war they would probably have to be trained all over again, as they were during the World War. The real damage is that this training creates an increasing number of people with the military point of view, just when the whole world is struggling for another and a higher one. And worst of all, the only group that can achieve this higher point of view is youth. But here we are closing the minds of youth by teaching the method of war."

Now, all this refers to the United States, but anyone can note a parallel tendency in our own land.

The Wisdom of a Statistician

FOR condensed wisdom there is nothing more informing than the statements of the Babson Statistical Organization. For buyers, sellers and business men generally, some of the sayings should be framed and placed so that they would be constant reminders. Just now there are a few that bear out present conditions: (a) The sooner all retailers drop prices to correspond more nearly to their present payrolls, the quicker a general buying movement will develop; (b) In the present period the public look to bankers to take a courageous leadership in fighting depression; (c) Large supplies of raw materials—as in copper, cotton, grain, will permit only a dragging recovery in business; (d) Success in business is caused more by mental attitudes than mental capacities.

Babson is not content to rest with generalizations of this kind. One of the most significant statements is that which, while declaring another war to be preposterous, yet gives eight conditions that might possibly lead to war. All these conditions have been set forth in magazine articles and reviews, but it is very convenient to have them enumerated. They are given in condensed form: Mussolini may wish to prolong his reign. Italy may need more colonies for her growing population. France does not wish the Treaty of Versailles changed. France has as much gold as all the rest of Europe combined. Britain may be jealous of France's financial strength. Germany might find an excuse for defaulting her present war debts. Russia has a large standing army, and China is a temptation. Business interests loaded up with raw material might be glad to unload. Even some peace interests think that only another war will bring people to their senses. Now it may be dangerous to mention even the possibility of another war. The surest way to peace is to talk about peace. Nevertheless we cannot afford to go through life blindfolded. It is Babson's final summing-up that contains the all-important statement: "With communism in Russia, dictatorships in Italy and Spain, and revolutions in South America, it is well for us to teach our children to accumulate spiritual, educational and physical reserves. They should not depend solely upon lands and securities which we may leave."

This Happy Warrior Faces World Fearlessly

By Edna Kells

FLYING the red flag of courage, and with no capital except a fine collection of antiques and much experience with life and the Chinese people, Mrs. Edith McGill Clark, of Vancouver, stepped into the business world five years ago, and today stands in a class by herself as a successful importer of oriental goods and operator of stores. The story of her career is most romantic, and her experiences, if written in detail, would make a fascinating volume.

For seventeen years Mrs. Clark engaged in missionary work in Honan, China, with her husband, who had been in the work three years before she joined him. Seven years ago, at the end of twenty years' service, Mr. Clark fell ill and his wife brought him back to Vancouver. Once settled she realized she had a problem to solve. Somehow or other she had to provide for five people, her husband, young son, herself, her old Bible woman in China, and a Chinese girl she had adopted and was educating to take her place in China—and she had no visible means of support.

It was then she conceived the idea of utilizing the knowledge she had acquired in her work in China. "I know the Chinese language as well as I know English, and China as well as I know Canada," she says. She also knew Chinese products—where to find the rarest old embroideries, brasses and china; where to find fine linens and modern embroideries; and how to obtain things she could sell at a price people in Canada could pay. With this knowledge she launched her frail barque on the sea of commerce, and her stout heart and keen business instinct have carried her through the shoals which beset the amateur in any line of endeavor. Today, bankers recognize her as a first class risk. Her business has increased steadily and she operates retail stores in Vancouver, Calgary and Edmonton.

Mrs. Clark is still a young woman, clear eyed, clear skinned, her fair hair crowning her head like a coronet. She is one of those happy, alert persons who thrive on activity. Her's is the "merry heart that goes all the way," and finds pleasure even in hardship, joy in tackling a knotty problem, satisfaction in solving it.

IT WAS when speaking of the Chinese superstitions that Mrs. Clark revealed her own philosophy of life. The point under discussion was the symbolism which characterizes all Chinese designs. A scrap of embroidery may express the wish that the recipient will become famous in his own line; the bit of carved ivory may be a charm to ward off the Evil Spirits. "If you have no other way of protecting yourself you grab at charms," Mrs. Clark said. "So it was with the Chinese. They believed that Evil Spirits were constantly pursuing them. When a Chinaman becomes a Christian and learns that he is not at the mercy of Evil Spirits, but that there is a God of Love to protect him, his relief is enormous. This is reflected in his prosperity. The Chinese Christian gets on well financially when rid of this fear. Fear is the worst enemy of the human race. Fear is what is wrong with the world—with Canada today. People are afraid of bad times and they fear to go ahead. The Chinese are always fearful. When they become christianized and better off, the unconverted Chinese call them 'rice christians' believing the missionaries give them aid. They do not give material aid; they only give hope."

"I could never have got on in business had I been afraid to step out," Mrs. Clark continued. "When I took my first shop in Vancouver at a rental of \$200 a month, my friends said I could never pay it. When I took another at \$500 per month rental, they prophesied that I would lose all I had made. Now I am paying \$1,000 a month and am not nearly as frightened as when I made my first step. Courage grows with effort. With each endeavor you will find courage to take the bigger jump. The better place you are in, the cheaper you can sell—but you must have the goods."

Perhaps this courage was "sprouted" in China, for there the Clarks looked after the bodies as well as the souls of the people, in troubled times. During

one famine they saved the lives of more than 20,000 persons. Mrs. Clark raised money by writing descriptions of the famine, and with this they brought in grain from Manchuria and fed the people. In recognition of her service, the Chinese Government decorated her with the "Order of the Lady of



Mrs. Edith McGill Clark, of Vancouver, wearing the "Order of the Lady of the Golden Benevolence," awarded her by the Chinese Government for her work during a time of famine.

the Golden Benevolence," sometimes more briefly designated the "Order of Mercy." Mr. Clark was decorated with the "Order of the Golden Crop." Honan being an agricultural country this is a highly honored decoration.

Mrs. Clark has visited China every year for three years and has her passage to Hong Kong booked for early in the New Year, that being the time she visits the Orient. In the beginning she knew where to look for what she wanted on these buying trips. Now people look for her coming. Within two or three hours after her arrival in a place, thirty or forty dealers with huge packs of stuff will be waiting outside her door to barter with her. She tries to buy in the interior of China from families impoverished by the war. By so doing she gets the genuine articles.

These buying trips are not all romance; they involve much hardship. The trains are unheated and the traveller is always freezing or being cooked, according to the season. There are dust storms everywhere in winter and sanitary conditions are indescribable. Pekin has a million people spitting a million times every moment! The result is that people not hardened to the unhygienic conditions get septic sore throat. However, as she cannot leave home in the summer when the tourist trade is heavy, or before Christmas, Mrs. Clark has no choice but must go to China at the worst season there.

MANY of the articles made for her in China are designed by Mrs. Clark, and she is constantly searching for designs to take back to Hong Kong. Last spring she visited Europe and while in London and Paris she spent much of her time visiting museums and art galleries, studying designs, jades, and porcelains. She must have an understanding of such things in order to buy intelligently. She had cloisonne made in Pekin from her own design featuring a totem pole, and this is sold at Banff Springs hotel for which she buys certain lines. She it was who conceived the idea of getting the Japanese to make the little totem poles, and the paper knives adorned with Indian heads, that are sold to the tourist trade, when the Indians would not make them. She handed the idea over to a man who devoted his time to putting it into effect.

While the greater part of Mrs. Clark's purchases are for her own shops, she does not confine herself to that. When she sees a line which she considers would be acceptable to any wholesale firm with which she has a connection, she buys it for them. A large consignment of brooches was recently sold by her to a prominent Toronto jewelry firm. "Anything I have bought for wholesales I have always sold," she says.

Though not actually engaged on the mission field, Mrs. Clark still carries on mission work in her own way. She styles herself a missionary-merchant, and finds that her buying trips give her many opportunities to further the cause of christianity. When she finds herself surrounded by a group of people, dealers and their clerks, someone is sure to express interest in Canada and she then tells them of life here, and what christianity has done to make it pleasant. This gives her a start. Even in the middle of a busy day they will listen intently and question her further.

In Canada, Mrs. Clark, who is an able speaker, gives many addresses on conditions in China, and in this way creates greater interest in the foreign missions.

The humblest Canadians have many luxuries they do not appreciate, says Mrs. Clark, when she compares life here with that of China. Security, justice, and peace, such as we have, are luxuries unknown in China.

Mrs. Clark's original collection of porcelains was purchased by the museum at Honolulu, said to be the finest museum in the United States. But since selling that collection she has acquired many other treasures, replenishing her stock as it was depleted. There is probably no such collection as her's in any other shops in the world, she says. She has purchased tens of thousands of antiques which the people have brought to sell to her. These are getting very rare, so she buys in exceptionally large lots. Their rarity is ascribed to the fact that when an army invades a Chinese city, the soldiers invariably attack the pawn shops first. It is to such shops that people bring their valuables to be sold. When these are looted there is always a great deal of destruction as well.

While business is her chief interest on her buying trips, Mrs. Clark does not confine herself to that alone. She makes careful observation of people and conditions in the countries she visits. While in Germany and Austria last spring she noticed that though the people complained they were hard up, they were better dressed than Canadians. The Viennese women are the best dressed women on the continent; but French fashion leaders contend that the English women are the best dressed women in the world today.

No maimed or crippled men were seen in Germany and the explanation given Mrs. Clark was that Germany had better doctors and surgeons than the other nations engaged in the Great War, consequently they had no disabled men!

Fifteen countries were visited in the course of this trip. Five weeks were spent in England, and in London Mrs. Clark spoke before the Soroptimists' club of Greater London—the feminine equivalent of the Rotary Club. Its membership includes eight Dames of the British [Continued on page 31]



Easter! This joyous season is not too far away to anticipate now the time-honored custom—Easter morning Breakfast of Premium Ham or Bacon, with Premium Quality Brookfield Eggs—truly the National Breakfast



Swift's Premium seal—a mark which identifies a complete line of foods of highest quality.

BE SURE IT IS SWIFT'S PREMIUM! The new Premium "Savor-tite" Ham, ready cooked in the sealed container, bears the familiar blue Premium label. The uncooked hams and bacon carry other identifying marks as well—the word Swift in brown dots down the length of the side—the markings on the rind and parchment wrappers.

Swift Canadian Co.
Limited

BECAUSE the flavor of Swift's Premium Bacon, its mildness and savor, are uniquely delicious; because its tender meat is so evenly proportioned with fat and lean; because it can be bought, in sanitary wrappings, in any of the three convenient ways shown here—these are some of the reasons why two generations of careful housewives have asked their dealers to "Be sure it's Premium."

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon



Two perfect reasons why husbands love pie!

Wherever I go, whether it's Calgary, Winnipeg, Quebec or Toronto, women are always glad to talk about new pies. I think it's because of the men. Doesn't *your* husband put on a bright smile when he finds out that dessert's going to be pie?

I've discovered that many husbands are as likely as not to think that Crisco is a cereal or a condiment. But you can't fool them on the texture of a Crisco pie-crust. It falls into golden flakes at the touch of a fork. That's the kind they love!

The reason why Crisco helps so many women feel proud of their pie-crust is easy to explain—*Crisco is so workable*. It cuts so easily into creamy little bits. Then Crisco doesn't soak in and make a greasy pie-crust. That's because Crisco quickly melts in oven heat and divides the dough into thin crispy layers that are as sweet as Crisco itself.

Have you ever tasted this new kind of fluffy lemon pie that takes the meringue right into its tangy heart? It's like eating a light-hearted dream!

Then, too—if you like to present your family or friends with pleasant mysteries, do serve them this macaroon pie. Under the almonds and the meringue awaits a creamy, cus-

tardy richness with crumbly "flickers" of macaroons inside!

A good-tasting secret

Both of these delicate fillings could be ruined by a crust made with a strong-tasting, heavy fat. They simply cry to be cradled in equally delicate Crisco crusts that bring out their *true* flavors. Yes, for Crisco itself is a pure vegetable shortening that tastes as delicate and sweet as freshly-churned, unsalted butter. Good bakers know this—that's why Crisco is the professional chef's favorite.

When you make one of these pies, why don't you half prepare yourself for the next pie-time? You can, if you roll out and bake the extra Crisco crust until it's a golden brown. Keep it covered with paper on your kitchen shelf. Then, when the next call for pie comes, crisp the shell two or three minutes in the oven. It will taste *new-baked*, because Crisco keeps its sweetness without ice-box help.

I'd like to send you my handy little cook book that's full of ideas for good things to eat. Do send for it, won't you? Write to me for "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes" to Winifred S. Carter, Dept.XHH-31, 170 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

FLAKIER PIE-CRUST

(Makes one 2-crust or two single-crust pies)

2 cups flour $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Crisco $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
6 to 8 tablespoons cold water

Sift flour and salt together. Cut Crisco in well with two knives until consistency of small peas. Add only enough water to hold mixture together. Roll $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick on floured board.

For baked shell, cover inverted pie-plate. Leave enough dough to fold back to make a firm edge. Prick well with fork to prevent bubbles. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 15 minutes. For two-crust pie, bake 10 minutes at 450° F.; reduce heat to moderate (350° F.); bake until filling is done.



Taste Crisco—then any other shortening. Crisco's sweet, fresh flavor will tell you why things made with Crisco taste so much better.
CRISCO IS MADE IN CANADA



MACAROON PIE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt 2 cups milk
1 tablespoon cornstarch 3 eggs $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen macaroons
Blend sugar, cornstarch and salt together. Stir in well-beaten yolks and milk. Cook over hot water, until it is thick as cream. When it is cool, add finely rolled macaroons. Then put in baked pie-shell and bake in a moderate oven till firm. Cover with meringue (3 egg whites beaten stiff with 6 tablespoons sugar). Scatter $\frac{1}{4}$ cup blanched and shredded almonds over top of pie. Replace in slow (300° F.) oven and bring to a golden brown.



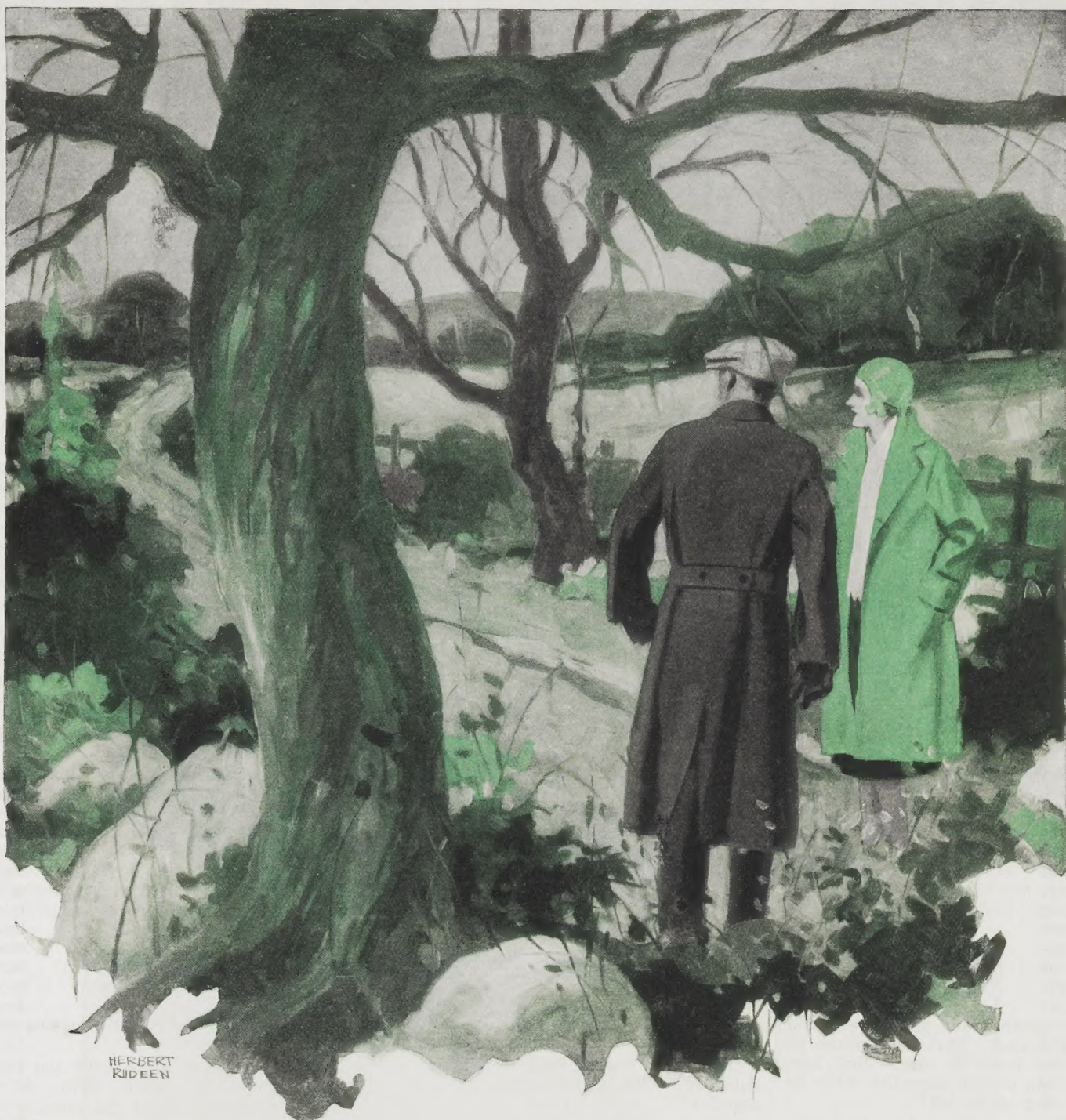
LEMON CHIFFON PIE

4 eggs 1 cup sugar $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons water 1 lemon (juice and rind)

Cook yolks of eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, salt, lemon juice and grated rind and water in double boiler until thick (5 to 10 minutes stirring constantly). Remove from fire and stir into whites beaten stiff with rest of sugar. Put in baked shell and bake in hot oven — 375° F. to 400° F., until nicely browned.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL—Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Co., of Canada, Ltd.

Here at last was
the far-away
road.



Illustrated
by
Herbert
Rudeen

The Far-Away Road

By Elizabeth Jordan

Author of "The Blue Circle," "The Girl in the Mirror,"
"Many Kingdoms," Etc.

"SO YOU see, Joe," Evelyn said, "it's the end of the story. We've got to say goodbye and part forever, the way they do in books. And I hope," she added, trying to speak lightly, "we can do it without working up a dramatic climax that will wear us both out."

Rand, huddled together in a chair behind her, took this in black silence, his head bent forward, his eyes fixed on the floor. Only a sudden contraction of the muscles of the jaw as he set his teeth showed that he had heard her, but she did not see it. She could say the words which would separate them—she had whipped herself up to that—but she could not and would not look at him while she uttered them. She realized too well how horribly she was hurting herself. She was doing it all for his sake; some time, if not now, he would understand that, as he went his comparatively care-free way, and it was possible that he would be grateful. But what recompense could the years offer her aside from the comfort of knowing that she had done what was best for him?

"I'm glad you can be so cheerful about it," he flung at her, after what seemed to them both a long interval. "Personally, I don't see quite where the comedy comes in."

"Oh, my dear!" She had been standing at the window with her back to him, staring out at the washed wall on the opposite side of the court which alone lighted her small living-room. Even before he saw the tears in her eyes as she turned and came toward him the tones of her voice told him she had

reached the limit of her self-control. "Do you imagine for a moment that I don't—"

She stopped, tried to go on, and stopped again. Then, with a suddenness which he found appalling, she dropped on a chair beside him, buried her face in her hands, and began to cry, not hysterically, but quietly and steadily, as one cries without hope.

For an instant Rand sat still watching her in a dull misery that offered no comfort for her or himself. It was her own doing, this thing, he reflected, and though his hot resentment was cooled by that rain of tears, he could not yet try to check them. But at last she uttered a choked little sob, a childish gulp that pulled at his very heart-strings, and in an instant he was on his knees beside her, holding both her hands in one of his, while he wiped her eyes with his handkerchief, abusing himself and soothing her in the same breath.

"What a beast I am!" he said, bitterly, when she was calm again. "I can't make a home for you, and I can't stand up under my failure. To be a cipher in business is bad enough, but to know I can't even take my medicine with dignity—that's the turn of the screw."

She put her hand over his mouth. "Don't" she said. "I won't listen. And don't mind me. I'll be all right."

He said no more, and for a moment she studied him in silence, realizing with a pang the changes the last few months had made in him. That he was on the verge of a breakdown was evident. His color showed it, and the look in his eyes and the deep new lines in his face.

"You couldn't possibly support me and my mother, too, as well as your father and your little niece," she repeated, harking back to the discussion her sudden collapse had interrupted. "I won't let you risk trying it. If I could go on with my work after we were married that would make it easier, but they won't keep a married woman—" She broke off suddenly. "But what's the use of going into it again?" she cried. "We've gone over it backward and forward, looked at it inside and outside, and it all comes to the same thing: we can't marry. We've got big obligations in life, and we must meet them. For Heaven's sake, Joe, let us realize that and do it."

"I've saved four hundred dollars, and in a few years—" he began.

She shook her head. "Four hundred dollars builds a very slender plank over the abyss for five persons to stand on," she reminded him. "Things have grown steadily worse with us. I had almost three hundred saved. Mother's illness last year took two hundred of it. "No," she ended, abruptly, "it's fate. We've

got to part, for I know—you can't deny it"—she was speaking solemnly now, her hands on his shoulder as he knelt beside her, her eyes fixed on his—"the struggle is breaking you down. You can go on if your mind is relieved of the constant thought that you must earn enough to support five of us. If it isn't you'll go to pieces."

He did not deny the truth of what she said. Instead, still on his knees, he bent toward her, speaking almost as if to himself, in the sudden relief of a confidence he had not dared to make till now.

"Sometimes I'm panic-stricken," he admitted. "I wake up at night and break into a cold sweat, wondering what would happen if I broke down, and feeling sure I'm going to—"

"I know," she told him. "I've read it all in your expression and in those new lines around your mouth."

She traced them with a tender fingertip as she spoke and he kissed her hand as it passed his lips and uttered an ejaculation that was half a groan. If there was anything he could do or leave undone, he told himself, there might be hope for them. But he had worked with all that was in him for eleven years, and he was still almost where he had started. That was because he had started wrong—he knew it now. But how would his old father and orphan niece live while he started again, at the foot of the hill?

"You see, that's the one thing I can't bear," Evelyn went on, "seeing it break you down. So it's all over. And because if we met we'd keep bringing it up and arguing about it, we're going to part right here and now, like—like—rational beings."

"But I can work better if I have our marriage to look forward to," he protested, reopening the argument at its beginning. "It's an incentive to the best I've got in me—"

She checked him gently. "You said all that before," she reminded him, "and I believed it, because I wanted to. But now I know better. Why, Joe"—she gave him a straight look, charged with meaning—"you know and I know that you'll go to smash nervously in a few weeks more if this strain keeps up."

"And I'll go to smash just as surely without you," he muttered. "That's my situation—the smash is coming, whatever happens. Those tearing pains in the back of my head and the frightful depression I feel are the red lights nature is hanging out. The doctor says that if I could get away and live in the country—" He laughed bitterly.

"I don't think that's necessary." She spoke as his mother might have spoken, with the same comprehending sympathy. "The relief of this understanding between us will help you. You'll be horribly depressed for a few weeks; but underneath it all there will be the inevitable reaction. Then, by and by, you'll get your grip on things again and forge ahead."

"And if I do forge ahead?" he asked eagerly.

"No." She rose with a quick gesture of decision. "There mustn't be any promise or hopes of that kind. If there were we'd merely be swinging round the same old circle. So it's all settled," she ended, and threw up her head to face a future that did not hold him. "I'm jilting you, Joe. I'm throwing you over. That's what it means. Stand up to it. Take it. Goodbye."



"How good you are!" she said, "It's like a fairy tale."

She held out both hands. He rose, too, but swung away from her with a brusque gesture of refusal.

"Now?" he cried. "But—how absurd! Why, it's Saturday! We always spend Saturday afternoon together."

"Get it over," she said, smiling with lips that felt stiff. "One word and it's done."

"But it's our half-holiday," he protested. "Must we throw that away, like everything else? Why can't we have that, at least?"

He was staring at her now, wide-eyed, incredulous, like a big, hurt child, and she looked at him much as a mother might have looked at a small son who was demanding the impossible.

"What shall I do with you, Joe?" she exclaimed, half in laughter, half in tears. "I hoped you'd understand and help me, but you don't do either."

"It's Saturday afternoon," he repeated, as if the simple statement answered every argument.

She reflected rapidly. He must have his holiday, but it should be the last. "Come," she said, "we'll make a bargain. If I go with you up to Bronxville or out on Long Island and we spend the afternoon together, tramping over the hills or through the woods, will you say goodbye when you come back, and keep to it?"

"Yes," he said, dully. "I suppose I must. You don't give me much choice."

"Then it's settled. Let me see." She looked at her watch. "It's two o'clock. Where shall we go?"

"Westchester," he suggested, still studying her as if he did not recognize the new creature she had become. "It has spots that might be a thousand miles from New York. Let's go to them and lose ourselves."

"We'll find some far-away road," she agreed, "that leads to nowhere. And we'll follow it. Shall we take something to eat?"

"No," he declared, stoutly.

She knew him too well to take him at his word. She went into her small kitchen and made some sandwiches, which she covered with waxed paper and packed in a tin lunch-box, with two cups. Then she filled a thermos bottle with tea, and, carrying both packages, returned to the living-room and

handed them to him. He slipped them into the pockets of his overcoat.

"We could have got tea somewhere," he remarked, vaguely, as he followed her down three flights of stairs and out of the apartment-house where she and her mother lived.

"On the far-away road?" she laughed. "Never. It wouldn't be a far-away road if it had tea-rooms blossoming along the hedge. Now let's go and find it."

THEY took a train and rode for an hour, leaving it at a place neither of them knew except by name. The sombre lure of a late October day lay over the town, which straggled away from the station as if eager to answer the call of the near-by woods. A main street led to half a dozen nondescript shops, but they rejected its silent invitation and, climbing inelegantly over a rail fence, struck off across a field. As they walked their spirits rose. Nature-lovers, both, they responded at once to the melancholy beauty of the landscape, veiled in its Indian-summer haze, to the pungent smell of burning leaves in a neighboring meadow, to the occasional glimpses of

self-absorbed squirrels coming and going on the edge of the wood.

The talk of an hour ago began to seem like an unpleasant dream. With the same impulse they resolutely buried the memory of it and talked of the things around them. In an hour's walk they had come to a region whose narrow lanes, gnarled old trees, and running, vine-covered, neglected rail fences might have been in the very heart of some remote rural region—a far cry from city streets. Not a sound of urban life came to them; not even a slow spiral of smoke floated in the air near them to mark a spot where someone lived. Their eyes met in a common flash of delight. Both gloried in the sense of isolation that wrapped them around and brought them so blessedly close. And now, final touch to their supreme content, here at last was the far-away road, a road of almost obliterated wagon tracks, stretched at their very feet, as if to make their day a perfect thing. They took it, with a boyish shout from Rand, and followed its erratic twists and turns across more fields, through a friendly wood, and along a short, almost hidden stream, buried deep in the long grass of a neglected meadow.

Suddenly they noticed that the sky was growing dark and that a cold wind had come up and was sweeping through the branches of the trees around them, hurling its hostage of leaves at their feet. Then the rain began to fall, at first in light, scattered drops, soon steadily, and at last in a relentless downpour that threatened to continue for hours. Laughing, yet anxious, they ran for shelter, seeing on all sides only sodden fields and writhing branches in which the wind was beginning to whine with a hint of anger in its voice. Rand seized Evelyn's hand.

"Let's keep to the far-away road," he said, as they raced on together. "There's no building behind us, and this must lead somewhere."

It did. Within a few minutes they came in sight of a house, closed and strangely desolate, seen through the blur of the autumn rain. Rand pulled back a broken gate, which creaked protestingly on its rusty hinges, and they hurried along a neglected garden path to temporary shelter under a sagging

veranda roof. Here, protected from the worst of the storm, they stared around them.

The place bore the look of one that had been deserted for years. The garden was a mere tangle, while the fence that had guarded it, Rand said, was now only an impressionistic sketch. Here and there were great gaps showing where pickets had been torn out and carried away. The building, originally an old colonial farm-house, had been restored perhaps twenty years ago, and apparently deserted about ten years later. Half a dozen windows were broken, and several shutters sagged spinelessly from solitary hinges. Over the veranda, whose rotten wood, soaked by years of rain and snow, cracked under their feet as they moved, crept tangled vines, bare of leaves. The veranda itself extended across the front and around the left side of the house. Rand followed it eagerly, going from window to window, his hands close to his eyes, peering into the dim interior. Standing where he had left her, Evelyn wondered for a moment at his interest, then told herself that he was trying to find a way of getting inside, to give her better shelter than the rain-swept veranda afforded. He had tried the doors in vain; they were securely bolted. But now, from a side window," Rand said. "But wait a minute.

"I can get in here," he told her. He had thrust his arm through a broken pane, found and released the catch, and was raising the sash as he spoke. An instant afterward he was inside, holding out his hands to help her.

"Aren't we better here?" she said, hanging back. "It's sure to be musty in here, and horribly dirty."

"Can't be very musty with all those broken windows," Rand thought. "But wait a minute. I'll take a look."

He disappeared; then she heard an exclamation from inside, and almost immediately he was back again.

"By Jove! Evie," he said, "there's a fireplace in here and some wood. I believe we can start a fire. Come along. It's clean as a whistle, too," he added, reassuringly, as he helped her over the sill.

THE living-room in which they found themselves was large and low-ceilinged and, notwithstanding its emptiness and dilapidation, it had an air of recent occupation. There were andirons and ashes on the hearth of the great stone fireplace, and a pile of wood was neatly stacked against the wall. A comfortable old wooden settle stood near it, its venerable back raw with newly cut initials.

"Picnic parties," explained Rand, briefly, as they looked around. "Some of them evidently make a point of coming here regularly and building a fire. Not a bad idea. They've cleaned it up, too. Sit down and watch me start a blaze." He swung the settle forward and urged her into it. "Wait a minute," he promised her, "and I'll show you what authors call 'the leaping flames.'"

He set about his task with brisk efficiency, making sure that the kindling he found was dry, and building his fire according to the cherished traditions of that art. As he worked he whistled under his breath. Evelyn watched him in silence, feeling as if each step he took was on her aching heart. Apparently he was absolutely care-free—yet they were to part forever in a few hours.

"What an infant he is!" she told herself,

and brooded over him with hopeless and forgiving tenderness. Rand drew out his match-box with a little flourish.

"Now, if I hadn't acquired the vile habit of smoking, where would we be?" he boasted, as he lit the waiting pile of wood. The kindling caught, a thread of flame reconnoitered lazily and decided to spread, the dry wood snapped responsively. In a few minutes the dim old room was transformed. Evelyn felt a strange peace stealing over her. She put her feet on the fender, turning the wet soles of her boots to the comforting heat, and Rand came and sat beside her, his stout shoes close to hers, looking at his fire with proud proprietorship.

"Comfy, isn't it?" he asked, and turned on her the eyes of a happy boy. "Homelike, too. Jove! how good this is—just the two of us here alone in front of our own fire!"

Evelyn did not answer, except by a pressure from the hand he had taken into his. She was not yet wholly under the spell of the illusion which held him. She still heard the rain and wind of the outer world to which they must soon return. That Rand could find "homeyness" in this decaying structure merely because it held her and a fire caused her an almost unbearable pang. She knew so well the kind of home he needed. In fancy she had constructed it a thousand times. But now at last she knew she could never have it ready for him, nor see him in it.

"This room isn't half bad," he mused, looking around. "It's wider than it's long. It must be—let me see—fully thirty feet, taking in the whole width of the house. And I should say it's twenty-five feet long." He measured it with a calculating eye. "They threw two rooms into one, I suppose, when they remodeled the farm." He loved a big living-room wherever he found it, but he had never owned one.

"There were window-seats in those windows," Evelyn said, partly to humor him, partly because her fancy was at last beginning to picture and people the place at its best. "The view from those two windows is charming even through the rain—see, down the hill and along that old road." She looked around. "There was a writing-desk over there," she added, indicating a point, "and low book-cases between those windows, and a grandfather's clock in that corner, and spindle-legged tables standing there and there."

Rand looked at her curiously. "How do you know?" he asked.

She laughed. "I don't—I merely feel it! But you can see the marks of the bookcases and the clock on that faded paper." She jumped up, regarding her steaming shoes with satisfaction. "Now we're going to have tea. Can't you find a soap-box or a chair or something so we can have it elegantly?"

While she unpacked the sandwiches he went into the cellar and over the house, poking into corners, opening doors, and returning at intervals with the spoils of his expedition. By the time she was ready to pour out the tea he had set before her three chairs, one old table very wobbly as to legs, the top of which he covered with his copy of an evening newspaper, a small box that made an excellent footstool, and a china plate and tin pail, both in a high state of preservation.

"Picnic parties left 'em," he explained. "Don't know what we'll do with them, but they'll help to make the table pretty!"

She added the plate to the decorative scheme, and set the table before the fire, propping its insecure leg with friendly logs. Then they drew up their chairs and attacked the tea and sandwiches with appetites unimpaired by sorrow. As they lingered over the little meal he chatted about his jaunt through the house.

"There's a fine, dry cellar under here," he said. "The place was well built originally. Look at that beamed ceiling. The dining-room's back of this, with a fine view over the country. The kitchen had running water in it, and there are four bedrooms upstairs, and a bathroom, and a little sewing-room. The wing has a laundry and a woodshed. Evie," he laughed, boyishly, "let's play it's ours."

She looked at him with shining eyes. "It is ours," she said. "Nothing can ever take this hour in it away from us."

WHEN they had finished their tea he led her back to the old settle with knightly courtesy and seated her on it, the soap-box under her feet as excess of comfort. Then he sat down beside her and looked at her adoringly, while she leaned back, giving herself up wholly at last to the sweetness of this game they were playing together. The firelight glinted on her brown hair, and now in her eyes, as

she turned to him, was the mischievous spark he loved to see there. But even as he looked at her his heart ached maddeningly. Here was the one woman in the world for him—the woman he loved and who loved him; yet he must lose her because he could not supply her with the bare necessities of life. The thought was intolerable to him. He rushed into speech.

"It's ours," he began briskly. "I've just come out from town," he went on, drawing closer to her, "and it's snowing and blowing great guns. I had a hard tramp up from the station, but when I got here you heard my step on the piazza and you opened the door and kissed me and helped me to take my coat off, and then you brought me in here for tea and to get dry before I went upstairs. Now I'm going to tell you how things went at the office today, and what that beast Jenkins did."

"He's afraid you'll get his job," she said. "That's what's the matter with him. I'm sure," she added, with true wifely complacency, "you ought to have it. You do all the work."

[Continued on page 43]



As he talked she saw the pictures he painted and knew the sweetness of them.

Woman's Needed Emancipation

By Robert Watson, F.R.G.S.

Author of "High Hazard," Gods of the Lost Legion," Etc.

THE emancipation of our womenfolk goes on apace. The Church, Law, Medicine, Parliament, Engineering, Civil Service, Aeronautics—all have thrown wide their gates to permit the all-conquering modern feminine to enter, while the teaching profession in our public schools and the position of stenographer in our business offices have become practically her exclusive domain.

And now Canada has pronounced, through the highest Court in the Empire, that her women are "persons" in every legal sense of the word, along with which goes seats in the Senate, to be followed no doubt in due season by Lady Lieutenant-Governors and Governors-General. That U.S.A. and Great Britain must follow with woman Senators, with women in the House of Lords, women Presidents and women Premiers, is a natural sequence. And why not?

Woman's marvellous progress toward entire freedom will undoubtedly be considered in the years to come the outstanding feature of the present age.

When we cast about for some explanation of the phenomenon, we can hardly place it to the credit of Religion, for that has been exerting its influence, with apparent little headway in the matter of female emancipation, for 2,000 years. Nor can we attribute it to any great extent to the World's War. This fight toward freedom was well on the way before 1914. Besides, women have taken valiant parts in other wars, in fact have been warriors in every sense of the term—Boadicea, Joan of Arc—all without such apparent results as have been experienced in the last twenty years.

To education and to education only would seem to fall the credit. Education, with its examinations and mental tests in competition with men, has killed the inferiority complex that has possessed women down the ages. It suited man to have women the weaker sex physically and to have entirely to himself the business-field and the battlefield. It flattered the lovely and cultured woman to be cloistered and shielded and protected from the buffetings of a struggle for existence, while the woman who served and slaved had no say in the matter one way or the other. The wonder is that the softening processes to which the cloistered woman was subjected did not do her kind irreparable injury both mentally and physically, and likewise the drudgery which was the life and total existence of the woman born to poverty.

But she was made of sterner stuff than that, and she has come nobly through the ordeal. Today she is as physically perfect as at any time in human history, while mentally she is, as a whole, vastly the superior of her grandmother.

And perhaps the humble typewriter—part of her education—has had more to do with the emancipation of woman than it has ever been conceded. It brought the all-conquering feminine into that sacred precinct of mere men, his business. It brought her, as never before, into direct contact with man at his work, which no woman was supposed to know anything about. And the hub-work of the business, in the form of confidential correspondence, went through her fingers. She got to know the business through the quickest possible medium—through the head of the business or department, whose secretary or stenographer she was. She did not have to grind through department after department, "here a little, there a little," as did her masculine rival. She got to know more of the inner workings of the business in a few months than her male fellow office clerk was permitted to know in years. And, best of all for her, she got to know how simple, after all, it was. There was nothing so complicated about it. When the boss was off, she found she could carry-on. She rapidly came to the knowledge that what the men about her could do in business, she could do—and, in fact, it was often left for her to do.

With this growth of confidence in herself, came the growth of confidence in the man who employed her in her ability.

And so the rubbing of shoulders with the men of the business world brought about the demand for greater freedom of her sex. Education brought a sense of greater equality with man. This sense of equality aroused the desire for voting rights. Man sheltered behind that great breastwork as long as he could, for he knew that when that outer defence was carried, woman's equality would be established for all time, because her vastly more numerous voting strength would end forever man's ability to dictate her future, and even his own. Once she got the

vote, it could never be taken away from her except by a vote, of which she held the balance of power.

TO PICTURE just how rapid has been this rise in progress of woman, it is only necessary to peruse the histories and journals of the pioneers of our country, and to study the conditions of living within the last 100 years, and even at the present time, among the less civilized and less fortunate sisters of our womenfolk, among the Indian and Eskimo women.



(Courtesy of Universal Co.)

"The Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skins."

We hold up our hands in horror at the thought of the dread suttee system in India, yet among the Carrier Indians of British Columbia, hardly a century ago, it was customary for the widow of a deceased warrior to pick up from the ashes of his funeral pyre a few charred bones of the "dearly beloved." These she carried on her back,

in a leather satchel, sometimes for years, until some members of her husband's clan had amassed a sufficient supply of food-stuffs and dressed skins to be distributed gratis, in a satisfying number, among the members of the other clans of the tribe, in what has become known as a "potlach"—when she was relieved of her ghastly burden.

The carrying of these bones by the women gave the name to the tribe—Carrier Indians.

Daniel William Harmon, an early fur-trader in that part of British Columbia, gives a graphic account in his journal of the burning of a warrior's body after death, and the cremation rites that had to be performed by his wives—hardly a whit less dreadful than the "voluntary" burning of the widows in India.

"The deceased had two wives, who were placed, the one at the head, and the other at the foot of the corpse; and there they lay until the hair of their heads was nearly consumed by the flames, and they were almost suffocated by the smoke. When almost senseless they rolled on the ground, to a little distance from the fire. As soon as they had recovered a little strength, they stood up, and began to strike the burning corpse with their hands alternately; and this disgusting, savage ceremony was continued, until the body was nearly consumed. This operation was interrupted by their frequent turns of fainting, arising from the intensity of the heat. If they did not soon recover from these turns, and commence the operation of striking the corpse, the men would seize them by the little remaining hair on their heads, and push them into the flames, in order to compel them to do it. This violence was especially used toward one of the wives of the deceased, who had frequently run away from him while he was alive."

It was the women who were made the subjects chiefly of taboos and other obnoxious customs. The men inflicted these, no doubt, in the beginning, and it was no trouble at all to crowd them on to the women and keep clear themselves. Harmon tells us that among the Carriers it was compulsory for girls of eight to eleven years not to eat anything but the driest food, and never the head of any animal. If they did so, their relatives would languish and die. And we can be sure none of the relations would be allowed to fade-out through any laxity in the enforcing of the custom. Married women who were about to become mothers, also suffered through the same restrictions.

But there were slight compensations. The Carriers were said to be fond of their wives, of which some had three or four: the men did most of the house drudgery, such as the hewing of wood and the drawing of water, and they were very jealous of their wives, although their daughters were permitted every license and liberty.

Harmon's comment about mothers and fathers-in-law is interesting and enlightening, and conveys the impression that the in-law interference in family matters had had its day and full consideration among the Indians just as it has had among the white people. But the Indians, all excepting the backward Carriers,



Indian Girls Starting in Horse Race

had to some extent at least arrived at a solution of the problem:

"In the following particular, the Carriers differ from all other Indian tribes, the father or mother-in-law, will never, excepting when drunk, speak to a son or daughter-in-law; but the Carriers make no distinction in this respect."

IN THE times of 1771, when Samuel Hearne made his historic journey to the mouth of the Coppermine River, through Canada's Northern Interior, there lived an Indian chief of the name of Matonabbee, who had his own opinion of the usefulness of women and the manner in which they should be handled, and he has left a record for the enlightenment of future generations of men.

Matonabbee accompanied Hearne on his third and successful trip of exploration. On this journey, Indian women accompanied the party on account of Matonabbee's insistence that they were necessary to its success and that the previous journeys had failed because of their not having taken women along with them to carry the baggage and food.

"When all the men are heavy laden," he remarked, according to Hearne's journal, "they can neither hunt nor travel to any considerable distance, and in case they meet with success in hunting, who is to carry the produce of their labor? Women," he added, "were made for labor; one of them can carry, or haul, as much as two men can do. They also pitch our tents, make and mend our clothing, keep us warm at night; and, in fact, there is no such thing as travelling any considerable distance, or for any length of time, in this country, without their assistance."

"Women," he said again, "though they do everything, are maintained at a trifling expense; for as they always stand cook, the very licking of their fingers in scarce times, is sufficient for their subsistence."

Matonabbee was engaged, and Samuel Hearne expressed himself as highly satisfied with the chief's plans for the journey, extolling his keen penetration, his good judgment and extensive observation.

Matonabbee and his followers took their women with them as carriers, cooks, tent pitchers, et cetera.

Samuel Hearne records that on coming to a tent of Northern Indians on April 18th, 1771, Matonabbee purchased another wife, making his seventh, most of whom would for size have made good grenadiers, for Matonabbee prided himself in the height and strength of his wives and would say that few women could carry or haul heavier loads.

"Ask a Northern Indian," says Hearne in his journal, "what is beauty? He will answer, a broad flat face, small eyes, high cheekbones, three or

of their clothing, and able to carry eight or ten stone (112 or 120 lbs.) in summer or haul a much greater weight in winter."

THE subject of early marriage of women is one that has occasioned much discussion in recent years; and disapproval, amounting almost to indignation, has been voiced over the disclosures in this regard in "Mother India," and rightly so, but we people who live in colder climates, where maturity is supposed to come to a woman at a much later period in life, are apt to be forgetful of the fact that it is no uncommon thing for our women to marry at fifteen and sixteen years of age, while many of the early fur-traders took to themselves wives from among the Indians at an age when they were little more than children. Sir James Douglas, when merely James Douglas, a fisherman-clerk at Fort St. James, is recorded as having married Amelia Connolly, by the law of the north, when that pretty young damsel was only fifteen years of age and he was then 25 years old. Amelia Connolly was the daughter of Chief Factor William Connolly and later became Lady Douglas. The marriage between the two young people was later solemnized by the church in fitting manner.

The young Indian girls were evidently just as superstitious in matters relating to love and marriage as are their white sisters who are not above consulting fortune tellers, tea-cup readers, crystal gazers, card-manipulators, and rising to look in the mirror at midnight on Hallowe'en or on the departure of the old year for a glimpse of their future husband.

Harmon tells us the young Indian maids made use of a certain powder, of their own composition, for the purpose of engaging or increasing the affections of their favorites, for them. By throwing this powder about a stranger even, who might be passing, they believed it would cause him to fall in love with them. The young married woman also made use of the magic arts to heighten the affection of her husband for her. She would rub a certain philter in the palm of her hand

situation on the banks of lakes and rivers where they employ canoes. In the winter, when the rivers are frozen, they make their journeys, which are never of any great length, with sledges drawn by dogs. They are at the same time subject to every kind of domestic drudgery; they dress the leather, make the clothes and shoes, weave the nets, collect wood, erect tents, fetch water and perform every human service; so that when the duties of maternal care are added, it will appear that the lives of these women is an uninterrupted succession of toil and pain. This, indeed, is the sense they entertain of their own situation; and, under the influence of that sentiment, they are sometimes known to destroy their female children, to save them from the miseries which they themselves have suffered."

In these days of shorn tresses, when boyish and other "bobs" are the vogue, it is interesting to hark



A Happy Eskimo Couple at Port Harrison



Eskimo Women and Children



Indian Woman and Papoose

four broad, black lines across each cheek, a low forehead a large broad chin, a clumsy hook-nose, a tawny hide and breasts hanging down to the belt. Those beauties are greatly heightened, or at least rendered more valuable, when the possessor is capable of dressing all kinds of skins, converting them into the different parts

as she retired to rest, and after her husband had fallen asleep, she would lay her hand over his heart, believing the medicine had the power to knit their hearts more closely together in love for ever afterwards.

Alexander Mackenzie, the famous explorer, in his account of the Knisteneaux Indians of Eastern Canada, 1789-1793, tells of another peculiar marriage custom connected with the deceased's wife's sister, and of the drudgery to which Eastern native women were subjected:—

"When a man loses his wife, it is considered as a duty to marry her sister, if she has one, or he may, if he pleases, have them both at the same time. The females of this nation are in the same subordinate state with those of other savage tribes, but the severity of their labor is much diminished by their

back a hundred years or so and find out what it meant to a woman then to be bereft of "her crowning glory."

"They cut their hair in various forms," says Mackenzie, "or leave it in a long natural flow, according to their caprice or fancy suggests. The women always wear it in great length and some of them are very attentive to its arrangement. If they at any time appear bespoiled of their tresses, it is to be considered a proof of the husband's jealousy and is considered as severer punishment than a manual correction."

Commenting on the slavery of the Beaver or Rocky Mountain Indian women and the chattel idea that their haughty husbands held regarding them, Mackenzie draws a heart-stirring picture.

Just as certain of the laws of our country still classify married women, lunatics and children in a lump-lot, so did these early savages classify their women with dogs, horses, oxen and other beasts of burden, to be used and abused at the will and whim of their lords and masters:—

"The men are in general of a comely appearance, and fond of personal decoration. The women are of a contrary disposition, and the slaves of the men: in common with all the Indian tribes polygamy is allowed among them. They are very subject to jealousy, and fatal consequences frequently result from the indulgence of that [Continued on page 49]

The Last North

By

Alberta C. Trimble

Illustrated by

R. G. Herbert



He was sober and managed to knock the gun aside as Matt fired.

"THE trouble is, Doctor, till a year ago this was nothing but a frontier lumbering and fishing town, the jumping-off place for the railroad, so shut off from the rest of the world that we old-timers pretty well made our own code of manners and morals." Brenton tilted back in the hotel-bedroom rocker to shake his cigar-ash into a saucer on the stand. "Now with this mining boom and people of all sorts drifting in from everywhere, strangers feel privileged to act as if they were some place like New York where nobody at home can ever hope to find out what they've been up to. Without taking into account original sin, that is one reason for a lot of the rough-housing and mamma's white-haired boys raising hell generally when they strike this burg. 'Neither law of God nor man north of fifty-three,' they chant as they hot-foot it for a bootlegging dive. I could tell you of cases . . . I know one chap intimately; best husband and father on earth, boy scout leader, worshipped by his troop, straight as a string. Yet, when business brings him up here twice a year he goes on one everlasting tear, the lid right off. Reaction, you say? Nothing of the sort. Mob psychology: when in Rome—'Outside' this town seems to have the reputation of Skagway back in '98." He chewed his cigar for a minute. "I guess young Alder thought he was a second Soapy Smith."

Skagway! New York! Anything more unlike either could not well be imagined, I thought, looking out at the muddy main street. Pools of water lay in the road. Streams ran down the ditches at each side. Three small tads loosed solid round oaths at a team of huskies hitched to a cart. A group of breeds gesticulated together. Taxis splashed and ploughed to and from the town's most impressive beer parlor. There were more pedestrians, chiefly men, than were ever seen on the streets at home except the time the boys returned from the Front.

It must have been the crowds which made Brenton think of New York. Certainly there was no other point of resemblance. How Matt Alder, born and raised in the prettiest town in our sunny State, had stuck this bare frontier ugliness for seven months, and pretended to like it, was more than I could understand. The room, too, A narrow little cubicle of a place. Its stiff bed filled the corner by the door. A cheap combination dresser-and-washstand crowded the remaining space. His telephone was in such an awkward position on the wall that one had almost to kneel on the bed to speak into it. When I thought of the Alder near-mansion at home, of young Matt's near-suite in it. Good stuff in the lad, damned good

stuff. He was worth all the discomfort of the trip up here, tortuous ascent of the Rockies, long run across the prairies, changing trains, waiting in junctions, and all the time a vision of Catherine Alder's distressed face before my eyes.

"Two sides to every story," I grunted, dropping into the other chair. "I was in Skagway a couple of summers ago. A guide up there tried to persuade me that Soapy Smith had been a public benefactor. Not that I'd try to claim beneficence for Matt Alder, as selfish a young cub as ever was born. But he had his parents to blame for that."

"Yet when he was arrested he refused to allow his friends to be informed. Said it would kill his mother."

"Pride," I said laconically. If disgrace could kill, Catherine Alder must have died long ago, Matt Senior, that gay Baudelairean, going from scrape to scrape. It was not of his mother he was thinking.

But I liked Brenton for sticking up for the lad even in that little. Brenton, who was crown prosecutor, as they call it up in Canada, impressed me as a good head. After thirty years practicing medicine one should be able to read faces. I liked him. But I did not know how to get under his skin; how to get at this British justice, held up to us across the line, and rightly so at times, which would not permit of Matt's being allowed out on bail even if he were in a condition to leave the hospital cell. If I had got here before his commitment to jail! I had tried to fly from Calgary. Up north there had been no place to land, no snow for skis, the thawing muskeg too spongy for wheels, and the ice not sufficiently out of the river for a hydroplane.

We lit fresh cigars and talked about planes for a while. Gradually I worked back to the question of getting Matt off. Again I was told that absolutely nothing could be done. It was a criminal offence; even if the plaintiff could be persuaded to withdraw the charge, which Peskitt in his present frame of mind would not, justice had to take its course. I wished that I might have talked it over with Pansy before I left. She has a legal mind. But even had she been in any condition to be told of the affair, she would not have his name mentioned in her presence. I decided that if Brenton knew the whole story something might be done, so plunged into it.

MATT was one of those near-brilliant chaps who can keep their work going with their play. Sometimes that play was pretty high jinks. I know. I was young myself once. Medical college does not take dust from any of them. Even the bookish fel-

lows, the plugs, did not mind if he stood better in his quizzes than they. He had something, perhaps wit, perhaps just a trace of that charm which made his mothers' personality stand out anywhere. He had inherited his father's high-strung temperament, and his father's good looks with it, tall slender figure and Byronic features. The poet's hair, too, curling back from his forehead. Always in place, yet he seemed forever to be shaking it from his eyes, those eyes which twinkled and flashed if at times sombre, but managed to convey shades of meaning which no mere tongue could compass.

As was bound to be the case, they had worked devastation with Pansy North. She was miles too good for him. Pansy—. No, she did not look a bit like her name. I told her mother when Pansy was born that she was making a mistake in naming her so. There was something about her tight-mouthed little face which was anything but pansy-like. But the woman was full of pre-natal influence and the power of suggestion. Her baby was to grow up a sweet velvety flower.

Pansy did not. As a child she was plump and swarthy. When she outgrew that stage, she remained, say, stubby and dark. She dressed well in plain tailored things which suited her style. Her shoulders were too square for evening clothes. She looked best in riding or hiking togs. She disdained powder and paint, or any other artifice. But she had a potent snare of her own, beautiful velvety eyes. The pansy influence came out after all.

The Norths came of an old English family, all fighters. When Mrs. North, who was an exotic, had her way about building the Spanish type bungalow next to the Alders' red brick, North said it was just her snapping her fingers at those ancestors of his who fought under Drake. She was mortally jealous of his family tree, but bragged about it. She made good use of the legacies that came from England, always an aunt or uncle leaving them a few thousand pounds.

The cream stucco bungalow with its yellow tiled roof and yellow trim, the garden walled in by a yellow fence, might have been a setting designed for Pansy. From my window I could see her fitting soberly about in her blue dress. Her mother kept her in blue till it was no wonder the child, passionately desiring orange and red, hated the sky by night or day even before she coined that phrase: "sky's hungry maw." Blue did not suit her, except a certain delphinium blue touched with purple which did indescribable things to her eyes and complexion. She had it on the day Matt "dared" her to climb the tiled roof. A

vivid patch she made against the yellow as she perched there, straddling a gable. Knowing her fear of high places, I was almost petrified. Only the day before I had motored into Seattle with the three youngsters, Garth, Matt and her. Matt had taken her up in the Ferris-wheel. Not a word did she say about being afraid, but the moment the wheel went over the top she fainted dead away. It was having nothing but space under her, she explained later. That must have been it, as she loved mountain climbing. Even as a child she had a holy unto-the-hills look in her eyes in fair days when she could see Mount Rainier glistening in the sun. Neither did she mind the sea, the blood of the navy in her veins. The last North, her father had wryly dubbed her. It was just being suspended in space that obsessed her. Not long ago I gave her a copy of the poems of Nathalia Crane, the child wonder. In reading them aloud she came to the line: "He pivoted on emptiness," and was quite upset. So you can imagine how she regarded planes, especially as her father had crashed in France. She had evolved a kind of philosophy about persons who let you down. Now the sky had let her father down. That was when she coined her phrase. She adored him passionately. No half measures in her likes and dislikes. As for her mother, whom she coddled, she had affection but not respect. Mrs. North was not a woman to inspire respect, being an invalid until her husband's death for no other reason than to avoid having children. So Pansy was the last North. Well, if she disliked "pivoting on emptiness," we all have our phobias.

IT WAS inevitable that she and Matt should strike fire from each other. I was on the Alder porch the first time young Matt, six at the time, saw Pansy. He looked up with those eyes. "Look at the girl what's moved in next door, Doctor Dave. She'll never be front-row chorus."

"What do you know about front-row-chorus, young man?" I laughed, turning to his mother.

"Like father like son," she laughed, a rueful pucker of face.

"If it's like father like daughter across the fence,"

little dreaming how my words would sink into that small-boy mind, "Pansy North will not be front-row chorus. She'll have a show of her own."

So it turned out. Not that she went on the stage. She made a stage of wherever she was and had the spotlight on her. Not good-looking in the accepted magazine-cover type even at sweet sixteen. She did not pull a smart line. Probably she had enough grey matter to realize that men are still old-fashioned enough to prefer women their intellectual inferiors, God forgive the egotism of the species! But she had something, what in my day in a pretty woman we called charm. Now, pretty or otherwise, it's S.A., or IT.

Matt pretended not to notice it. He let her ride in his car and dance with him, that sort of thing between neighbors, you know. But when it came to actual petting-in-the-moonlight there were plenty of flapperish blondes or bona-fide front-row-chorus girls, Matt Senior being generous with Catherine's money. Little Pansy was nowhere at all.

When it came to choosing a profession, Matt chose medicine. His mother said I had been his ideal ever since the time I was credited with having saved her life. Pansy was delighted. Medicine had always seemed to her the height of altruism and a physician just short of God. You could not be a doctor and a rotter too, she firmly believed. The mere fact of having those magic initials, M.D., after your name must do something to your morals. Every time she said "Doctor Dave" . . . I loved it on her voice. That was another thing about her, her voice, as velvety as her name. Lord, but I wished that my boy would team up with her! Not that there was ever the slightest inclination of it, on either's part, popular as Pansy was with the young masculine element of Avonlea, "Go North, young man, go North," being a favorite slogan thereabouts. No, Garth was too steady a chap for her. With her reconstructive complex she would have to marry a wreck merely to rebuild him.

Along with her other passions Pansy had one for gardening. Any summer morning I could look from my bedroom window and see her grubbing away by herself, and know she had been there since five at least, pursuing the cutworm which had been out all night. In this manner she encountered another worm. So it

seemed to me who thought Pansy North far too good for any chap going the pace young Matt had been since graduating. Matt was so drunk that he could not get his car into the garage. He had hit it in three different places where there was not a whole door, most of the neighborhood by this time looking on and proffering advice, when Pansy walked around the lane from her garden and pushed him over from the wheel. What she said to him in the garage I do not know. She must have laid him out properly, for in a month they were married.

The town called it a companionate marriage because it made so little difference in their mode of [Continued on page 46]



Along with her other passions Pansy had one for gardening.

Dancing and Personality

By Madame Tamara Karsavina

[The World's Famous Dancer]

DANCING insists that the education of the limbs is as vitally necessary as the education of the mind. It is only the complete, harmonious relationship between these two that is likely to create and enhance the real development of personality.

Personal poise, of which one hears so much nowadays, can be gained through dancing. The culture of the body makes it a more artistic vehicle through which to express personality, and the emotional advantage thus gained is invaluable, especially in the art of self-control.

Every woman should aim at making physical education, which encourages a good carriage, one of the features of her life. Good carriage should become a habit, for not only does it add grace and efficiency to the body, but has an exceedingly beneficial effect on the mind. It also adds considerably to general good health. It is impossible to dance really well without a feeling of perfect freedom in mood and temper, bringing a gracious understanding to adorn your personality.

Dancing is personal grace reflected in the poetry of motion. It is, too, a subtle revelation of bodily and mental beauty, making always for economy and efficiency of movement. This personal charm and loveliness is within the reach of all who care to study the mechanism of graceful movement.

As an artistic appeal to the senses, dancing helps to express personality. How else could it be the most humanizing and social of the arts? In a real sense dancing may be called the personality of motion.

Instead of bringing fatigue, dancing should free one from it. Rhythmic movement of any sort, especially accompanied by good music, makes life a thing of unrestrained happiness. It is not sense-intoxication, but healthy emotional and physical exercise. The present-day craze for jazz is necessary in an age of hard materiality; hence all classes and all ages enjoy it to the full.

Personality adorns those who strive to make the most of their natural gifts. The greatest personalities, generally, have been the most *natural* people. Therefore, as dancing is natural to mankind, it follows that the more one dances—I mean correctly and rhythmically—the more one's personality is molded and strengthened. Remember, loveliness of physical movements is a tower of strength. In the social world it reflects power and supremacy, because it is the outward expression of self-control.

The great Englishman, Cecil Rhodes, when founding his Oxford Scholarships, stressed upon the vital need of personal poise in modern life. He declared it to be the greatest force in education. This, in a way, is what dancing does for us; it creates personal poise, the hall-mark of character.

The human body is a work of supreme art, and when animated by the spirit of the dance it becomes a great humanizing influence, radiating health and happiness. To dance correctly for a few hours to good music on the perfect floor of a well-ventilated and well-lit hall is better, by far, as a tonic than a week in bed! So you see how essential dancing is to the successful living of the everyday life of the world.

Besides creating a healthy, plastic, animated physique, brimming over with the joy of life, dancing is unrivalled as a mental stimulant; and if you desire to develop a happy co-ordination between mind and body, then of all the arts dancing is the most likely to help you attain your ambition.

The triumph of your personality will be the harmonious and happy fusion of self-control and personal poise, born of the dance.

"I NEVER feel really fit." How often one has to listen to this tale of woe! And it generally comes from those who are afraid to move with any show of energy.

I have come to the conclusion that there is only one way to keep really fit, and that is, to keep dancing. Not all day, of course, but with regularity at some period of every day. Neither is it necessary always to dance on a polished floor, for a few minutes' dancing in any odd place, out of doors, if you wish, will greatly benefit health.

Why? For two reasons. Dancing exercises the limbs, and at the same time makes one breathe more deeply and correctly. One of the great secrets of health is knowing *how* to breathe. Many of the ills

we suffer can be traced to defective breathing. With the average busy girl or woman breathing would seem a familiar function, automatic, machine-like, requiring no special attention. But this is a grievous mistake, yet can be remedied speedily by making the habit of dancing every day for a few minutes.

But why dance for correct breathing? Because none of us like anything which savors of lessons, and if we can learn to breathe more deeply for our health by any *natural* movement, we will thoroughly enjoy doing dancing exercises. There is an old saying, "dancing, for joy"; well, let's "dance to breathe



Madame Tamara Karsavina

health." Breathing, after all, is the supreme function of life. It is the motive power of our physical existence. When we stop breathing, we stop altogether. "Breathe to live," is a good health motto, and to breathe more deeply by the aid of dancing is to live more happily and healthily. Good deep breaths of fresh air increase the vitality of the mind as well as that of the body.

Dancing cures depression. Deep breathing, caused by dancing, is nature's own remedy for curing the jaded nerves. A few minutes dancing and deep breathing, every day will cause the nervous system to tone up and rejuvenate surprisingly. Along this path lies the secret of perpetual youth. Both the functions of dancing and consequent deep breathing are in reality a massaging of the internal organs, and make the limbs more subtle and light; heart, blood, nerves and digestive organs are thus stimulated.

Health authorities say that dancing and deep breathing enable one to store some of the nervous energy required in one's daily jobs. This storehouse of nervous energy acts in a similar manner as a storehouse battery of electricity. The individual who possesses surplus vital energy is healthier, happier, more confident, and has plenty of reserve strength always for any extra strain.

Women and girls who make an assiduous practice of deep breathing through dancing, radiate energy and vigor, and have the calm assurance that comes only from well-controlled, self-possessed personality.

The method of deep breathing is quite easy. Stand erect and inhale steadily through the nostrils. First fill the lower part of the lungs, then the middle by pushing up the lower ribs, and finally the higher part by lifting the chest gently. Hold the breath for a few moments only, then exhale slowly through the mouth.

When you have done this a few times, skip and dance about simply and you will find your breathing easy, deep and rhythmic. Good health comes in this way.

The "breath of life" is far more than a poetic phrase. It is a great truth. Life is the result of breathing, and the deeper we breathe, through the health-giving exertion of the dance, the more life we generate.

If "dancing for health" was advertised as loudly as patent medicines, and folks danced instead of taking drugs and pills, we would have a healthy nation in one generation.

WHAT is grace? Poets say it is "harmony of form and face." It certainly has a great deal to do with the form. A beautiful woman whose features may be wholly delightful, a feast to the eye, may have her influence and prestige marred by ugly physical movement.

In the course of my life I meet many beautiful women, from every class of society, who are not the success they desire to be because they do not possess the grace of movement which is so much more attractive than mere loveliness of features. Many of them cannot even walk well—in the social and business world a serious defect, and one which cannot fail to detract from any other personal charms.

What, then, is the first essential to physical grace? Invariably I recommend good walking and dancing. These exercises, done correctly, mold the lines of the body into a graceful poise. Perfection of motion *can* be acquired, and with study and practice of natural movement a woman of almost any age can add charm and grace to her already rich store of personal gifts and attractions.

In order to walk well, one has to make friends with one's feet, consciously and unconsciously. Friendly feet are those allowed to be natural and free. Most of the ugly, incorrect carriage of girls and women can be traced to the unnatural hampering and cramping of the feet in so-called fashionable shoes. Naturally, the feet protest, and the result is an ungainly walk. Think of the beauty, the wonderful design, the sensitiveness, the strength, the supple grace of the foot! Do not be cruel to it, but allow it to do its job and you will "walk with grace." Most people walk so stiffly that they seem to be dead from the waist downwards.

To allow the foot to express graceful movement does not call for the wearing of ugly shoes, without shape or line. On the contrary, a good-fitting shoe, well cut to the lines of the foot, is a thing of beauty; but it is as necessary, in the interests of health, to revolt against a tight shoe, as modern girls and women revolted against the tight waist. Grace comes from free, unfettered movement.

In pleasure as in work, wasteful, disjointed bodily movements cause weariness and depression long before the normal for actual physical tiredness. Why is it so many women cry out against the awful drudgery of household work, and office girls speak discouragingly of the fatigue of their daily job? Physical rebellion in both these cases is mostly the outcome of the labored ugliness of their physical exertion. In the home good carriage is essential to the joy of the day's work, and will minimize all forms of fatigue. A girl who sits at her office desk with bent shoulders, breathing heavily from squeezed lungs, is bound to become fagged and find her work a bore. To sit upright, to have one's body well poised and correctly balanced on the seat, to breathe deeply and rhythmically, is to make light of any task.

On the other hand one has to guard against pose and the temptation of affectation in movement. This is self-conscious and physically tiring.

Bodily movement, and indeed all activity, must be expressive of personality. Before trying to cultivate grace of movement, make a mental picture of yourself as you would be, gifted with graceful movement—but not *only* during walking and dancing lessons. No, it must become a habit. Grace will then become your attitude of mind towards work and pleasure, the result of which will be the expression of grace in your every movement.

The secret of this accomplishment is merely a matter of conscious effort, a striving towards perfection of physical movement.

[Continued on page 53]



A House in Red and Brown

By V. W. Horwood

Registered Architect

IT IS a recognized principle that every medium of art expression should be treated with due regard to its nature and properties. The sculptor varies his technique accordingly as he works in marble or wood. The painter handles his oil colors in quite a different manner to his water colors, and the architect with a subtle sense of craftsmanship carries the principles to such an extent that there is a personal touch in each material he uses. He knows that what may be admirable in wood design is an absurdity in concrete. Every material should be given its individual expression for we are not satisfied with mere unrelated beauty of form and color. Decorators do sometimes make this mistake in supposing that line or color is the whole end of their art—but art, especially in architectural design, requires that the result confesses some sensible relationship to the means by which it has been obtained and, in proportion as it does, this may claim to possess the distinction and charm which we call by the name of 'style.' This brings me to the design shown.



The lower story is built of concrete blocks with moulded mullions and moulded drip moulds over the doors. It has been unfortunate that owing mainly to poor workmanship and also lack of design, there has been a prejudice against the concrete block wall construction, and it is chiefly due to the reasons of which I have already written. Ignorance of the material, the striving to make it appear what it is not. I have always been impressed with the advantages of monolithic construction in concrete, but for many years it was regarded as an engineering development for the building of reinforced concrete bridges and fireproof buildings. I have made a study of the possibility of concrete blocks. We acknowledge concrete's monolithic perfections. It is as flexible as plaster and hardens to a rock-like consistency. The French appreciate this flexibility fully in their monumental works and

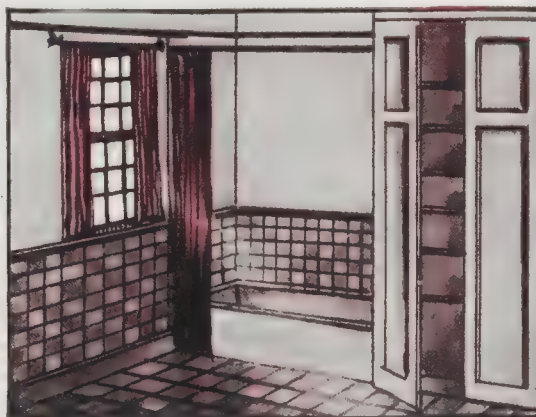
'L'Illustration' often gives examples of their beautiful designs. On the Pacific coast there are many striking buildings of monolithic construction. Today we look on architecture with its scholarly calm, its chairs occupied by clever men in the Universities, its claim to be frozen music, and what do we find? As primitive conditions as when the world was very young and our prehistoric ancestors (if Darwin's theory is accepted) had their habitation in trees—by primitive conditions I mean conditions resulting from actual living conditions. A man may live in a pigsty—but in his endeavors to better himself he rises from that level. So we come to a phase in architecture that might be said has been evolved by conditions, the bringing the city streets out of the mire of high building gloom, and this has been done as primitively as ever our ancestors evolved from their tree abodes. The zoning laws have forced on us a new architecture.

The set back, the castellated towers. In past days the designing of a high building outside of geniuses like Root of Chicago was as mechanical as a multiplication table. The classical idea was followed, plinth, shaft and entablature. Now we have glorious shafts running in long sweeping skyward lines—and monolithic concrete has come into its own, in this development of a new and ecstatic architecture.

This design shows a wall built of concrete blocks, eight inches by ten inches by sixteen inches finished with a smooth surface using a brownish sand in the aggregate. Be careful not to allow the use of sand of a pink tint. The color

scheme is to get a deep brown tone as a foundation to the half timber and stucco work above. The stucco work between the half timbers is laid on metal or wire lathing and has a surface made with short irregular trowel strokes, and while still plastic lightly rubbed with burlap. This with the half timbers stained a bronze green and the supporting brackets painted a glossy white will enliven the whole composition, giving sparkling contrasts to the more somber tone as the walls, yet the whole composition is homey.

I KNOW that all who are in search of a home feel like I do. The first dawning when we think that our dreams may come true! We are about to build a home. The cautious search of the Real Estate lists for property, and this first problem of the site is very important. We can all build a fairly good home but is the land worthy of it? Needless to say all of us cannot draw plums, but let some of us have at least a decent share of the pudding. The first thing is to determine the district most convenient for your living problems. This was determined in days past by the convenience of a man's home to his business, to his children's school, to his church and recreations. Now with the automobile this factor does not enter so overwhelmingly into the site question as long as we are on a reasonably good road or street we can fit the house to its conditions. In a flat city as are many of our Western cities this means a discriminating taste. You do not want your home to be a replica of another house in your district, and how can you avoid it. My idea is plan your house just as you wish it. Never mind the exterior. Get your plan as you vision it and have it drawn to scale, then the exterior will develop from the plans. You are told to [Continued on page 54]





Illustrated by
John H. Paul

"I'd had on that loud silk shirt the night the Hester gang strung me up unconscious, and I reckon they'd handled me carefully lest I come to out of the dope, for it was clean and hardly ruffled."

FEAR seemed the last thing one would expect in Edgar Cullinan's make-up. A tall, sinewy lad with his quiet impassive face bronzed from years in the tropics about which he had very little to say for some reason or other.

Fear, either nervous or physical, was just about impossible to associate with him, and it was surprising to me when I saw his dark eyes close in a sort of agony as he shrank back against the wall in the little alcove of the hotel roof garden where we had dined and watched the women dancing.

Such a little thing to produce this tremor in a man who seemed all iron and red blood of the out-of-doors. A girl swinging past our table in the arms of her partner had flirted her silk frock rather saucily at him and smiled. Cullinan had been reaching out for my cigarette case, and the fold of her blue silk had brushed his wrist, it seemed.

Anyhow, Cullinan had whirled back as if a hot iron had seared his flesh; then he was staring at me in a sickly fashion and hastily pulling the cuff of his dinner coat down over the wrist.

But I had seen, and he knew it. In the healthy brown flesh of his lower forearm was a red scar. A deep, twisted scar encircling his wrist as if a white-hot handcuff had burned there and slowly cooled. He turned nervously to me and laughed.

"Where did you get that mark?" I asked, interestedly. "And look here, Cullinan, you act as if you were scared of women."

"Scared?" he muttered stupidly. "No—not exactly—"

"A funny brand, that on your wrist," I said, and watched his odd trick of gripping his two arms absently which I had noticed before. I knew young Cullinan well, as I knew his elder brother, Hubert, and his father before him. It had been our oil company that had sent Edgar down into Mexico three years ago on his first fling at business after he left college.

SILK

By Charles Tenney Jackson

Author of "Captain Sazarac," "The Midlanders,"
"The Fountain of Youth," Etc.

And now that he was home I had purposely taken him to this crowded roof-garden tonight, thinking that a high-spirited lad who had been quite out of the bright world so long down in the hot lands would be eager to see it all again—the music, the flowers, the beautifully dressed girls, dancing on this open roof in the summer night.

I had offered to introduce him to some of them, and he had hastily declined—in a sort of panic, it seemed. It was hard to understand, just as it was now when the touch of that pretty girl's silk skirt seemed to sear his flesh like a hot iron.

Scared—that was it! And some of the women knew it. I saw them watching him curiously as if he knew too much about them, or not enough; as if, between the beauty of women and this good-looking young man lay a gulf that neither could pass. He was staring at them now, and his tight lips were muttering. "Savages!" he whispered.

"Who branded you that way? Both arms, Cullinan?" I demanded abruptly. "Old boy, I wouldn't ask, but I feel something like a dad to you. You're changed since you came back from Yucatan, or wherever you were knocking about after the Tampico business blew up. I just don't understand. Something took the punch out of you down there. These devilish scars on your arms—"

He sat back and lit a cigarette with a glance at the dancers. Then he laughed as if amused at my mystification. "My two arms, eh? Look here, Jerrold." He

took a quick survey of the tables and the crowded dancing-floor, and then, thrusting his left foot behind our table by the wall, he slipped down his sock. There was that same mark as if torn muscle had surged against some inexorable bond.

"And this——" He deftly exhibited his right ankle, and then dropped his trousers cuff over it. I don't think a soul in the place noticed this discreet exhibition. Then Edgar saluted me with a wave of his hand and a droll smile as if it were all right now. He had got control of his touchy nerves.

But there were, then, four brands upon his body—deep, vivid, cruel! Wrists and ankles—and the memory of them was something he could not shake out of his brain.

"Reckon I'd better tell you, Jerrold. Maybe it would help me. Maybe you could explain. I want to get over it. I like women. I'd like to be among them again and dance and laugh. But—well, light up. I'll try to make you understand. That girl—her silk dress touching me—made me think of a snake. Sort of slithery; then it made me think of warm salt sea water slipping over you, into your wounds. Oh, like silk—yes!"

"Shoot away," I grunted. "Sounds interesting. We'll have some more coffee. You can talk back in this alcove all right."

He laughed again briefly and leaned back in the shadows of the artificial palms on the wall back of us and caressed those red wounds on his arms as if they had hardly healed yet either in flesh or mind. Then he went on musing over his yarn, halting at times as if he thought parts of it might be a dream.

"TOOK me months to get my brain cleared," explained Edgar, with his set smile. "But I can talk about it now."

"Go ahead." I shoved the cigarettes and coffee nearer to him. "Your hands and feet look as if you'd been crucified!"

Cullinan shot a queer glance at me. "Crucified? Jerrold, it's queer you said that! Sure is. Well, you know when the company sent me down to Tuxpam three years ago, and their oil business went bump because of the last attempted revolution, I was about as green as a fellow could be just out of college. As far as the kind of game I ran into was concerned, I mean. The company ordered us all home and the gang all pulled out except myself. You know my brother, Hubert, was down there, too."

"Mixed up with the revolutionary outfit, wasn't he? A gun runner or an artillery instructor, or something like that, we heard back here."

"Yes. He had been. And Jerrold, that's what started me off hunting him. I was in a native *cantina* one night loafing around when I heard something that scared me. Heard that a gang there had sworn to get Hubert, because he had exposed some of their grafting deals. Hubert had been in the gun-running game, too, but he was playing straight with this rebel junta government he worked for. So he'd turned up the crooks who were getting the money and not delivering the goods. The talk was that a couple of them were lined up and shot by the outfit at Vera Cruz. Anyhow, this crowd that had been operating out of Brownsville blamed Hubert and were out to get him."

"He was with the rebel navy, later, wasn't he?"

"Yes. And safe enough from this bunch of renegades from Texas if he'd only known it. But I got scared at the talk around the hotel and bar-rooms in Tuxpam. Determined that I'd get to my brother and warn him about these threats, I was trying to figure how I could get down the Gulf coast and join him; and then one night a schooner put in from Galveston. She was an arms-runner, all right, and she'd had to get out of American waters when our Government clamped down the embargo. I reckon the fellows on her must have heard about me about the same time I picked up with her captain."

"He was a Yank, all right. A big squarehead named Hester, and he said he knew my brother well. Said this schooner was going down to join the gunboats at Vera Cruz. He knew all about Hubert, and so did the second in command, a Mexican named Rojas. The two of 'em got mighty friendly with me a couple of nights in the *cantina*. I reckon it was a fool thing to do but I told them I had to get to my brother somehow, and when they offered to take me on board I jumped at the chance."

Young Cullinan sat back and blew out a ring of smoke as he watched the dancers. Then laughed. "Oh, I was a fool all right! I sneaked out on the quiet with them lest somebody try to interfere, as Hester said. I didn't know any Spanish, so Hester was the only one on board I could talk to. Well, we got away, but this schooner didn't put in to Vera Cruz. Hester said that the Federals had captured the port that very week, and the rebel gunboats were down past Frontera. I didn't know, but the ship went on. It was all hot stinkin' river-jungle coasts, and reefs down where we went. Me, like a lamb with that sullen, broken crew of filibusters, gun-runners, pirates—God knows what!"

Young Cullinan didn't look like a lamb now as he swung forward over the table gripped by these memories. But that was three years ago, and something had put the steel into his soul since. He sat back with that grim challenge to the silken-clad dancing women of the roof-garden. For the moment I knew he hated them; the lights, the laughter and the music. Then he went on quietly.

"Jerrold, I don't need to bore you with the first of it. I remember that, off Vera Cruz, we passed some of our blessed Yankee destroyers out of the port. Oh, man, if I'd known then what I was in for!

"But they were clever, this black-browed Hester, and the snaky Mexican renegade, Rojas. They were

leaders of the very gang that had sworn to kill my brother, but I never guessed it. They strung me on, pretending that they'd put me aboard of the *insurrecto* gunboat where my brother was. I sure was happy, thinking I would be with old Hub again, and doing him a good turn.

"Then, the last night. Well, I had a drink or two with Hester and Rojas in the dirty cabin. They were going to deliver their arms the next day, they said, to the revolutionist outfit. I don't know—that night was the last I remembered. A rotten hot night and the noisy old motors pounding in some *laguna* through a pass. I just remember drinking with them to my brother's health. He'd been a king-pin gunner's mate during the war on the Atlantic convoy lanes, and I was proud of big Hub. Well—"

HE STOPPED wearily, and I saw he was trying to recall something that troubled him. Presently he opened his eyes slowly and smiled. "Jerrold, a moment ago you said, 'Crucified.' Now, it's odd, but that was the next thing that came to my mind. I knew I'd been drugged, and the stuff was wearing off. I became conscious. And I felt some dull grinding pains in each hand and foot. First I was half paralyzed, and then, when I got so I could twist about, my whole body was wracked. Man, ache is no name for it! I couldn't tell where I was or what was the matter. I was just looking off into drifting white mist. When I got sense enough and strength enough to lift my head I saw the fix I was in.

"Jerrold, it was mighty like being nailed to a cross. My arms were stretched out tight and my legs drawn down but I was in mid-air! Spread-eagled in the air by ropes about feet and wrists, pulled tight—every-

and I guessed she was anchored in some *laguna* or river inlet.

Anyhow, I knew the sun was clearing the mists, but I was in too much pain to notice things clearly. That drug which the gun-runners had doped me with was wearing off, and I began to suffer. Man, you can't realize how I ached in every bone and muscle. If I struggled it was worse than ever.

"So I just hung there trying to think. It was plain enough that Hester and Rojas had done this out of revenge upon my brother Hubert, who had exposed their grafting deals to the rebel government and ruined their profits. I figured it all out while I hung there with my head lopped down on my breast. The gang couldn't get Hubert, so they took it out on me. But at that I didn't understand everything yet. Just why they had drugged me and triced me up on this abandoned schooner off the coast somewhere. God knows, I was to find out quick enough!

"That light morning fog was thinning. I could hear a sea bird scream, and pretty soon I thought I could see sand-bars dimly off in the mist. The sun was brightening over the sea and it aroused me out of a stupor. It was shining in my eyes, and it sounds funny to say this hurt them, when you consider all the other pain I was in. Then I discovered what the light was reflected from. It was from my shirt. I'd been wearing a fine silk shirt with blue and pink stripes, one of those gay loud Panama shirts which the young *caballeros* buy in the native stores and sport around the *fiesta*. I'd got it in a village near our oil-terminal, and thought it was a joke to wear it. But I'd had on that loud silk shirt the night the Hester gang strung me up unconscious. It was clean and hardly ruffled, and I reckon they'd handled me carefully lest I come too out of the dope. Anyhow, I hung there with the sun shining on that silk shirt, my feet six feet from the decks, spread-eagled.

Then, pretty soon a little breeze came. I felt something touch my shoulder. It

scared me, Jerrold, as if a ghost had tapped me. Up till now I hadn't had the strength to look around. But I did then. It cost me a lot of agony, but I twisted my head around over my shoulder. At first I couldn't understand. There was a great red daub of paint right behind me. It weaved in and out slowly, and I saw what it was. I was triced up against a great square of dirty canvas, and this red eye was painted on it.

"Suddenly, the whole thing flashed on me. This old hulk was a sea-target! I remembered what Hester and Rojas had grinned about last night in the cabin of their schooner. I had been bragging about my brother Hubert's gunnery, and they'd told me that his gunboat and some others of the revolutionist outfit were laying off some place called Laguna del Toro for target practice. They'd told me that I'd be landed there today and meet my brother. Well, I saw now what they meant!

"They'd spread-eagled me on the reverse side of this target-cloth, and probably gone inshore to deliver their stuff to their people. They knew what was coming off by

some means or other after they'd done me in with the dope. Hub had some four-inch rifles on that crazy rebel boat he commanded, and Hester and Rojas had strung me where I'd be blown to pieces by my own brother. He'd never know!"

Cullinan laughed as he remembered it. He conceded it was a clever revenge on Commander Hubert Cullinan of the Huertista navy. They'd promised Edgar that he'd meet his brother that day!

"Well, I just hung there, sometimes conscious, sometimes in a stupor," Cullinan went on. "I got numb, with the dull throb of pain everywhere. And hopeless. There wasn't anything to expect except death, whether I was blown to bits or just died there on the ropes. Once I lost my [Continued on page 51]



Cullinan whirled back as if a hot iron had seared his flesh.

thing tight. My body kept swaying in and out, in and out. I couldn't understand that until I stared down in the mist. Then I saw drifting water, and then I made out the rail of a ship. Broken and grimy and wet with sea-mist. I saw it all. I was spread-eagled between two masts of a derelict schooner!

"The ropes ran from my hands and feet cornerwise to these sticks, and there I was stretched in the centre of a web, swaying a bit as the old hulk lifted in a slow swell. The light was coming through the fog, and pretty soon I saw deck-planks and broken housing of this schooner. A rusty chain was over her brow



"She send you dat lettair?"
gasped the perplexed Indian.
"You not want eet?"

Under Frozen Stars

By George Marsh

Illustrated by A. C. Valentine

Fourth Instalment

IN THE grey dawn the canoe nosed out of the river through the blanket of mist masking the still surface of Namegami, the Ojibwa's Lake of the Sturgeon. Here, living largely on their sturgeon set-lines and whitefish nets, many hunters came with their families to pass the swift weeks of summer before they returned to the far valleys and muskegs of their trapping country. Here, the Pipestone Indians had told Jim and Omar, Jingwak made his home, and from here, in December and June, he led the hunters south to the trade at LeBlond's.

Before the rising sun cleared the smoking surface of the lake, Jim and Omar went ashore and, hiding their canoe in the brush, ate and slept. From now on, the price of their safety would be eternal vigilance. Their escape to the south would mean that henceforth Paradis would be a wanted man—an outlaw. For him the dog-teams of the police would comb a thousand miles of forest. From Rupert House to Fort Severn his appearance at a post would mean arrest. The very existence of the North-West Company would hang on their repudiation of his deeds in their behalf. LeBlond might have secretly sent him to hide on the Sturgeon, but if Stuart, returned south, the master of Bonne Chance must forever wash his hands of Paradis. And this, Paradis himself, only too well knew. So in the search to learn the fate of old Esau the men from Sunset House must use the caution of the hunted creatures of the forest.

But the lake was a large one, with many islands. Other connecting lakes lay beyond. And the sole means of learning whether Esau had avoided Paradis and reached the Sturgeon was by talking to the Ojibwas who might have seen or met him. In time some of these Indians would carry the news of Jim's presence to Paradis. But it could not be avoided. They were here, now to save old Esau, if alive, then, if possible, get out of the country. The expedition against the sorcerer, Jingwak, had come to this—a bare fight for life. And neither Jim nor Omar thought they could win.

After dark the Peterboro started down the lake with muffled paddles. On the shore, in the distance, a fire twinkled, like a star, for the nights were growing cool.

"Shall we make a stab and see what they know?" suggested Jim. "By daylight Esau would have passed in sight of this camp."

"Ah-hah, dese peop' are alone here. Eet might be long tam before dey see oders an' tell dem about us."

So they landed at the camp. Jim approached the small fire with the customary "bo'-jo's" while Omar squatted in the gloom at the bow of the canoe. His right hand, which rested inside the gunwale, gripped a cocked rifle.

"Bo'-jo'!" The old Indian at the fire rose at Jim's approach. Stuart's roving eyes saw that he was alone. The fireglow fell upon a tipi of caribou hide, the door flaps of which were closed.

The bright, mink-like eyes of the old hunter measured the tall figure of the white man from felt hat to moccasins, but his weather-cured face, seamed by the years, evidenced neither excitement nor curiosity as he said in Ojibwa: "You come far."

"Yes," Jim answered in the same tongue, "we come far to talk with the people of the Sturgeon country."

"What have you to tell them? That Jingwak, the shaman, grows fat on the flour and sugar of the trader, Paradis?"

Jim searched the shrewd eyes of the Indian for signs of the derision which the speech implied, but found none. Still, the Ojibwa had used the identical words employed by Stuart at the Pipestone Lakes. This was interesting. He would draw the old man out and learn about Esau. Handing the Ojibwa a plug of tobacco, he filled his own pipe.

"I have much to tell them," Jim answered. "It may be that you have much to tell me. Are you

alone? Where is your family?"

The Indian gestured toward the tipi. "She is sick."

"Your wife?" Here was a stroke of luck. Stuart carried a small medicine case. It might be that the woman had some slight

ailment that he could aid. He had often dressed wounds for the Indians and knew the use of simple medical remedies.

"Yes, she cut her hand and her arm is large, with much pain."

"Infected," thought Jim. "If it hasn't gone too far I can clean it up. That means gratitude—the friendship of these people. They may be useful. And there's no time to waste."

"You have no son to help you on your trap lines this winter," Jim asked.

The old man gazed grimly into the fire as he shook his head. "I am alone. I had a son, but he is a son no more. He left me to follow the trader Paradis, and the long snows I have seen fall, and melt to swell the rivers, are many."

Here was luck! "Omar, come up here!" Jim called in English to the sentinel at the canoe.

"Go into the tipi and look at the sick squaw," came the guttural demand from the gloom beyond the firelight.

The wily half-breed was not to be drawn into a possible trap. With cocked rifle, he waited for proof of the Ojibwa's story. Invisible, he commanded the tipi and the fire.

"I have medicine and have cured many Indians at The Lake of the Sand Beaches," Jim said. "Your wife has poisoned her hand. The poison moves fast up the arm. It will reach her neck—then her heart. If you would have her live, I must see her at once."

For a space the Indian scrutinized Jim's frank countenance, lit by the fireglow. Then he entered the tipi, from which directly issued a muffled conversation broken by low moans.

That there was no treachery here, Jim was satisfied. The Indian emerged from the tent and said: "She is very sick. If the medicine of the white man will help her, she is willing to see him."

Lighting a torch of rolled birch-bark, the Ojibwa led the way into the tipi. As Jim followed, a crouched, invisible figure held a rifle lined on the lodge. Omar was taking no chances.

On a pile of skins Jim found a squaw writhing in pain, the hand, cut while cleaning fish, was red and swollen, the inflammation reaching to the glands of the forearm. And her head was hot with fever.

As he had guessed, it was a bad case of infection, but there was a chance of checking it as it had not progressed to the shoulder. Returning to his canoe, he took his medicine case from a bag, and had the old man heat a kettle of water. Then he said: "This will give her pain. The wound is full of pus—of poison. It must be cleaned out and washed with medicine. Does she understand it will hurt her?"

The old man smiled grimly. "Has she not been in pain for two sleeps? She says the little knife can be no worse."

So, in the flickering light of the birch-bark, Stuart opened the inflamed hand, cleaned out the wound, sterilized it with bichloride of mercury, and bound it up, while the drawn, grey face of the old squaw wet with the sweat of her agony, held to its stoic immobility.

They went outside to the fire, and the stiff features of the Ojibwa softened as he said: "The white man's medicine is strong. She will be well again."

"I do not know," replied Jim, considering the situation. He might pull the old woman out of her infection if he stayed and dressed the arm. But that meant the risk of showing themselves to camps in the vicinity. And time was precious if they were to help Esau. Omar would never agree to it. But then, there was the brave old soul in the tipi who had not so much as whimpered as he opened the wound, helpless without him. How could he leave her?

Out of the murk Omar suddenly appeared at the fire.

"This is Omar, my friend," said Jim, as the two men exchanged "bo'-jo's" and the customary handshakes. "You have not told me your name."

The old man's seamed face expanded in a chuckle. "My name is Jinaw."

It was Ojibwa for rattle-snake, and Omar's black eyes snapped as he said, significantly thrusting a menacing face into that of the other: "You got your poison fangs ready for somebody?"

With unblinking eyes the Indian answered the strange question. "My fangs are waiting for the trader, Paradis, and Jingwak, the shaman."

Jim glanced at Omar's surprised face. Could it be that they had stumbled upon a possible ally, or was Jinaw leading them on to betray the object of their search? And yet he had trusted Jim with his squaw's arm.

"Why did you ask me if I had come to tell the Ojibwas that Jingwak grows fat on the flour of Paradis?" Jim demanded.

"Because, the sun before the last sleep, Jingwak was here and said so."

"He was here?" Jim was thrilled. This old man might have news of Esau. "Was he alone?"

"Yes, he was waiting for Paradis who had been up river."

"Did he say why Paradis went up river?"

"He said that Paradis went to drive from the country the trader who had been telling the Indians at the Lake of the Great Stones that Jingwak was a false shaman. I told him he could prove that lie by curing my squaw who was sick."

"What did he do?"

"He said he had no time to set up his medicine lodge, but would drive the devils from her arm," said the old man with a grimace.

"And he proved he was a wabeno, for the devils stayed," laughed Jim.

The face of Jinaw twisted with hate. "That is why the fangs of Jinaw wait for him," he said.

"Has Paradis returned?"

"I have not seen him."

"Have you seen an old man in a bark canoe traveling this way?"

"No."

"Your son went with Paradis?"

"Yes, Jingwak said there were nine with him, in two canoes."

Then, with a glance at Omar, Jim said: "Your son is not killed. We spared him."

Jinaw's face reflected his amazement. "You met them—ten of them—and they did not stop you?"

"My medicine was too strong for them. We left them lying on the trail, but they are not hurt."

For a long space Jinaw's shrewd eyes scrutinized the frank countenance of the white man. Then he said quietly: "You have the face of one whose heart is a stranger to fear; you should have killed them. They will never let you leave this lake alive."

Ignoring the cheerful prophecy, Omar broke into the conversation, which had been carried on entirely in Ojibwa. "Do all the people here believe in this wabeno, Jingwak?"

"No, but many of the young men do."

"Will the old men listen to us if we talk to them?"

"They will listen, but Paradis will find you with his young men and kill you."

Omar grimaced in Jinaw's grave face. "The medicine of this white man laughs at knife and bullet. Ask Paradis what he did with his nine men." Then Omar's swart face hardened into a menacing mask. "The fangs of Jinaw seek the trader Paradis and this wabeno. They, also, are our enemies. Jinaw is old, his son has left him, and he needs friends. We will be his friends."

The three filled their pipes and sat down by the fire, while Omar, now convinced that the old Indian was sincere, lost no time in planning to make use of him in their search for Esau. As an earnest of their friendship, Omar brought from the canoe flour, sugar, tea and tobacco, none of which the old man had, and gave the sick squaw a dipper of stimulating tea, which she gratefully swallowed. Then, heartened by the good fortune which had led them to the tipi of Jinaw, the Rattle-Snake, they paddled a mile down the shore and hid the canoe and outfit as the young moon broke through clouds above a lake drifted with shadows.

While the sky cleared and, here and there, the mirror of the lake picked up the stars, one question harassed the thoughts of the two men who had been told by Jinaw that their canoe would never turn south up the raging Sturgeon: Where was Esau?

AS THE night deepened and the moon dipped toward the black buttresses of the spruce ridge flanking the western shore, its beams touched two blurred shapes stretched in an open space beside a stony beach. Far out on the lake the funereal night wail of a loon lifted from the shadows. Then, for a long space, forest and lake slumbered, until, at last, on the heavy silence of the timbered shore broke the deep-toned "Whoo, hoo-hoo-hoo, whooo-whooh!" of the horned owl. But the shapes in the blankets lay like dead men.

Again the hush of the tomb returned to the forest, while the moon rose from sight behind a drift of cloud, and murk swallowed the muffled figures on the shore. For a time the patrols of the forest night gave no voice, then the hunting call of the feathered assassin of the shadows again marred the deep peace. But the shaggy sentinel, Smoke, no longer kept guard beside his sleeping master. The sinister sound was unheard. The blanketed heaps did not stir.

[Continued on page 32]



Thrusting both hands dramatically above the antlered head-dress, the shaman made mysterious passes, as he crooned a wild sing-song.

Suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, Greybeard leapt at the leader of the pack, his teeth closed tightly on his neck, and a furious battle began.



The Loneliness of Greybeard

By Ivy Scott Rogers

Illustrated by H. M. Sellen

STANDING in a moon-washed grove of pines, Greybeard, the wolf-dog, lifted his muzzle to the cold stars and voiced his loneliness and his grief. Five days had passed since his master had apparently deserted him, and the soul of the wolf-dog was sad and mystified. Half dog, half wolf as he was, he gazed with hungry ferocity on the white wilderness gleaming round him. He was suffering the pangs of cumulative hunger, and he licked his lips as he looked at the grotesque shadows of the sentinel pines. The white glow of night shone in his upturned eyes; he sniffed the air avidly. Then from his swelling throat came again that wailing call of his wolf ancestors, nervously, questioningly, echoing through the wild.

Greybeard had been his master's companion on a long trail across Alaska, and they had run into a blizzard. Food had run out and Jack Peterson, after sending off his dog for help, had quietly but inevitably laid himself down on the trail, expecting nothing but death. In Greybeard's absence a dog-team driven by a hardy old trapper had struck Peterson's trail, and lifting up the unconscious man, had carried him off to the distant township. Falling snow had covered the traces of his rescue, and Greybeard came back to find his master gone. Two days of fruitless, frenzied search left him alone, with despair in his breaking heart.

So, on this clear and beautiful night, Greybeard told his grief to the silent heavens, and miserably padding through the pine trunks, he let his sorrow echo eerily through the world of glittering white lying under the star-pierced, blue night sky. There is some quality, inherited from the wolf, that makes the wolf-dog's cry far more soul-stirring than the

call of a husky—it is the cry of a creature infinitely lonely, infinitely sad, yet bespeaking an undercurrent of suppressed savagery. And Greybeard was savage. His reason told him of but one explanation for this loneliness—Peterson had deserted him. But this must be said for Greybeard—that, till Peterson had given him a rude though kindly understanding, his experiences at the hands of men had been both cruel and unhappy. How should his judgment be anything but harsh and primitive?

Less than five hundred yards from the glooming pines, a man listened angrily to the wolf-dog's howls. Big Baldon knew the voice of Greybeard's kind, knew they were often as dangerous to meet singly as their greyer brothers who hunted in packs, and with his eyes skinned and his gun ready, he waited tensely, afraid to leave the sheltering hollow. Ambushed there Big Baldon fingered his carbine speculatively. Moonlight shooting was often fruitless work, but he hated Greybeard and his kind, in fact he showed mercy to no animal unlucky enough to come within range of his gun.

From the shadows came the wolf-dog, muzzle cocked, sniffing the air eagerly. Straight for the hollow he headed, merciless as the man who would slay him. Man had deserted him. Man should pay.

But this smell, borne on the night wind? This was not the familiar scent of Peterson. If it had

been how easily he could have forgotten his grief and anger! A bullet whined past him, ploughing a ridge in the crisp snow; a second and a third—and Greybeard stopped dead in his tracks, a scorching pain in his left shoulder. Then, like an avenging demon he sped towards Big Baldon's hiding-place. His fury drove the man into the furthest

corner of the hollow, where the sides were too steep to give him foothold, too steep and too slippery. Greybeard, panting, snarling, blocked the only way of escape.

With ears erect, teeth bared, eyes blazing, Greybeard watched the crouching form of his enemy. He was hungry—he would have killed for meat, if so recently he had not had a man for his friend. He gazed at Big Baldon with avid longing, and the man recoiled, the man whose gun lay trodden in under the stress of Greybeard's attack. Slowly the man and the dog circled, watching each other, luring, evading, with mingled anger and despair. Slowly the moon was waning; in the gathering gloom the wolf-fire shone fiercely in Greybeard's eyes; the pain in his wounded shoulder was throbbing, stabbing—what was it compared with the pain in his heart? Once—long ago, it must have been, he had loved a man.

The end came suddenly. Across the silent world a melancholy cry came ringing, a call thrice repeated, and for the wolf-dog pregnant with meaning. He stiffened; tremors ran down his rippling back, his breath came in short panting sobs, and lifting his head in the deepening night he answered the call of a she-wolf. Answered and sped off on her trail, leaving an astonished man to retrieve his gun and to pursue his interrupted way. (Cont'd on page 39)

Canada's New Challenger

By Arthur J. Verss

ONCE again, the eyes of all the great maritime nations of the world will soon be focussed on a new challenger for oceanic supremacy, a challenger that is distinctly Canadian, and one that bears the proudest title on all the Seven Seas—the "Empress of Britain."

The British people have always been great shipbuilders, and users of ships, and their consistent predominance in this industry through the ages has been in marked contrast to others. It is true that Britain has suffered a slight setback during and immediately after the last great world conflict, but one of the most striking evidences of her comeback, is her most recent accomplishment on the Clyde, the launching of the mammoth new "Empress of Britain." Hailed as the last word in ocean travel, a ship without a counterpart, this new Canadian Pacific liner is not only the largest and fastest to be built in British shipyards since the commencement of the war, but will be the largest steamship to ply between any two ports of the British Empire, and the most up-to-date yet built by any nation.

Launched on the eleventh of June last year, by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales; she has a gross registered tonnage of 42,500, and a speed that will be sufficient to bring her from Southampton to Quebec in about five days.

IN SPITE of the fact that it seems to be the much-criticized tendency of the modern liner to be too luxurious, in contrast to the older type of ocean vessels, the "Empress of Britain" has struck the happy medium, for the dominating note throughout the interior, as well as the exterior, is simplicity with dignity. The vessel has a smart cruiser stern, three pear-shaped buff funnels towering 68 feet above the sun deck, and is painted pure white, but relieved by a circle of blue at the main deck, green boot-topping, and her row of life-boats, sufficient for the full number of

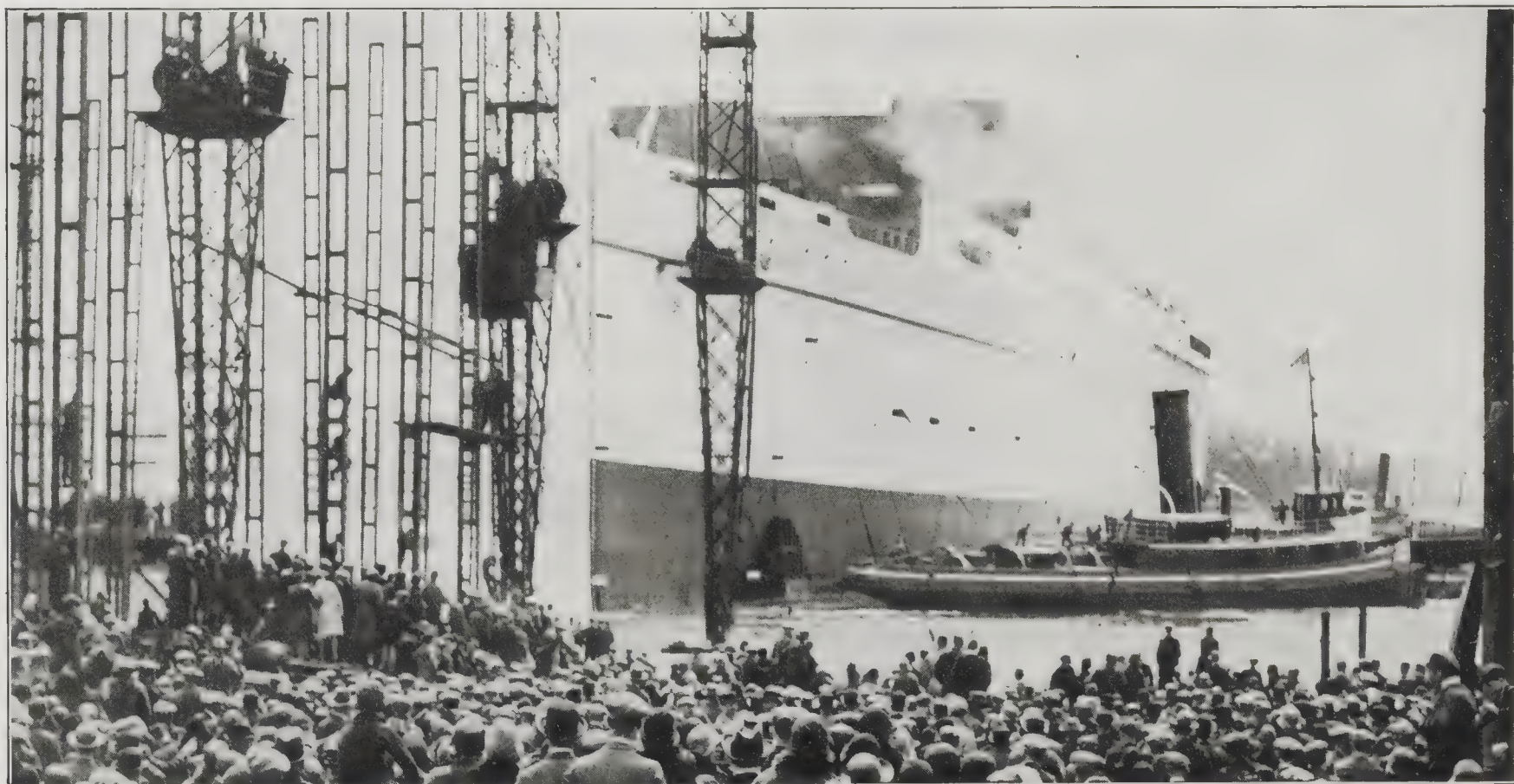
passengers and crew, are of a mahogany color.

The passenger accommodation is sumptuous and spacious in the fullest sense of the term. The state rooms are all "outside" with natural light of their own, and she has oversize sleeping apartments, seventy per cent of them with private bath or shower. At each bedside there is a telephone, to talk to London, Montreal, New York, Paris, Chicago. There is a swimming pool with bordering refreshment cafe, so large and so marvelously decorated and appointed that only the word "spectacular" comes close to describing it. A full-sized championship tennis court, enclosed with netting, a squash racket court, and twenty-six thousand square feet of promenade space for lounging, walking, or playing, have been provided for lovers of sport, and no expert need lapse in his form, for there is also a fully equipped gymnasium with an extra one for children, leading to the swimming bath. This has been framed on a scale surpassing all Atlantic records.

Society's painters par excellence—Sir John Lavery, R.A.—has rendered the Ball Room a domain of grace and light. In the Dining Room Frank Brangwyn, R.A., has given us a vision of the lavish gifts of mother earth. Edmund Dulac, favorite portrayer of Omar and the Arabian Nights, is seen to advantage as a past master in the arts of decoration in his smokingroom. The lounge takes one back to the spacious times of the Renaissance, and Sir Charles Allom arrives at an effect of stateliness made splendid. And last, but not least, Heath Robinson, in response to a happy inspiration, imports a refreshing element of humour all his own, into the Cocktail Bar and again in the Children's Nursery. A battery of elevators, beauty parlors for the ladies, a fully equipped barber shop for the men, a novelty shop and flower stall, a doctor's office and consulting room, with an operating theatre, an isolation hospital, [Continued on page 56]



An artist's impression of the "Empress of Britain." She will be the largest liner ever to have navigated the river St. Lawrence, and a new dock at the ancient capital has been built to accommodate her.



Seventy seconds after the Prince of Wales had swung the releasing lever in front of him, the high bulk of the Empress of Britain had slipped into the waters of the Clyde.

The Gypsy Trail



But when the family goes gypsying, the others get the gypsying and mother gets gypped.

“LOADING the family into the old bus and just going touring this summer,” said Hawkins. “No summer hotels and that sort of hoey, we’re hitting the Gypsy Trail.”

“Yeah,” said Noodlebeak, “the wide world and the open road and the blue sky over all. I know. Get next to nature, chug along the little side roads through the leafy boscage, breathe heaven’s fresh air and be gay and careless and free. Yeah.”

“You’ll be grand gypsies. You, who have to lie down on a porch chair for an hour after mowing four hundred square feet of lawn; and your wife who fainted at the church picnic when a June bug happened to fly against her arm. I have a picture of you two turning off any cement to explore any leafy lanes. The kids might do it—they’re used to rattling around in that topless flivver of theirs; and in spite of all you or I or anyone else may say about the younger generation, that eighteen-year-old Jim and that sixteen-year-old Jane of yours are a lot fitter than you or your wife were at their age. Yes, they’d gypsy it all right, but I know how much chance you’ll give ‘em.”

“Your idea of gypsying is to start off in the sedan with the windows closed to keep off the dust, and the curtains down to keep out the sun—and you’ll gypsy from one road house to another and one city to another on the main stem. You’ll gypsy where the motor cops keep you in line and the road signs tell you how far it is to the next parlor bedroom and bath. And if the fates hand you a detour into one of those good old back country roads, you’ll curse all the way and talk about writing to the highway department about it.”

“Oh yes, you’ll be the happy, happy, sun-bronzed wanderers when you get homes, bubbling over with joyous tales of the open road. But don’t expect me to listen to them. Because I’ll have heard ‘em all in practically the same form from other gypsies like you.”

“How you took a perfectly grand cement road somewhere and were just bowling along thinking how you’d beat any record for distance you’d made before, when all of a sudden the cement gave way to the most gosh offul sand and rocks and clay and you had to go into second for miles and miles and

By Berton Braley

Illustrated by Graham Hunter

miles, and a tire blew out and there you were in the middle of nowhere and at least a mile and a half to a garage, and you had to change tires yourself and the mosquitoes pretty near ate you up and the wife spent the whole time telling you she told you so, you should have taken that other turn ten miles back, but no you’d never ask anybody and look what’s happened!

“Or else about the people you met at Whoozis hotel who knew your cousin in Evansville, Wisconsin,



And there you were in the middle of nowhere and at least a mile and a half to a garage.

and did business with the same people you’d met at the Whatzis Inn only the day before who’d come clear across the country with the same air in their tires and isn’t the world a small place after all?

Or about the arguments you had with traffic cops in every other city at least, and how they went away humble and meek after you showed ‘em your badge as Honorary Assistant Police Commissioner

here in Dubbelville. Or about the day you made 366 miles and averaged twenty-one and a quarter miles to the gallon, and the old boat never missed a stroke—and can I say as much for my car?

I know all those gypsy stories by heart.

“A CAR does broaden one’s horizons so, doesn’t it? You’ll do three, four, five thousand miles and your horizon will be the procession of similar gypsies in sedans in front of you. You won’t see any horizons either side of you because the windows of your car aren’t big enough.”

“I suppose you have some perfectly delightful ideas of lying out under the stars and watching the vault above you, and hearing the far cry of the loon et cetera, but the nearest you’ll get to that will be some night when you miss connections and find you’ve got to stay in some primitive gypsy motor camp with running water and spring beds and screened tents with tar roofs and a row of gas stoves where you can cook your frugal gypsy fare after you’ve bought it from the commissary.”

“There’s a poem or something somewhere which says ‘Gypsy Hearts are Many, but Gypsy Feet are Few.’ Whoever wrote it wrote a fountain penful. Maybe I ought to change it a little by saying that Gypsy cars are many, but Gypsy drivers are few.”

“The only real gypsy driver who ever goes in a sedan goes in a second hand one and he and his family live in it. Both foot-boards are piled with bundles, the baby carriage with the baby in it is tied to the tire rack, and the rest of the kids are yelling out the windows. He goes as far as his gas will take him, and then borrows some from the next motorist he can stop and goes farther. He camps where he camps, he works if he has to, and he’s considerable nuisance on the road. But he’s got gypsy feet,

all right, even if he uses ‘em only to tread on pedals. “Why, Hawkins, you haven’t even got a gypsy toe-nail. About the last thing a real gypsy thinks of is where he’s going to be tomorrow. He doesn’t care where he’s going to be tomorrow. Tomorrow is another day.”

“But you! You make the eight-fifteen every morning, and the five-fifteen [Continued on page 42]

Dear Reader :

This picture of a clover field is as near as we can come to showing you how sweet clothes smell when they are washed with Fels-Naptha



It's easy to picture the clean whiteness of clothes washed with Fels-Naptha. But when it comes to picturing their sweet, fresh smell—only a clover field in bloom can do them justice! The best thing is to try Fels-Naptha in *your* wash. Then you'll know exactly what we mean.

It all sums up to this: Fels-Naptha washes clothes clean! It gets out even the most stubborn dirt. It gives that clover-sweetness found only in clothes that are clean through and through.

Fels-Naptha does this without hard work on your part. Because Fels-Naptha itself gives *extra* help—the *extra* help of two cleaners working briskly together. Fels-Naptha, you see, is unusually good soap combined with *plenty* of naptha. You can smell the naptha. These two cleaners, working hand-in-hand, loosen dirt easily and quickly and wash it away. There's no hard rubbing for you to do.

Fels-Naptha is so easy to work with, too. The big golden bar is equally at home in washing machine or tub. It does a splendid job in hot, lukewarm, or even cool water; whether you soak or boil the clothes. And Fels-Naptha helps keep hands fresh. It contains bland, soothing glycerine, you know.

Your grocer sells Fels-Naptha. Order it by the ro-bar carton—that's the most convenient way. Use it for all household cleaning. And use it especially for the family wash. Your eyes and nose will thank you for the new, sweet freshness of the clothes.

SPECIAL OFFER

Whether you have used Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper and a sample bar. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins, find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail the coupon, with four cents in stamps enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send the chipper and sample bar without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it!

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FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper and sample bar offered in this advertisement. I enclose four cents in stamps to help cover postage.

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Street _____

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Please print name and address completely

Shadowland With All Its Vagaries

"Lightnin'"

THE very successful stage play "Lightnin'" is now made into a talking picture and makes an excellent vehicle for the unusual and varied talents of Will Rogers.

Those who saw the play on the stage will remember that it is a one-man show, the entire interest of the audience fixed upon Bill Jones, affectionately and ironically nicknamed "Lightnin'." Bill is a modern edition of Rip Van Winkle, lazy, dawdling, too fond of whisky, and withall lovable. He owns a hotel which straddles the California-Nevada boundary line and hence conveniently serves as a haven for would-be divorcees. While Bill spends his time drinking and philosophizing with his cronies, his capable wife runs the place. In a moment when her patience with Bill is somewhat too heavily put upon, she is persuaded by two rogues, who are after the property, to divorce Bill. But, happily, a clever young man intervenes, foils the villains, reunites Mr. and Mrs. Lightnin', and wins the hand of their daughter.

Will Rogers is excellent as the amiable Lightnin', and he is ably supported by Louise Dresser, Joel McCrea, Frank Campeau and Helen Cohan. "Lightnin'" is good, clean entertainment.

America. She is still tremendously popular and, despite her age, still goes on long tours. A real trouser of the old school, she boasts that in all her career she had laid off for only one week, and that was when her son was born—her daughter had sense enough to be born during Holy Week, and most travelling companies in the United States do not play during this period. Her son and her daughter are both stars: Julia, America's foremost actress; Tony, the matinee idol of the day. And Julia's daughter, Gwen, is also beginning a promising stage career.

When the play opens we get an amusing glimpse of the whole family and their hurried, exciting life. Meals are served at all hours on trays, social engagements are made and broken. In fact, everything is

dies content, knowing that her family will all "carry on."

The Cavendish family in the play was undoubtedly inspired by the Barrymores, long famous in the stage annals of the United States. Fanny is probably derived from Georgie Drew Barrymore. Julia is Ethel Barrymore. The temperamental Tony bears a striking resemblance to John. Julia's uncle in the play is not unlike the late George Drew, Ethel Barrymore's distinguished uncle. The fact that Ethel Barrymore's daughter made her debut with her mother this year in "Scarlet Sister Mary" gives the final authentic touch to the picture.

The talking cinema version of "The Royal Family" is excellent, well acted and directed, but it misses much of the sharp, delicious fun of the original. Time and time again it substitutes sadness for satire, and the satire of "The Royal Family" is so good that I cannot help but moan over its omission.

Ina Claire is charming as Julia. Frederic March gives a fine performance as Tony. His appearance is strikingly like John Barrymore's and he mimics many of John's noted mannerisms. That distinguished actress Henrietta Crosman gives a fine portrayal of Fanny Cavendish although the role has lost a great deal of its salty humor in the picture adaptation. "The Royal Family" is well

worth your time spent seeing it.

"Sunny"

HERE is a pleasant picture adapted from the musical show of the same name in which Marilyn Miller was so successful some seasons ago. Only two songs are sung in the picture which is treated as a straight story instead of as a musical comedy.

Miss Miller is charming in the role which she originated. Joe Donahue plays most effectively the comedy part done on the stage by his brother, the late Jack Donahue. O. P. Heggie is very amusing in another comedy role. The picture is not distinguished, but it is agreeable.

"The Criminal Code"

A strong and grim stage play by Martin Flavin.

"The Criminal Code," has been very effectively adapted to the screen. As usual, the picture directors have changed a tragic ending to a happy one, but in this case the change is done very ingeniously and does not seem illogical. Phillips Holmes as the unfortunate young hero of the story does some really good acting. He is refreshing after so many Hollywood juvenile leads who are all profile and no talent. Walter Huston as the warden gives an outstanding performance.

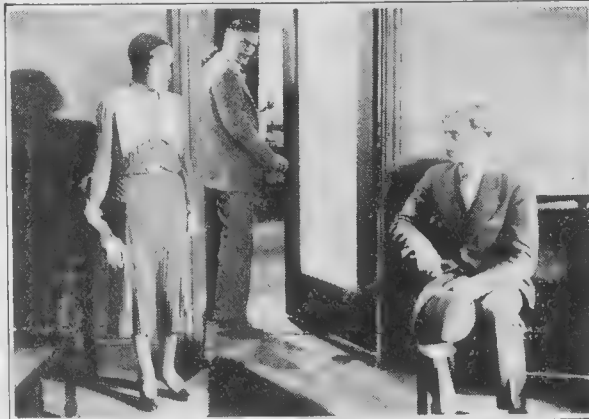
Films reviewed in previous issues:

"Laughter"—Clever, sophisticated comedy.

"Tol'able David"—A first-rate story well played.

"Sin Takes a Holiday"—Fairly entertaining society comedy.

—JEROME CARVER



Constance Cummings, Walter Huston and Phillip Holmes in "The Criminal Code"



Henrietta Crosman, Ina Claire and Frederic March in "The Royal Family of Broadway"

"The Devil to Pay"

"THE Devil to Pay" is that Hollywood rarity, a really smart, civilized comedy. Frederick Lonsdale and Benjamin Glazer are responsible for the scenario and dialogue; and theatre goers who have enjoyed Mr. Lonsdale's "High Road" and other comedies will appreciate the suave comedy and sparkling lines of "The Devil to Pay."

The story of the film opens in Kenya, where Willie, the spoiled but charming son of Lord Leeland, auctions off the house which his father had given him and returns to England hoping for the best, but with only twenty pounds in his pocket. Most of that sum goes when Willie starts to pass a dog shop but is lured inside by the beseeching eyes of a terrier in the window. He buys the dog and goes back to the parental home. Needless to say his father is not too pleased with him, but after many complications Willie manages to ingratiate himself with his father and wins a lovely bride. Ronald Coleman is excellent as the irresistible Willie, and the rest of the cast, which includes Loretta Young, is good. With its good plot, bright dialogue, nice acting, photography and direction, "The Devil to Pay" ought to please discriminating audiences.

"The Royal Family of Broadway"

THIS is the cinema adaptation of "The Royal Family," written by George Kaufman and Edna Ferber. In its original stage form it is one of the most delightful American comedies of recent years, tender, colorful, and satirical. It deals with a family of actors, aristocrats of the stage. The eldest of the group is Fanny Cavendish who in her youth was the idol of

arranged to meet the often sudden and always exigent demands of performances and rehearsals. To Fanny's disgust, however, the grand traditions of this theatre family seem to be broken. Tony goes to Hollywood and the movies. Julia, believing that she is tired of the insatiable demands of the stage, gets herself engaged to a wealthy man who will take her away to the ends of the earth. Gwen rebels against the "artificial" life of the theatre, marries a young business man, has a baby and is apparently lost forever to the footlights. But soon the call of the Cavendish blood is too strong for them all. The theatre is bred into them. It is their breath of life. Tony comes back with a new play. Julia finds ordinary social life a bore. Gwen has gained her husband's consent to play a short engagement with the Theatre Guild. Even Gwen's baby is to make his debut. So, Fanny Cavendish

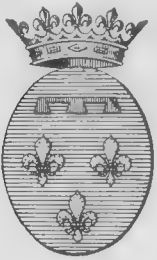


Marilyn Miller in "Sunny"



Loretta Young and Ronald Coleman in "The Devil to Pay"

Insignia of the house of
Bourbon-Orléans, a cadet
branch of the Bourbon house



AMERICA'S YOUNGEST DUCHESS...

HER HIGHNESS THE DUCHESSE DE NEMOURS



Gracious young hostess of Château Tourrande in the Haute-Savoie, this heroine of royal romance is both beautiful and chic... her frocks by Worth, her diamonds by Cartier. "Valdy," her dachshund (left, above) is her inseparable pet... Below, right, are Pond's four preparations which keep her fair skin always at its best.



oblesse oblige!" says the Duchesse de Nemours. "In Europe, women of title guard their beauty as they guard their ancestral jewels. They prize a flower-like complexion as an essential hallmark of race and breeding... So, no wonder I am grateful for my faithful use of Pond's!"

Enchantingly blonde and beautiful, with exquisite fair skin, the Duchesse de Nemours is the former Miss Marguerite Watson, of an aristocratic Virginia family. She was a favorite in Washington and Newport society before the royal romance of her marriage to a scion of the house of Bourbon-Orléans.

"Women of title must be always lovely." Wherever this young Duchesse goes, Pond's tends her fragile transparent skin, just as when she was a girl at home.

"The Cold Cream is wonderful," she says, "and the Tissues are the best way to remove the cream I ever found... The Skin Freshener is delightful to invigorate and the

Vanishing Cream is *exquisite!*"

Think how significant it is that women of wealth and title choose Pond's in preference to all other beauty preparations. Cost is a matter of complete indifference to these women. Quality is everything. For in their prominent social position a beautifully-groomed complexion is the first requisite.

They choose Pond's because these four famous preparations are the purest and finest obtainable despite their democratic simplicity and modest price. They are marvelous to give the skin the perfect cleansing and protection it must have to keep it exquisite.

Follow the four steps of Pond's

Method to keep your own skin radiantly clear and fresh:

FIRST—during the day, for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck several times, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into pores, and float dirt to surface.

SECOND—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Tissues, soft, ample, super-absorbent. Peach color and white.

THIRD—pat cleansed skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm.

LAST—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish. Use it not only on the face but wherever you powder... arms, shoulders, neck. Marvelously effective to keep your hands soft and white.

At bedtime, always cleanse with Cold Cream and remove with Tissues.



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Slip covered furniture has been a way of acquiring lovely, livable, practical rooms for many years, and, if anything, is more popular than ever.

Do it With Draperies

Furnishing With Fabric Has Attained Importance
in the Modern Mode

By Katherine M. Caldwell

IT IS very interesting to notice how the modern trend in furnishing carries us one moment toward a formality, a dignity, that is nothing short of imposing—and at the next breath, shows us a setting so full of informal charm that the most modest little home in the country could adopt the picture as its own, quite as successfully as the great house could do.

Amongst the informal types, the room that is largely furnished with fabric has all the adaptable qualities imaginable, for its limitations are no greater than the limitations of the fabrics themselves. And for these, we have learned to search not only the drapery departments for what we want, but the dress materials (particularly cottons and occasionally linens) as well.

I would like to expand the idea of "furnishing with fabric," to include re-furnishing in the same way—for really, I know of no way to re-furbish a worn room or one that contains pieces we can no longer love, than to adopt the fabric method.

How far does it apply? With a little help, it can come to the rescue of almost any room in the house.

There is nothing very new about the idea of a living-room that is dominated by its fabrics, for slip-covered chairs and sofas have been one of our favored ways of acquiring lovely, livable, practical rooms, these many years. And slip-covered furniture is, if anything, more popular than ever—for the materials that we can use are so unlimited in their colorings, designs, types and price range. New slip covers will bring old upholstered furniture (so long as it is still sound or can be made so) to the enjoyment of a new lease of life—and perhaps to greater beauty than it ever evidenced before. They can be beautifully tailored by the shops—and they even fall within the powers of the amateur who is moderately skilled in sewing; mostly, the problem is one of careful and patient fitting—as one specialist in this line said to me, "a pin every inch is what makes them fit." The profes-

sionals do just that—fit the fabric smoothly over the chairs, tucking, fitting and pinning until the skeleton is ready—then as carefully basting the cover together for its final stitching.

New cretonnes for slips—a battered little table or two given a harmonizing coat of lacquer, a flowering plant or two—and a tired-looking living-room wouldn't know itself!

BUT, you may say, it is my *dining-room* that wears that tired look. Would fabric revive it?

Indeed it might; let us look at the possibilities.

Furniture a bit scuffed, perhaps? Or maybe poor in design, something you began with a few years ago when "beginners' luck" had not the possibilities it has nowadays?

Then possibly the chairs would lend themselves to slip-on backs of a smart modern material or a softly-flowered cretonne or a conventional pattern that would agree well with the rest of the room. I worked such a transformation on a set of sturdy but ugly walnut chairs some time ago. The posts stuck up some three or four inches above the top rail—so we sawed them off and sandpapered them smooth. Then I carefully centred the design of my chosen chintz—a bouquet of many-colored flowers—on the back of the chair, fore and aft; cut out the pieces from an already fitted cotton pattern; the two pieces were then put together with a boxing, a strip about an inch and a half wide in that case, but which would of course vary with the thickness of the chair-back. A narrow piping in one of the material's colors, was inserted in each seam and the bottom of each slip-

over piped with the same color. Tapes were added to tie slip-overs firmly in place down by the seat. (Mine were the full-sized cretonne backs—sometimes they are made only to part of the depth of the chair-back—or just thin shoulder-cushions are made to tie on at the top; it all depends upon the shape, condition and requirements of your chairs).

The old leather-covered seats were robbed of their finishing-braid, squares of the cretonne were fitted over them, edges turned in and covered by an upholsterers' braid and held by flat-headed bronzetacks. The finished chairs were truly smart—and made such a cheerful place of a new dining-room which could not just at first aspire to new furniture.

NOW I am about to do somewhat the same kind of thing with a bed—for the all-fabric bedroom has arrived with a rush! I have recently moved, and am planning an extra bedroom, to be achieved with oddments that have hitherto enjoyed little or no association.

The bed is an old wooden one, enamelled thus far—but about to be completely transformed by well-fitted slip-covers of a green-and-gold brocaded cotton that rose before me in a shop lately; the head- and foot-boards are to be enclosed completely in envelopes of the material; the two pieces for the foot-board, for instance, will be cut to the exact outline of the wood; a boxing-strip of the right width will be used to join them; a flatly-pleated flounce will carry across the bottom, to just escape the floor, and this will carry on at the sides of the bed, attached to an under-mattress sheet, to meet the bed-head, slip-covered to match the foot.

A plain spread of old gold, the tone that appears in the brocade, will complete the furnishing of a really stunning bed. The same old gold will hang at the windows. The one important new thing that the room will boast, is a tall unframed mirror, a full-length affair, that is to be [Continued on page 58]

TEJERO
of BarcelonaMME. DAHLSTRAND
of StockholmCARSTEN
of BerlinBOSCH
of New YorkMYNDALL CAIN
of MinneapolisJULIA AKERGREN
of San FranciscoMARGUERITE HOARE
of LondonPESSL
of ViennaMME. JACOBSON
of LondonPEARL UPTON
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Now! more than 20,000 beauty experts the world over advocate Palmolive Soap to keep that schoolgirl complexion

In Paris, London, Berlin, Rome; in Vienna, Madrid, Ottawa, New York; in all the leading world capitals specialists advise this one facial soap to keep skin lovely

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ALL over the world, lovely women are learning to retain their cherished loveliness . . . learning from authority in beauty culture. Such men as Niraus, of Madrid; Pierre, of New York. Such women as Jacobson, of London; Mrs. Johnston, of Toronto; Rose Laird, of New York.

"Cleanliness," they say, "is absolutely essential to beauty." And, of course, you agree. But how to achieve that cleanliness?

"Soap and water must be used regularly to get down deep into the pores," these experts insist. But not any soap will do. You should use Palmolive.

The case of Princess X

"Madame La Princess X—," says a noted Parisian specialist, "was a woman of only 30 or 35, but alas, her skin had the withered look of age.

"'Madame,' I could not help crying out, 'when did you last wash your face with a good soap and water?'"

"And in her answer lay the secret of her beauty tragedy. I had the Princess use Palmolive Soap and water twice daily, together with my own special preparations. It was not long before her skin took on the new color, the delicately smooth texture that now makes her one of the most enchanting and sought after women in Biarritz."

So often it's just Palmolive

In so many cases that are reported to us the mere change to Palmolive Soap makes all the difference in a complexion. Those who know attribute this to Palmolive's vegetable oils, which have been the chosen cleansers of famous beauties since the days of Cleopatra's glory.



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Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

TANGEE



"VOGUE" SAYS—

*Paris decrees
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"All Paris is creating more and more natural appearing make-up," says this world famous fashion magazine of New York, London and Paris. "A vivid slash of red lips has no place in today's very feminine and individual mode. All crudity and violent contrasts are out. Whatever colors bring out your own best points are right. Avoid, therefore, lipsticks that do not match your natural coloring."

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New! Tangee Theatrical, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick for professional and evening use

Tangee Lipstick, \$1.25. The same marvelous color principle in Rouge Compact \$1. . . . Crème Rouge \$1.25. Face Powder, soft and clinging, blended to match the natural skin tones, \$1.25 and 75c. Night Cream, both cleanses and nourishes, \$1.25 and \$1. Day Cream, protects the skin, \$1.25 and \$1. Cosmetic, a new "mascara," will not smart. \$1.25.



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The Lure of Bulbs

By Marion Isabel Angus

THE first snowdrop! With its appearance, thoughts of dull, grey winter days vanish and one looks forward to the balmy western spring with its green fire of tender, young leaves . . . with its swelling woodland flowers . . . with its bulbs of jewel-like colors and glamorous history.

Bulbs . . . daffodils, narcissi, tulips and hyacinths . . . are deservedly favorite flowers and in Western Canada they attain a luxuriance and beauty comparable with their growth in the famous bulb-fields of Haarlem.

The history of bulbs is an interesting one. They were natives of the Orient but were introduced into Turkey at some indeterminate period, centuries ago. The Turks, appreciating their beauty, cultivated them for garden purposes, and Western Europeans first learned of bulbs when Ogier Chiselin Busbecq, Imperial Ambassador of Emperor Ferdinand to Turkey in 1554, saw these exotic blooms and recorded their beauty in his Memoirs.

In 1562 the first bulbs reached Antwerp, and in 1571 Holland started planting the flowers for which she is now world-famous. England, also, was one of the first western European countries to feel the lure of bulbs, which were first introduced there in 1577 by Clusius, one of the earliest enthusiasts. In passing it is interesting to note that many of his finest bulbs were stolen which, to a tulip-fancier of those days, was the greatest calamity that could possibly befall. A bulb was sacred, in fact, Dumas says . . . "But to destroy a bulb was a horrible crime in the eyes of the genuine tulip-fancier: as to killing a man it would not have mattered so much," which sentiment shows human nature in one of its most incomprehensible moods.

France was considerably later in succumbing to the charms of these Eastern flowers.

From 1634-1638 occurred one of the most remarkable gambles in the world's history . . . a gamble in bulbs. During the period of this tulipomania, a single bulb of *semper augustus* was

sold for 13,000 guilders. All ordinary work was given up for this new and absorbing craze with its promise of easy and quick wealth. At first everyone made money, then in 1637, the bubble burst and many people were ruined. A few growers continued and, in time, the industry became firmly established. Before this was accomplished, however, the government was obliged to interfere and by strict regulation of prices, put an end to one of the most incomprehensible gambles ever known.

Holland, the land of soft shadows and golden lights, is world-renowned for the beauty of its bulbs and in the spring the country between Leyden and Haarlem is a brilliant patchwork quilt of narcissi, tulips and hyacinths in shades of pink, blue, lilac, yellow, red and white.

The appearance of these flowers is the signal for national festive celebrations which attract visitors from all over. Following the war, the depression in world-trade affected, to some extent, bulb-growing, but the bulb-fields of Haarlem still remain among the world's most colorful and picturesque sights.

At Sydney, on Vancouver Island, bulb-growing is becoming increasingly important. Many beautiful flowers are grown, and Sydney bulbs are in great demand.

The narcissus family, which includes daffodils and jonquils, appear early in the year. There are many varieties of this interesting family and they range in color from the paper-white *narcissus poeticus* to the primrose yellow jonquil and the sulphur—and golden-colored daffodils.

There is an interesting legend concerning the origin of the narcissus. Many, many centuries ago there lived in Greece a very handsome youth named Narcissus, who was the son of the river-god, Cephissus, and the nymph, Leiriope. Leiriope warned her son that he would enjoy a long life provided he never saw his own features. For some time all went

well, but finally the nymph Echo fell in love with the handsome boy. He rejected her love, thereby incurring the wrath of the gods. They caused him to see his features reflected in the clear water of a river, and the pictured face was so handsome that poor Narcissus fell in love with it. He did not realize it was his own, so he sat and gazed and pleaded with the beautiful creature he saw in the water. He refused food and finally pined away. His mother was so sorrowful that the gods relented and white flowers sprang up where Narcissus died. They were called by his name and thus perpetuate his memory.

With such a sad story in its background, it is not surprising that for many years narcissi were regarded as the symbol of death and immortality, and that many people, overlooking their fragile, star-like beauty, disliked them. This dislike has practically vanished in recent years, and the narcissi, neglected many years, are now perennial favorites and the choicest of the hardy spring flowers, and more widely grown all the time. They are natives of Southern Europe and the Mediterranean and grow wild in luxuriant profusion in Switzerland, Malta, Cyprus, Greece, where whole fields of these fragrant flowers may be seen.

IN ENGLAND the name daffodil is applied to most of the types of the narcissi, except the *narcissus poeticus* or pheasant-eyed narcissus. This species is distinguished by its silvery white perianth and its short red-purple crown. It is the sweetest perfumed flower in this family and blooms freely.

At Gordon Head, on Vancouver Island, one may see acres and acres of daffies in the early spring days. Here they are cultivated both for the cut flowers and the bulbs.

Tulips follow narcissi in the spring gardens. The name tulip is derived from *tulipan*, which is a Persian word meaning "Turban." The shape of the

[Continued on page 29]



TOO MUCH ACID

**makes stomach sour
causes sluggishness**

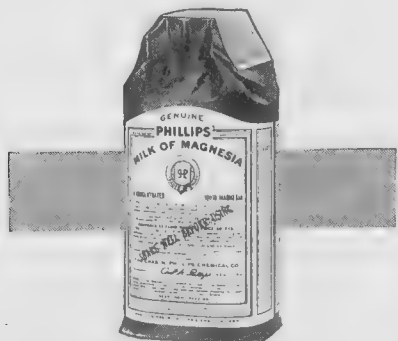
AFTER lunch, do you always feel refreshed and energetic as you should? Or does that feeling of sluggishness follow your meal?

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PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

"MADE IN CANADA"

The Lure of the Bulbs

Continued from page 28

flowers, which resemble inverted turbans, is, of course, responsible for this apt name.

Tulips grow best in light sandy soil, similar to that of their original home, which centuries of blazing Oriental suns have baked to a clay. Sandy soil, if well-watered, soon becomes clayey.

There are many well-known varieties of this flower, which are probably the best loved of the bulbs. A good early single tulip is the Duc van Thol, which is small in stature but hardy in growth. The early double tulips are also hardy plants but they lack the elegance of form that distinguishes the single blooms.

THE hyacinth shared the early popularity of the narcissus in Greece. Like most lovely things, it had a delightful legend ascribed to it by the Greeks. It concerned a beautiful boy named Hyacinthus who was the favorite playmate of the god Apollo. One day while they were playing quoits, the god's javelin was deflected from its course by the jealous West Wind, who also liked Hyacinthus. The quoit bounded from the earth and, striking the boy, fatally wounded him. Appolo's grief and remorse were terrible as he tried to stanch the wound. He spoke to the dying Hyacinthus thus, "Thou diest, Hyacinthus, robbed of thy youth by me. Thine is the suffering, mine is the crime. Would that I could die for thee. But since that may not be, thou shalt live with me in memory and song. My lyre shall celebrate thee, my song shall tell thy fate, and thou shalt become a flower inscribed with my regrets." As he spoke, from where Hyacinthus' blood stained the herbage, a beautiful flower sprang up which "bears the name of Hyacinthus, and with every returning spring revives the memory of his name."

There are over 30 varieties of hyacinths, many of which grow wild in South Africa. Others, including the garden hyacinths with bell-shaped flowers that we know, came originally from Syria, Asia Minor, Greece, Dalmatia, and the Mediterranean regions, although, at the present time, the world's supply of hyacinth bulbs comes from Holland where the soil and climate are peculiarly suited to the growing of these bulbs. These bulbs, which include such varieties as *Lady Derby*, *King of the Blues*, *City of Harlem* and *La Grandesse* are commonly called the Dutch hyacinths. The Roman Hyacinths, which are not so common, are smaller and slender with narrow leaves, looser spikes and smaller bells.

Hyacinths are obtained in many shades, ranging from purest white through the shell pinks and deep roses to vivid carmines and reds; from pinky and bluish mauves to dark violets and mauves; and from delicate blues to the more intense blues. They may also be obtained in oranges and yellows.

Hyacinths may be grown out-of-doors, but they also make an exquisite plant of indoor winter blooming.

There are a number of lesser known flowers, belonging to or resembling the bulb families that will well repay a closer acquaintance. These include the crocus, which is really not a bulb; the delicate, ethereal Scilla; the Freesia, from which may be obtained the most wonderful honey, and several others. The horticulturist or simple flower lover will respond to their lure of loveliness.

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Ipana will please you with its taste. It will keep your teeth flashing white—and bring new health and firmness to weak, undernourished gums.

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A Dream That Came True

By Elizabeth Bailey Price

"SHE'S a darling, and I want her," said the great actress, Sybil Thorn-dike, when she saw Florence McHugh, a little Western girl, who had gone from the Alberta prairies to London, England, imbued with the dream that some day she would reach the heights of stardom in her chosen profession—the stage.

"Oh, don't say that," said Sybil Thorn-dike's husband, who was also her business manager, "or she'll think she's got it."

She did get it, and after that she was made.

This incident occurred in London three years ago. Clarence Dane, the noted playwright, was searching the city to find just the right person to take the part of "Penny," the little peasant girl, in her play "Granite," which was to star Sybil Thorn-dike, believed by many to be the leading actress of the day. She had heard of Florence McHugh's "hit" as "Deborah Willetts," the small servant, in Frederick Ran-alow's production of "Mr. Pepys" at the Everyman Theatre. She went to see her in this, and when the curtain dropped on the final act, she immediately went "back stage" to call on her. She invited her to meet Sybil Thorn-dike, and that very night they taxied over to see the famous actress. It was on this occasion that the foregoing conversation took place.

"Granite," which only had two women in its cast of six, was produced at the Ambassador Theatre, and at once won popular favor. Glowing reviews followed Florence McHugh's first night's performance. She was described as "the most delightful small servant ever seen on any stage."

At this time she wrote to her mother in far-away Calgary: "You can hardly believe what is happening to me here. It is my wonderful dream that has come true."

Offers poured in, and from then on she had a series of triumphs. She was the leading soprano in "Riverside Nights," a high-brow revue, directed by Sir Nigel Playfair, at the Lyric Theatre. It was just at this time she received a cablegram from a New York manager, to take the lead in "The Constant Nymph," but in order to fulfil her London contract, she had to refuse this flattering offer. She opened the now famous Arts Theatre Club in "Picnic Revue." She played the lead opposite Russell Thorn-dike, a brother of the famous Sybil, in "Dr. Syn." She was asked to take leads in Sir Nigel Playfair's annual productions at Cambridge and Oxford, plays in which the male students act, and invite famous actresses to assist, it being considered a special recognition of merit and a great honor to receive an invitation.

Then came one of her greatest triumphs, that of "Hilda Wangel" in Ibsen's "Master Builder." This is considered one of the four great roles for women players, and is on a par with the great Shakespearean women leads. Four weeks is the average time allowed for rehearsals, but owing to mishaps, Miss McHugh was compelled to get up the part in eight days, an almost super-human feat. Besides, the play was being revived in London, after thirty years, and the critics were waiting to see what the little Canadian girl would do with "Hilda Wangel, the strange creature of will."

A quotation from the London Daily Telegraph by W.A.D. is typical of a dozen other favorable criticisms: "For the part of Hilda, an actress needs a certain ecstatic quality, an ability to suggest devotion to an ideal, which reckons nothing of the consequences. This quality, Miss Florence McHugh showed herself to possess to a degree altogether unexpected, at the Everyman Theatre last night. Her

intelligent interpretation of Hilda makes it still more evident that she is a young woman with whom to be reckoned."

Speaking of this part Miss McHugh says: "It is a terrific role. There is no action, and the utmost mental concentration is needed to interpret its hypnotic psychology."

While playing in this to crowded houses, she was invited by Sir Alfred Butt, managing director of the Drury Lane Theatre, to take over Edith Day's lead in "The Show Boat," the most talked-of musical comedy in London. It was here that her great capacity for



Florence McHugh

work made it possible for her to accept this. She had only ten days to learn "Magnolia's" part, which is considered one of the most varied and exhausting roles in musical comedy. In addition to the character calling for singing, dancing (period, modern and caricature), an American dialect, comedy, tragedy, and nine quick changes, including wigs, she had to learn to play the guitar.

Speaking of these strenuous days Miss McHugh says: "Here I was having to speak the purest English, every night in the Ibsen play, and between times hurrying to rehearsals of 'The Show Boat,' which demanded the broadest American twang. I was certainly rushed, besides spending twenty-five dollars a week on taxicab service."

Criticizing her work in "The Show Boat," the Glasgow Citizen dramatic critic states: "In such a really fine cast, it may seem invidious to single out one member, but when such an artiste as Florence McHugh, who plays the part of 'Magnolia,' the show-boat proprietor's daughter, makes her first appearance in Glasgow, it is worthy of more than a passing notice. No actress in a musical play—I say it advisedly—has given me so much pleasure for a long time. She can dance, she can sing, and, what is more important, she can act, infusing her work with real pathos and passion."

"One moment she had all the whimsicality and verve of Adele Astaire, the next she has all the intensity of Pauline Frederick. With it all she has a freshness and appeal of her own, that makes it difficult for me to write without

seeming over-enthusiastic." The Glasgow Evening News follows a similar trend in its review, a column in length. It is, in

part: "The 'find' of this enchanting presentation is Florence McHugh, as 'Magnolia,' a young lady with features and mannerisms strongly reminiscent of Adele Astaire, but displaying deeper histrionic ability. How fine an actress she is may be gauged from her ingenuely burlesque in the show boat performance, contrasted with a serious demeanor in moments of crises, and her transformation from a vivacious young girl to a mature woman of the present day in the final scene."

After a most successful seven-months' tour, Miss McHugh completed her contract with "The Show Boat" in May, 1929. She then hastened to Oxford to play the lead with the students in an Elizabethan drama, "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," out of doors, in the famous Magdalene Grove. After this, during the summer, she was broadcasting six songs from famous musical comedies, also did some special radio plays.

FLORENCE McHUGH is the youngest daughter of the late Felix A. McHugh, a pioneer of the West, one who, in 1886, homesteaded on a section of land that is now the Hillhurst subdivision of the City of Calgary, and Mrs. McHugh, who still lives there. Her father came to the Foothill Country in 1883, from the Ottawa Valley, and, with his brother, established one of the first large ranches in the vicinity of the Blackfoot Indian Reserve. In fact his Eastern friends marvelled greatly at him bringing in such valuable horses to a country so lately wrested from "horse thieves, whisky traders and savage Indians."

He was also a pioneer in the lumber business and brought down the Elbow River the first drive of logs, these to build corals for the horses of the North West Mounted Police. He reserved some of these logs, which were made into "siding" and used for one of the first business buildings of Calgary on "Main Street," which today is Eighth Avenue. He had purchased the location, two lots, at one hundred and seventy-five dollars

apiece. In 1907 he sold them for eighteen thousand dollars, while today they are worth in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand dollars. In this building the first North West Council convened. A log shack was built at the back, and this used for Calgary's first jail.

On her mother's side Florence McHugh is a descendant of the prominent O'Doherty family of Russell County, Ontario. Her grandfather, John O'Dougherty, was on the reception committee at Ottawa that welcomed the late King Edward, when, as Prince of Wales, he visited Canada in the sixties.

It is nine years since this little Western girl went from Calgary, her birthplace, to continue her studies at the Royal College of Music, London, England.

On arriving in London, she immediately launched into a campaign of hard study.

These years of study and work were not without romance. Two months after she arrived in London, she met a young student at Guy's Hospital—John Piercy. All through the years they "kept company," the culmination of which was their marriage in 1929. The ambitious medical student was also a Canadian, a son of the late H. R. Piercy of Victoria, B.C., and Mrs. Piercy. He, too, has won distinction in his work, having received in addition to his L.R.C.P. and M.R.C.S. degrees, that of a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons.



This Happy Warrior Faces World Fearlessly

Continued from page 4

Empire and many titled women who inherited their titles but have made names for themselves in the professional world. The great sample fairs of Leipsic and Prague were visited. Though she knows little of continental languages this intrepid business woman travelled through seven countries without any difficulty. With her limited knowledge — sometimes only a few words—she managed to converse with people she met, even discussing politics.

ONE of Mrs. Clark's great personal interests is her adopted daughter, Maelynn, a Chinese famine child now being educated at Summerland, in the Okanagan Valley. Maelynn was adopted at the age of three, to save her life. When the Clarks returned to Canada she was left in Honan, but three years ago, when war and famine threatened her safety, Mrs. Clark brought her to Canada. She was only permitted to enter this country for her education, and every year her foster mother must give her bond that she will return to China. It is Maelynn's intention to become a trained nurse, and through this medium, carry on the good work Mrs. Clark started in China. Three years ago she could speak no English. Now she stands near the head of her class of forty.

When Mrs. Clark went from Pekin to Honan to bring Maelynn out, she travelled for two days and nights in a cattle car jammed with soldiers, and afterwards rode in a two-wheeled cart for seven hours. Finally, she got Maelynn to the station, but the first day they could not get on the train which was crowded with refugees running away from the fighting. Fortunately, some people on the train passing through the second day, recognized her and pulled the pair into the car through the window. During the journey to Pekin she sat on a piece of luggage with a fat Chinaman, and the two leaned on each other for support! However, despite difficulties she had accomplished her mission and with Mrs. Clark that is always what counts most. At this distance she remembers first the amusing side of the adventure, for she is possessed of a keen sense of humor which lightens the way over many a rough bit of road.

Mrs. Clark spent her girlhood in Neepawa, Manitoba, and even in her schooldays there, Edith McGill was recognized as a leader for whom a future out of the ordinary was prophesied. But it is doubtful if, when she embarked on her chosen career in the mission fields of China, anyone dreamed of the adventurous life before her.

Big Things

By Bertha Alexander

*You I thank!
Not for gifts that may be bought,
Not for things your hands have wrought,
Nor for rank;
But for pleasures gained, long-sought,
By your lending me a thought.*

*Thoughts have wings!
Or to stars they might compare
Shining like some jewels rare,
Great big things,
Which seem small; unless we care
With open hearts, to take our share.*

*Wondrous star!
Now I know just what you are;
You're a soul that bids me take
Pleasure, from the light you make;
Joy I never fail to find,
When a friend lends me his n'ind.*

Wotta life!
A guy can't even chap his skin any more! Anyhow—I'm glad they use **MENTHOLATUM** on me. It sure feels good!

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The formula of Palmolive Shaving Cream was written by 1,000 men. They told us where all other methods failed in their opinion—and what they believed a perfect shaving cream should be.

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2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5. Soothing after-effects due to olive and palm oil content.

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We said, "Don't read the ad"; but if you have, thanks for your time. Now take one minute more and send the coupon properly filled in. What you receive will well repay your kindness in accepting a supply to try. Do not delay.

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Under Frozen Stars

Continued from page 19

Time passed and the moon broke from its curtain of cloud to light the lake shore and touched the wrapped shapes near the hidden canoe. Then, close by, like the stealthy movement of padded feet, sounded a faint rustle. For a long space, silence; and the sound was repeated. Again, silence, while the night grew older; until, with the noiselessness of a snake, something left the packed gloom of the scrub and writhed into the moonlight.

Near the two still shapes now lay a third.

Again movement in the black murk of the brush, the swift progress of a dark body, and where two had lain—now lay four.

Heavy with silence the forest slumbered on.

Then a moonbeam touched bright metal in the lifted hands of two kneeling men as they struck at the huddled figures between them—struck again. But their knife hands did not lift for the third blow at the sleeping men, for, like the rush of stalking wolves, the impact of two heavy bodies ground their faces into the soil, as the skinning-knives of Omar Boisvert and Jim Stuart drove deep into their backs.

Leaving the tricked henchmen of Paradis stiffening beside the blanketed heaps which the men from Sunset House had cunningly arranged to simulate the shapes of sleeping men, Jim and Omar listened in the murk of the shore willows for the sound of muffled paddles or men moving in the forest in the rear of the camp.

"I tole you de trick would work," Omar breathed into the ear of his chief. "Jinaw, he fool me, but I have fear jus' de same. He tole dem we go little piece down de lak' to sleep."

"Old Jinaw! To think he would betray us!" murmured Jim, bitter with the thought of the treachery of the Indian whom he had befriended.

"Dey see us from de lak' w'ile we talk to de Rattle-Snake at de fire. Hees fang weel spit no more poison w'n Omar squeeze hees t'roat."

"And his squaw—poor old soul!"

"Ah-hah! She ees de moder of wan ov dose who come to keel us een our sleep, mebbe. You sorry for her?"

"Yes, I am sorry for her. She was so game when I hurt her. I believe I could have saved her, too. Now she'll die—if you put Jinaw out of the way."

"Shish!"

The steel-hard fingers of Omar closed on Jim's arm as the straining ears of the two waited for the repetition of a sound back in the forest. Shortly it came.

"Rabbit!" growled Omar, as the familiar thumping of the hind feet of a buck snowshoe was repeated.

"What're you going to do? Hunt up old Jinaw in the morning and accuse him of this?" whispered Jim as, with rifles across knees, they settled down to their long watch for the possible appearance of others of the Paradis band.

"Ah-hah! For he tell Paradis all he know about us. I close hees mout."

There was no disputing the fact that the old man's knowledge of their search for Esau would be a grave menace to their safety. Yet it was unlikely that he would leave his wife to die alone while he hunted for Paradis. And to the white man who sat through the hours beside the implacable half-breed who had already pronounced the sentence of death on the ingrate, it was unthinkable that the courageous old squaw should be deserted to a slow death. But in holding Omar's hand, in giving her her chance

of recovery from the infection, Jim realized that he was gambling with his own life and that of his friend—forgetting what he owed the girl at the Lake of the Sand Beaches. And yet he could not bring himself to do otherwise.

At dawn, the watchers on the shore, now confident that the would-be assassins had come alone, started a search for their canoe, which they shortly found not far away, and drew up and hid in the brush. Then, leaving their own canoe, for they did not wish to be seen, they started through the timber for the tipi of Jinaw.

Squatted by a small fire, over which simmered a tea-pail, they found the old Indian frying a pan of fish. At the sound of their approach, to Jim's surprise the Ojibwa hailed them with a "bo-jo" without turning his head.

"How is the woman?" asked Stuart in Ojibwa.

The deep lines of the old Indian's face softened, as he rose and faced the hostile eyes of the white man and the half-breed. Then a look of bewilderment shaped itself on his hawk-like features as he glanced curiously from one to the other. "Sleep has come to her," he said; "At the first light she said the pain had grown little in her arm. The medicine of the white man is strong."

Old Jinaw stared quizzically at the wrath in the black face of Omar, who stepped forward and started to speak, when the raised hand of Jim checked him.

"Heat some water," ordered Stuart. "I will wash out her hand."

Putting a pail of water on the fire, Jinaw led Jim into the tipi. His entrance was greeted from the pile of skins by a low, "Nia, nia! You have come! Your medicine is strong, for the pain has grown small."

Jim placed his hand on the wrinkled forehead. The fever had dropped. Then he took the bandage off the arm and washed the incision he had made in the hand, while the squaw, mumbling her gratitude, stoically refused to voice her pain. Sending Jinaw for more water, Jim quietly asked her: "Was it your son who stopped here the last sleep after I put medicine on your hand?"

The eyes of the old woman, sunken with hours of agony, widened at the question. There is no subterfuge here, thought Jim, as she whispered: "My son, here, the last sleep? No, he has forgotten—he comes no more. There was no one here."

As Jinaw entered with the warm water, Stuart said: "We thought that you had sent two men to knife us in our sleep and we came here to make you pay."

"I saw it in your eyes," said the Indian, calmly meeting Jim's gaze, "but I did not know why your hearts had turned bitter. The men of Paradis found you, but your medicine was too strong?"

"They will stalk no more sleeping men"; Jim closely studied the wrinkled mask of old Jinaw, but in the expression there, he found only mild surprise.

"It was, then, the moon on a wet paddle, as I thought."

"You saw their canoe?"

"No, after you left, I saw far on the lake, a flash. Then the moon was hid."

"We thought you had sent them to find us."

Sorrowfully the Indian shook his head. "Jinaw has little to give the white trader for his good medicine, but his friendship. He gave him that the last sleep, when he touched hands."

[Continued on page 33]

Under Frozen Stars

Continued from page 32

Does the trader from the House of the Sunset believe Jinaw now speaks with a single tongue?"

Rising, Jim gave the old man his hand. "I do. We shall be friends."

WHEN Esau left Jim and Omar and started down the Sturgeon River on his mad mission in search of Jingwak, he travelled all the first night, watching the passing shores for the red embers of a dying fire. For once Paradis was warned of the coming of the men from Sunset House, he would lose no time in guarding the river road over which they must pass. So the old man rode the swift current through the shadows, his eyes straining for the glow of a camp-fire on the foliage of the shore.

Before dawn the roar of white-water drifted to his ears, and he landed. For he would need the light to inspect the strange rapids and decide whether he could run them or would have to carry around. So Esau hid his canoe, went deep into the forest, boiled his tea over a diminutive fire masked from the river by thick timber, ate, and slept.

Later in the morning he walked downstream to the head of the rapids. Across the river was the cleared space at the end of the portage trail. The white-water was impassable; the Indians carried around it. But the veteran, who had passed his life on the wild rivers of western Kiwedin, did not return to his canoe and drop down to the portage. Along the opposite shore he followed the rock-scarred white-water as it foamed and churned and thundered through a half-mile of clamoring chaos. Then he returned to his canoe and started downstream for the head of the portage, for not even the trained eyes of Esau Otchig who, in his youth, had run the Chutes of Death on the Winisk and the Long Sault of the Mad River, had found a way through for his canoe.

The old Indian was crossing the river a quarter-mile above the rapids, when, to his consternation, two men appeared on the portage.

With a lunge of his paddle Esau swung the nose of the canoe to the opposite shore. Was it Paradis on his way up river, or travelling Ojibwas who would pay him slight attention? He had paddled but a few strokes when he saw a canoe carried from the forest and slid into the water. Leaping into the boat, the two packers started straight across the head of the rapids. They were trying to cut him off! It was Paradis!

Furiously Esau drove his paddle, angling across the current for the opposite shore, as his keen brain grappled with the situation that confronted him. He could land and take to the bush—ambush the two men in the canoe if they dared to follow him up. But there were others behind them on the portage. That meant losing canoe and outfit—defeat. Without these he could not reach Jingwak.

Then, at the head of the carry, a third man appeared. There was a puff of smoke, a faint explosion of a rifle above the drumming of the rapids, and a bullet whined past Esau's face.

As the two canoes swiftly approached each other, the old Ojibwa made his decision. Life meant little to him now. There was one chance in ten of his coming through; but he would make the great gamble for that one chance—for Jim and the memory of Jim's dead father. The trail to Jingwak led through the half-mile of white fury ahead.

He stopped paddling, reached for his rifle, and fired at the Bowman in the boat cutting across his course.

Hit, the paddler slumped back into the canoe. Close to the suck of the first drop, the stern-man seized his pole and fought to check the drifting canoe, as a second shot passed over Esau's head.

Then, at the head of the portage, the old man saw another canoe leaving the beach, as again an Indian fired at him from the shore.

"Ah-hah!" he cried, his furrowed face glowing with the exaltation of his mad purpose. "So you catch old Esau? Wal, come on! Catch heem!"

Deliberately, as his canoe rode the swift current toward the head of a long chute, Esau sighted his rifle and fired at the stern-man battling with his pole to free the canoe from the fierce suction on the lip of the flume.

Splintered by the bullet, the bending pole snapped in the Ojibwa's hands. He lunged head-first into the racing current, and, followed by his yawing canoe, was swept into the rapids.

Shifting his load forward to make his canoe bow-heavy, Esau rose with his setting-pole. Stiff as a spruce, he stood in the drifting boat, narrowed eyes searching the churning water before him for a way through for his birch-bark. Then, as his boat slid toward the dip of the long chute, the old man waved his hand at the pursuing canoe and the men on shore as his cry of defiance, "Come and get me!" was drowned in the drum-beat of the rapids.

No rifle shots followed the doomed figure standing with setting-pole in the stern of the birch-bark, as it leaped forward, caught by the suck of the flume. In awe the men of Paradis watched the mad canoeman deliberately steer his craft into the maw of death.

Down into the maelstrom of broken water plunged the canoe, guided by the spruce pole of the gallant old Ojibwa in the stern. Following the black water channels past boulders mounded with foam, and knife-edged rocks thrusting through the spume, checking with his pole when the way was blind, then on, grazing calamity by a paddle's-breadth as he rode the roaring reaches, went the dauntless old voyageur. Drenched with spray, his leaking canoe scarred with wounds from a hundred rocks, the indomitable Ojibwa fought his way until, suddenly, the river widened into an unbroken barrier of white-water. With a groan, Esau read his doom written in the buried boulders which barred his path. The frail craft would strike, fill and break up.

Brushing the sweat from his eyes with his sleeve, the jaws of the old white-water man clamped, as he faced the end. He had made the fight, taken the long chance for Jim, and now it was over! But Esau Otchig would go down fighting!

Into the chaos of foaming boulders dropped the canoe, "snubbed" by the bending pole. The bottom grounded on a rock, was lifted off by the pole; the boat was caught and swung into another by baffling cross-currents; but still the old man fought—unconquered in the face of certain disaster. At last, the unleashed river caught the shattered canoe, like a straw, and dropped it on a huge boulder, over which the water mounded. Pivoting on the rock, the canoe rolled and started to fill. It was the end. [Continued on page 34]

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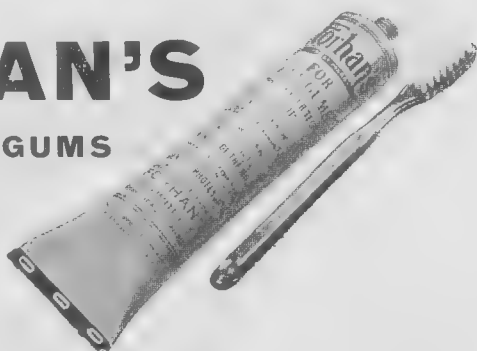
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Under Frozen Stars

Continued from page 33

With a desperate leap Esau was in the water, his feet braced on the submerged rock. A heave, and he freed the rapidly filling boat, swung her with the current, and fell gasping on his knees inside, clutching his pole. Shortly he was clear of the shallows.

Then on down, through the riot of plunging river, the bent figure in the stern steered his boat, the glitter of victory in his black eyes. He had hung, for a space, on the lip of death. But he had won.

As the half-filled canoe nosed into the "boilers" at the foot of the last drop, the spray-drenched old man dropped exhausted to his knees and took his paddle. Then his heart sank as he saw a canoe below him. Desperate, he took his rifle from where it lay at his feet in the water, and boldly drifted down on the waiting canoe.

As he neared the craft, the faces of the occupants watched him with awe. "Are you a Manitou, a spirit," gasped an Ojibwa, "that you pass alive through the Rapids of the Windigo?"

Esau put down his gun. "I am a great shaman in the land where the sun goes to sleep. I fear no rapids."

Here was an opportunity to impress the Indians of the Sturgeon country, and the keen-witted old man swiftly made the most of it.

"The spirits are your friends, for the Windigo allows no man to pass his rapids."

Esau gravely nodded. "Enh-enh, yes, the spirits are my friends."

The Indian exchanged frightened looks with the awed squaw who cowered in his canoe.

"Jingwak, the shaman, fears to pass these rapids in his canoe. Your medicine is stronger than his."

A look of contempt crystallized on the face of the old man. "Jingwak is a wabeno, who deceives the Ojibwas to get their fur for the trader Paradis. The spirits do not know him."

"You go to the Lake of the Sturgeon?"

"Yes. Tell the people there that you saw the shaman from the land of the setting sun, who comes to talk to them, pass unhurt through the Rapids of the Windigo."

"You come to make medicine at the Lake of the Sturgeon?"

"Yes. I have travelled many sleeps to find Jingwak, the false shaman who speaks with a double tongue to the Ojibwas, and drive him from the country." With a sweep of his paddle, Esau left the spellbound hunter and his squaw, and continued down the river. Going ashore behind the first bend, he rested, then carried the canoe into the thick "bush," built a fire to dry his outfit, and with pitch and spruce root started the necessary repairs.

As he worked over the rock-scarred craft, the wrinkled face of the old man lit with smiles of satisfaction. He had beaten Paradis and lived through white-water that no canoe had passed, to start on its way the story of his charmed life and miraculous powers, which would travel swiftly from tipi to tipi up and down the lake. The Indians he had met would lose no time in spreading the news of the coming of a great shaman from the west. For a time he would hide while his mysterious appearance swayed the talk around the supper fires. For he knew his people. Then he would strike.

FOR three days Jim and Omar camped near Jinaw while the infection in the arm of the old squaw rapidly cleared under Stuart's care. Then when she could travel, the grate-

ful Indian started down the great lake to endeavor to learn the fate of Esau. Until he had talked to the widely scattered fishing camps and picked up the gossip of the movements of Paradis and Jingwak, he urged his friends to keep under cover. So two nights later, the canoe from Sunset House waited at the rendezvous the Rattlesnake had set in a deep cove near the foot of the lake.

Restless from days of doubt and forced inaction, in which the absent Esau might have so sorely needed their aid, Jim and Omar sat beside their hidden canoe, listening for the paddle of Jinaw.

"How we get back up dat rivièr," asked Omar, "wid men watchin' for us?"

"Looks as if we were trapped unless we can shoot our way home. He knows if we get away he'll be hunted for years. If the Indians stand by him, he'll never let us get out."

"Dere ees Jinaw," announced Omar, as a black shadow slid in toward the shore.

"Esau is here, on the lake," began the old man, who spoke no English.

"Esau! Alive!" The hands of Jim and Omar gripped, as they voiced their relief. "Good old Esau! Bless his soul, he got past them!" cried Jim in his delight. Then he turned to the Indian.

"What did they tell you?"

"I have talked to the hunters at many camps. A strange story has passed down the lake."

"What is it? How do you know Esau is here? Have they seen him?" demanded Jim with impatience.

"Seven sleeps ago an Indian and his woman saw a canoe pass out of the Rapids of the Windigo. In it was a great shaman who told them his name was Otchig and he sought the sorcerer, Jingwak."

"He ran those rapids!" Jim peered triumphantly into Omar's face.

"By gar!" grunted the surprised half-breed. "How he do dat?"

"No canoe ever before passed the Rapids of the Windigo," added Jinaw. "The woman who saw it says the boat had wings, and never rode the water. They talk of nothing else around the supper fires."

"How did he do it?" cried Jim, elated with the good news. "Now where are Paradis and Jingwak?"

"Paradis returned and the families of four of those who went with him are asking for their sons. But he will not speak."

"But Jingwak, what does he say? Is he afraid of this medicine man who ran the rapids to reach him?"

"There are many stories," answered Jinaw. "Some have asked him, if his is the stronger medicine, why he has never run the rapids of the Windigo. Others have demanded that the two meet at the Great Medicine Stone and show their power."

"What does he say?"

"He tells them that his magic will destroy the stranger."

"Do the Ojibwas believe that?"

"They are of many minds."

"Did you see your son?"

"Yes. He said that Paradis and two others saw this shaman drive two men with their canoe into the rapids, but Paradis has closed their lips. Two more, who hunted for the white trader on the lake, have not returned."

"Umh!" Omar grunted. "He weel wait long tam for dem."

Far into the night the three discussed the situation. Omar wished to go [Continued on page 35]

Under Frozen Stars

Continued from page 34

in search of Esau at once, but Jinaw objected. Above all things, he insisted that they must not run the risk of a fight on the lake.

"There is now fear in the camp of Paradis. The young men are worried about this strange shaman from the west. I told many hunters I had seen his magic canoe pass, high above the lake. Let me go again to the fishing camps and talk to the people. The time is not yet right for you to show yourselves to the Ojibwas."

"But we must find Esau. He may need us," urged Jim.

"I will find him and return in two sleeps to this place," said the old man, as he stepped into his canoe.

Chafing under the lack of action imposed upon them by the old Indian, Jim and Omar spent two more days in hiding. With Paradis and his men on the lake, to show themselves at a camp, as Jinaw warned, might not only mean trouble with some of the Indians, but interfere with the plans of Esau. For the shrewd old man must have learned of the excitement over his appearance. But where was he, and what was he going to do?

On the second night Jinaw returned, and the news he brought quickened the sluggish blood in the veins of the two who listened. An old man had stopped at the camp of Jinaw and talked to his wife. He told her he came from the Winisk country and was travelling far south to winter with his son on the Pipestone. But when she showed him the healed wound in her hand and told him of the white trader from the south who had befriended her, the surprised Indian had left this message for Stuart: "The medicine of Otchig is strong. His fame grows among the people as the young ice thickens in the freezing moon."

Then Jinaw told them that some of the older Indians had demanded that Jingwak prove his superiority over the stranger whose magic canoe had been seen on the lake. And so, word had gone out to the people of the Sturgeon Lakes that the shaman, Jingwak, would erect his medicine lodge at the Great Medicine Stone, and prove his magic stronger than that of the sorcerer who had come among them only to hide.

"Esau's smoked him out! Good old Esau! Here's his chance!" cried Jim. "But what under heaven is he going to do, Omar?"

"We go and see," grunted the half-breed.

FOR two days canoes from the four winds had passed the hiding-place of Jim and Omar, on their way to the medicine making on the island where, from time immemorial, the conjurers of the Ojibwas had pitched their lodges beside the mammoth boulder, known as the Great Medicine Stone, and invoked the spirits.

As he sat watching the moving canoes through his binoculars, Jim wondered how, in the face of the odds which confronted him, the little old man hoped to outwit the sorcerer. Thanks to Jinaw and the people who had seen him come through the rapids, Esau had acquired overnight a reputation as a magician—a worker of miracles. But how was he to live up to it? What could he contrive before these gaping red men to make the fakir, Jingwak, a laughing-stock in the eyes of his own people? To this Jim had no answer. And when Jingwak called on Esau to prove him a false shaman, what tricks could he offer against the medicine drum and rattle of the Wabeno—what necromancy, with which he

could overcome, in the eyes of the benighted Indians, the howlings of the spirit voices in the tent of Jingwak?

And in Omar Jim found no comfort. "Eef Esau ees dare an' Jingwak and Paradees bodder heem, dere will be wan dead Wabeno on dis lak' tonight."

"But that'll mean we'll all be wiped out."

"Ah-hah! Eef Esau do not mak' de beeg medicine, we nevaire see home."

Further than that Omar would not go. "What is he holding so closely behind those stiff lips of his?" Jim ruminated. "He certainly has some idea about what Esau will do."

When the twilight died and the lake lay muffled in shadow, Jim and Omar slipped their canoe into the water and started for the island. A few hours, now, would tell the tale. Already, across miles of quiet water, the huge fire, kindled at the Great Medicine Stone, glowed like a beacon through the dusk. As his paddle silently dipped and swung, and the nose of the boat thrust aside a low ripple, Jim wondered if this was the end. In the mad hope of saving Sunset House, he had put aside his love for the girl who had begged him to stay. And now, on the desperate chance of Esau winning over the Indians by some sleight of hand, some artifice of the conjurer, learned from his father, they were giving Paradis odds of ten to one in a knife-fight in the dark. As he paddled through the dusk, Aurore LeBlond travelled at his side, while Jim Stuart said his farewell.

At last, off the shore where the expectant Ojibwas were gathered before the fire, the Peterboro drifted in the murk. Above the snapping of the birch logs floated the low hum of voices. A short distance from the fire, dimly outlined in the shadows at the foot of the Medicine Stone, stood a small cylindrical tipi of caribou hide, ornamented with the grotesque shapes of serpents and animals. It was the medicine lodge of Jingwak.

"We wait for heem to mak' de beeg howl, den we go ashore below here," whispered Omar.

"Can you make out Paradis?" replied Jim, searching the rows of silhouetted backs, and the line of grave faces of those who sat where their lit features were visible to the canoemen.

"Paradees keep een de dark until he see how de magic of Jingwak work. Eef eet work, we have to fight for Esau."

Presently, the rattle of shells, mingled with the beat of the medicine drum, drifted from the tent. The low hum of the squatted audience died. The sorcerer had begun his invocation of the spirits.

After a time a droning sing-song joined the rhythm of drum and shells, increasing in volume until, at last, it burst into maniacal cries and caterwauling, then rose to the crescendo of a long wail which quavered through the black forest. For an interval, the voice in the tent was still while from the eyes of the credulous hunters looked a nameless fear. Then the unearthly cries rose anew to taint the silence, and climaxed in a piercing scream.

At the fire swart faces turned grey with dread.

Suddenly, out of the hush, lifted a voice a from the grave. A spirit was speaking. With caught breath the audience stiffened.

"The stranger from the land where the sun sleeps is no shaman. He came from the trader at the House of the Setting Sun, the home of devils."

[Continued on page 36]



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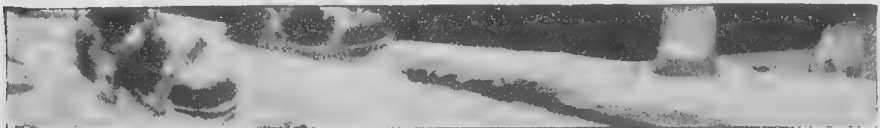
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Under Frozen Stars

Continued from page 35

Concealed in the gloom outside the fire-glow, with knives loosened in sheaths and loaded guns, Jim and Omar watched, tense with strain.

"Where is this conjuror," asked the sepulchral voice, "who tells the Ojibwas his magic is stronger than that of Jingwak, my brother? He is not here! He fears the wrath of Jingwak, the great Shaman."

Jim's muscles stiffened. The moment had come. It was time to strike—but where was Esau?

Again the voice of the spirit in the tipi challenged the strange shaman to appear and work his magic. Still the sorcerer who had ridden the rapids of the Windigo did not answer.

"He's not here!" whispered Jim, "We'd better work towards the canoe."

But the man at his side, whose fingers clamped on the horn of a knife as he peered at the medicine lodge, stood motionless.

"The stranger has the heart of a rabbit. His mouth is full of lies. He hides from the magic of Jingwak!"

With a glance at the spellbound Indians, Jim took Omar's arm. "Come on! They'll go crazy in a minute! We'll be cut off from the canoe!"

Then the iron fingers of Omar dug into Jim's arm as he muttered: "Look!"

Beside the medicine lodge stood an apparition. From the nodding head, above a chalk-white mask with eye holes and a grimacing mouth, rose the antlers of a caribou. On the skin-clad body writhed painted snakes. At the sash hung the medicine bag and shell rattle of a conjuror.

A suppressed "Ah!" swept the startled Ojibwas. "The shaman! The strange shaman!"

Then from the horned head lifted shrieks of despair, groans of agony, the wailing of a creature in torture. There was a pause.

Wild-eyed, the electrified Indians waited for the funereal voice from the mask.

"I have come, oh Jingwak! Otchig, the shaman from God's Lake who fears not your magic is here!"

Silence, ominous, foreboding, blanketed black forest and murk-shrouded lake. Then the drunken scream of a loon broke the spell. A shudder, like a wind ripple across still water, swept the Ojibwas.

But from the tipi of Jingwak came no sound.

"Come forth, oh, magician of the split tongue! Otchig, the shaman of God's Lake laughs at your medicine!"

Still the lodge of Jingwak gave no answer.

From the squatted Ojibwas rose murmurs of surprise. Why did not Jingwak speak?

Suddenly, in the gloom across the fire, sounded heated words. Jim's eyes turned from the horned shape by the medicine lodge. An inflamed face, lit by the glow, faded into the darkness. It was Paradis.

"Does Jingwak, the friend of the trader, Paradis, fear the magic of Otchig, that he hides his face?"

Low groans greeted the strange behavior of the mute conjuror in the tent.

"He's afraid to come out!" whispered Jim, excitedly. "What's Esau done to him?"

The half-breed's answer was a fierce squeeze of the arm.

Shortly, above the murmuring of the Indians lifted the voice of Jinaw, the Rattle-Snake: "The strange shaman has put a spell upon Jingwak!"

There was a movement in the medicine lodge. The door-flap was thrust aside and the conjuror crawled slowly out. As he rose, the rat-like eyes in the painted face, avoiding the mask of Otchig, shifted furtively from side to side. The hand holding the shell rattle shook.

"He's quit! Esau's got him! We'd better work around behind to hold 'em off, if they rush!" breathed Jim.

"No, de Indian believe Esau—wait! I take care of Paradees!"

"Look, men of the Sturgeon, on the grate Wabeno!" jeered the voice from the chalk-white mask, as Jingwak's hunted eyes fell before the rows of fire-lit faces. "His friend, the spirit, asks me for magic! Behold the medicine of Otchig!"

Thrusting both hands dramatically above the antlered head-dress, the shaman made mysterious passes, as he crooned a wild sing-song. Then, with an ear-torturing scream, he stiffened his arms and sliced the air, downward, to his side.

"Without blood I have taken his ears!" announced the voice from the mask. "Go to him and behold the magic of Otchig."

The desperate Jingwak turned to escape into the blackness of the spruce, but Jinaw and the two Ojibwas were on him and dragged the panic-stricken sorcerer back to the fire. Pushing aside the long hair which hung to his shoulders, the Rattle-Snake exposed the sides of Jingwak's head to the view of the astounded Ojibwas.

The ears had been removed close to the skull!

For a hushed interval the awed Ojibwas gaped in wonder at this proof of Otchig's magic. Then with a roar there was a rush for the impostor who had deceived them with his boasting. But the terrified Jingwak wrenched free of the arms that held him and disappeared into the blackness.

At the same time Jim and Omar cut back to the shore to head off Paradis, but he had foreseen defeat and his canoe had lost itself in the shadows. Furious at having the man who had hunted them slip through their fingers, Jim and Omar returned to the fire.

Then Jinaw shouted for silence, while the triumphant Esau gathered the fruits of his victory. To the rumors which had carried his fame through the Sturgeon Lakes he had now added the testimony of the naked eye. The last doubter was convinced. He had won!

Eagerly the mercurial red men waited while the great shaman, Otchig, removed his costume. Then Esau addressed them. Going back to God's Lake, he told of the respect for fair dealing in which the Indians had held the elder Stuart and his son; how many had wept when Jim was sent to the Lake of the Sand Beaches; how, because he loved him as a son, he, himself, had followed. The devil story of Jingwak, the liar, which had kept the hunters from the post, was the invention of Paradis, to hold the fur trade. No devils would dare live where the shaman, Otchig, made his home, for he would cut off their heads as well as ears. Jingwak and the Frenchman they would never see again. Esau told them, if the people wished it, he would come each summer and make medicine at the great stone. And soon in the little Moon of the Spirit, when the trails were broken for sledding, he would bring flour and trade-goods for those who found the journey too long to the House of the Sunset.

[Continued on page 37]

Under Frozen Stars

Continued from page 36

In turn Jim and Omar spoke to the hunters, warning them that Paradis was now an outlaw, and inviting them to Sunset House. Then shaking the hand of the Indians, some of whom Stuart had reason to believe had fought him and Omar on the portage trail, Jim and his men headed back to camp.

As his paddle tore the water, he laughed in his relief and joy: "We've won! We've won! Aurore! D'you hear, down there in the city? I'm coming back to you, girl; I've won!"

"YOU foxy old devil! You deserve the Victoria Cross!"

For the twentieth time Jim hugged the lean frame of the grinning Esau, as they stood at their camp-fire.

"You knew before we left the post that Jingwak was this Makwa, without ears, you had run out of Wolf River years ago. But how in thunder did you find it out; you never saw him?"

"W'en I hear dat Jingwak and Paradees scare de hunter from Sunset House wid devil story, I remember dat ees same talk dis Makwa mak' at de Wolf Rivière. Den some Indian tell me dat Jingwak wear hees hair ver' long. Makwa would do dat to hide de ear he lose, ah-hah! W'en de people, here, tell me w'at he look lak—den I know ees Makwa."

"And you played him like a master! That was your father's conjuring outfit you wore. I remember; you showed it to me once."

"My fader was beeg shaman of de four medicine lodge of de Mideiwin," laughed the old unbeliever in sorcery. "He show me all de trick, but he nevaire tak de ear off widout blood. Dat was de beeg magic!"

"Big magic?" Wait till the story reaches Pipestone and the south. They'll have you taking off his head instead of his ears. I guess Andrew Christie's eyes'll open when he sees the fur you'll get for us by this night's work." And the grateful Jim again hugged the old man whose smoke-tanned face, like old leather, beamed with his content.

"Good t'ing Esau take off his ear," grunted Omar through his pipestem, his eyes snapping. "I cut out Makwa's heart for sure, eef anyt'ing happen to dat great shaman, Otchig."

"Otchig, the strange shaman from the west!" chuckled Jim. "You clever rascal! When Jingwak saw that the man who took his ears at Wolf River had called his bluff, he hung to that lodge of his like a fox to his hole! Do you suppose he had guessed before this who you were?"

"Mebbe so. Jinaw say dat Paradees look hard for me before eet grow dark. I know he do dis, so I land on oder side an' cross island tru de bush."

"Well, whether Jingwak knew who you were or not, he was afraid of you, and Paradis would never have let you perform if he had found you before the show started. Of course, when you finally appeared, he didn't dare interfere. The Ojibwas had come for a thrill, and they surely got it. So did I."

"Ah-hah!" Omar reached with a thick arm and patted Esau on the shoulder, as a grin split his square face from ear to ear. "Paradees nevaire stop dat great shaman, Otchig, from mak' hees medicine wid Omar to fight for heem."

"I certainly thought we'd have to fight, Esau. Why didn't you tell me about this Jingwak?"

"I had fear he was not Makwa."

"Did you cut off his ears?"

"No, wan good frien' of me, at de Wolf Rivière—he do dat," replied the old man, and he met Jim's incredulous grin with the guileless look of a child.

"And you ran those rapids?"

Esau told of his meeting with Paradis and his men which had forced him into the Rapids of the Windigo.

"How you got through the Lord only knows! And you did it for me!"

The eyes of the old man were bright with emotion. "For you and your fader. I tell heem when he goin' to die, not worry. I tak' care Jeem."

"And you have—you and Omar! Bless your old bones!"

"Umh!" grunted Omar bitterly. "But I let dat Paradees get away!"

In the morning the Peterboro from Sunset House started on the long trail south. At the tipi of Jinaw, Jim left the bulk of his flour, sugar and tea, for the Rattle-Snake had earned the enduring friendship of the men who had once suspected him.

"Look!" cried the grinning old woman, as Jim removed the bandage from the fast-healing wound. "It is now like the other; the devils have gone!"

"Yes," said Jim, "the pain devils have followed Jingwak's ears."

Up the great lake on the way to the inlet travelled the canoe, past ridges flicked with the yellow and gold of the frost-touched birch and poplar and Balm-of-Gilead. As the Peterboro leaped to the "churn-swish" of three paddles, driven only as men who are homeward-bound can push them, the swift whip of short wings sounded overhead. A family of five loons had taken the air, to answer the call of far waters. Soon the garrulous vanguard of the geese would map the sky, riding the first stinging winds from the bay. An interval of mellow days—the early Indian summer of the far north—would companion the canoe up the Sturgeon to the Pipestone Lakes, but before the voyageurs saw Sunset House the Moon of the Falling Leaves would wane, the first flurries of the long snows whiten the valleys, and the coves of the lakes and the backwaters of the rivers film with ice.

At the foot of the big rapids of the Sturgeon, Jim looked for, and found, the footprints of Smoke. The absence of rain, and the dropping of the river, had left the last traces of the friend he had lost as clear-cut as on the day after the fight on the portage.

"Good-bye, Smoke!" said Jim, gazing through eyes blurred by many a poignant memory at the footprints of the dog he had fed from puppyhood. "Jim never had a better friend than you. All you had you gave him, and now he's going home without his dog. Good-bye, Smoke!"

HARD as they had raced the coming winter south through the Pipestone Lakes, long since deserted by the Indians, the men from Sunset House found that the moccasin telegraph had been even more swift. For one day, as they followed the inlet of the last of the chain, they overtook a canoe. Anxious to speed the news of Jingwak's downfall, Omar ran the Peterboro alongside the travelling birchbark. At his mention of the defeat of the sorcerer and his friend Paradis, the men in the boat nodded in affirmation.

"Otchig the great shaman from God's Lake took his ears," said the older Indian. "Jingwak is a liar. He has left the country."

[Continued on page 38]

Teeth neglected today may inflict a costly penalty

this is no time to economize with health

Do these 3 things to have strong, healthy teeth



1. Include these in your daily diet:

One or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery, ½ lemon with orange juice, One quart of milk, and other food to suit the taste.



2. Use Pepsodent twice a day.



3. See your dentist at least twice a year.

FOR your health's sake, don't carry economy too far. If you need dental treatment don't delay because of the few dollars you will pay in dental fees. Neglect a tiny decay cavity in your teeth and you may pay for it with heart trouble or rheumatism. If you escape that, or something worse, the best you can hope for is some expensive bridgework in the future.

Take care of teeth—remove film

Keep teeth in repair. Keep Pepsodent tooth paste at hand and see that the whole family uses it. Those are two important ways to save both health and money.

Pepsodent frees teeth of the stubborn, clinging coating known as film. Remove film and you remove the millions of acid-producing bacteria that destroy the tooth's delicate enamel... that cause many other commonly known disorders. You remove the unsightly stains that film absorbs from different foods and smoking. These are mistaken by most people as the natural color of their teeth.

To remove film more effectively than by any other method except your dentist's cleaning, Pepsodent was developed. That's why it is called the special film-removing tooth paste.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE... yet it removes film where ordinary methods fail.

Try Pepsodent today—it is an important adjunct in possessing lovelier, healthier teeth through life.

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Pepsodent

—the special film-removing tooth paste



THE woman who knows, would as soon start out without her purse! She *always* carries Aspirin.

When your head fairly throbs from the stores and crowds, reach for that little box. Take two or three tablets, a swallow or two of water, and resume your shopping in comfort. The relief is *immediate*. The remedy is *safe*. When you take Aspirin you know what you are taking!

Most people use these wonderful tablets for *something*. But do you know how many, many ways they can spare you needless suffering? From discomfort—and danger—of a neglected cold. (Aspirin will check colds as suddenly as they come.) From the many serious results of a sore throat. (An Aspirin gargle eases the soreness *instantly* and reduces the infection.) From the misery that comes from neuralgia or neuritis (see directions). From those periodic pains peculiar to women. Refuse to accept a substitute for Aspirin. Nothing else will act the same. Aspirin does not depress the heart. All druggists.



ASPIRIN

TRADE-MARK REG.
(MADE IN CANADA)

Under Frozen Stars

Continued from page 37

"Otechig now lives at the Lake of the Sand Beaches," announced Omar. "Do the Ojibwas believe he lives with devils?"

The Indian shook his head. "It was the lie of Jingwak and Paradis, the trader. In the Little Moon of the Spirit I and my sons will journey to the House of the Sunset with our fur."

When the Peterboro had passed from earshot of the other craft, Omar asked his friends: "How dey hear dat so soon?"

"A canoe must have started for the Pipestones that night. Why didn't you tell them that Esau was the great shaman, Otechig?" demanded Jim.

Omar frowned at the lack of astuteness in his chief. "Dey breeng dat fur to us at Creemas to have a look at de great shaman. I not tell dem dey look at heem now, w'en dey got no skin to trade."

"Omar, you're a statesman! You're wasted in the bush; you ought to be in Ottawa," insisted Jim, while Esau nodded in approval.

At last, one windy October day, when swirls of fine snow beat round the buildings of Sunset House, and the black lake churned into wind-driven foam, three white shapes, driving paddles sheathed with ice, brought the canoe in to the beach.

"Nia! nia!" cried the excited Sarah, opening the door for the half-frozen Jim. "You are back; all well?"

Jim patted the broad back of the solicitous Ojibwa. "Cold and hungry, Sarah!" he laughed, the ice on his eyebrows melting before the heat of the kitchen stove, to which she peremptorily hustled him.

"Ah, you not get hurt by dose wild 'Jibwa? Good!" sputtered the bustling Sarah, brushing the melting snow from Jim's coat.

"No, we've won, Sarah! We've beaten Paradis!"

"Nia! n'go! You find de shaman, Jingwak?" cried the startled cook, her small eyes, black as buttons, snapping with excitement.

"Yes, Esau's medicine was too strong for him." And while Sarah's flat face sobered, for she was superstitious, and her wide mouth gaped in wonder, Jim told of the magic at the Medicine Stone. But he failed to disclose the secret of Esau's miraculous power. The wagging tongues of Sarah and Marthe were not to be trusted, when the Indians arrived for the Christmas trade. Concerning this, the lips of the three friends were sealed.

While Sarah busied herself with a hot supper for her returned master, Jim stepped across to the trade-house. He closed the slab door against the drive of wind and light snow to find Omar and Esau smoking beside the sheet-iron stove.

"Somet'ing dere for you," announced the half-breed with a nod of his black head toward the trade counter.

On the hand-hewn spruce planks lay a white envelope.

Aurore! She had written before she went south and sent it by an Indian! Jim's tanned face was radiant with the joy of the surprise. His eager fingers reached for the letter, addressed in a bold hand to Mr. James Stuart, Sunset House.

Her writing! He had never seen it! Aurore had left him her first love-letter!

Conscious of the scrutiny of two pairs of black eyes at the stove, Jim thrust the letter, unread, into his pocket and left the room with a mumbled: "I'm starved—goin' to eat!"

Loath to read the letter before the

curious eyes of his men, Jim crossed to his quarters and entered the living-room. "She hasn't forgotten; she's written me! And I've won, Aurore! I'm coming back, black-eyed sorceress of mine; they can't take you away from me now!" he said aloud, his voice thick with emotion, as he opened the letter.

"Dear Jim:" it ran,

"You've been gone three weeks and I've been so lonely, oh, so lonely for the big grey-eyed boy who made love so beautifully that day, years ago, on the island."

Then a look, dazed, uncomprehending, drove the joy from his eyes as he read:

"But if you had cared for me as I loved you, you couldn't have gone away. You couldn't have held what you called your duty above love. Every day I have gone alone, somewhere, to fight this thing out, and always find the same answer. I know now that yours is not the mad love I've dreamed of—a love which counts no cost, knows no law. No, Jim, we made a mistake, you and I. But it was beautiful, that day of ours on the island; I'll never forget it.

Good-bye, Jim! AURORE."

The unseeing eyes of Stuart lifted to stare out at the fast-darkening lake. His nerveless fingers opened and the letter fell to the floor.

It had come as a knife-thrust in the dark. With his heart quick with love for her she had struck him.

So it had been make-believe, that day on the island? Her eyes, her lips—had lied. For the pleasure of an August day her vanity had demanded the soul of a man, to destroy. Had he stayed, it would have been no different, she would have played the game, and then, as now, cast him aside. After all, there was no heart in her. Red blood, charm, reckless courage, yes; but heart, there was none.

His lips curled bitterly at the memory of her radiant face—her kisses. Again her arms circled his neck in parting. The scent of her dark hair was in his nostrils.

But to wound him in this way! Leave this farewell for a man who had toiled and fought through the weeks with only the thought of her—the love of her, to buoy him!

There was a sound of shuffling moccasins at the door of the room where the tall figure of Jim Stuart stood motionless in the dusk with his grief. The flickering light of a candle penetrated the shadows.

"Meester Jeem!"

The solicitous voice of Sarah roused Stuart from the blackness of his despair.

With a deep breath he turned to see her standing with lifted candle, staring in amazement at the neglected letter on the floor.

"She send you dat lettair?" gasped the perplexed Indian. "You not want eet?"

With the look of a wounded animal Jim met her uncomprehending gaze.

"She does not want me, Sarah."

The small eyes in the broad face glittered, as the copper skin of the Ojibwa darkened with sudden anger. Putting down the candle-stick, she shuffled to the kitchen, to return directly carrying a crimson scarf, then, dramatically flung it to the floor and stamped on it.

"Tajimadji!" she rasped out the familiar expletive of her native tongue. "She geve me dat!" And the furious Sarah spat at the once-treasured gift of Aurore LeBlond.

[To be concluded next month]

The Loneliness of Greybeard

Continued from page 20

LIMPING as he ran Greybeard headed northwards. The exertion loosened his muscles and he gathered speed. The bullet had scored his shoulder rather deeply and the wound still pained. On and on he ran, till from a thick stand of spruce the call of Sinwa, the she-wolf, sounded again. But not Greybeard alone gave the answering call this time, many, many voices answered. A whole wolf-pack converged upon the spruces. Quickly the dog plunged in after them. He knew the ways of wolves, knew it meant death for him if they were hungry. The light of battle glinted in the sea green pools that were his eyes. Lying beneath a fallen spruce he found the object of his search, Sinwa, the she-wolf, but when he would have nosed her in token of his friendliness she snapped angrily.

Came a deepening growl from close at hand. The pack leader had scented the stranger, the bastard, and his manner was hostile. Sinwa in a moment of caprice had eluded her leader and let the pack speed away—not too far—but far enough for her protesting call to reach Greybeard's ears. The leader gave Greybeard no quarter. They fought as only wolves can fight—to the death. With astonishing skill the dog kept the murderous fangs of his enemy from reaching a vital part. Again and again they crouched to spring, heads low, to guard their unprotected throats. Again and again they sprang, snarling, tearing, rolling over and over. The rest of the pack held back, awaiting their leader's signal to close in—but the signal never came. Greybeard, in the flashing manner of his kind, succeeded in closing his white teeth in the leader's throat—there was a horrible strangled cry, and his body lay where the wolf-dog had flung it—at the feet of the pack.

With proud head and arrogant carriage Greybeard stood watching these creatures, some of whose blood flowed in his own veins. Would they attack or would they go? And where was Sinwa? He looked so like these grey haunters of the glooms that they seemed almost to forget he was not wholly of their breed; seemed even to be looking to Greybeard for leadership, for guidance. For a long minute the tenseness held, then suddenly the wolves lifted their heads; faintly to their sensitive nostrils had come the scent of game. Abruptly a great wolf, a self-appointed leader, faced round in the direction whence came the welcome scent and, speeding away, soon had the whole pack at his heels, including the perverse and wilful Sinwa. And so the wolf-dog, who because of his masterly fight might well have joined their ranks, was left alone. The world of men had banished him; the wolf-pack had forsaken him to answer the insistent call of hunger, and he was once more alone—

A WEEK passed drearily for Greybeard. A wounded moose, a few rabbits, had provided him with food, but the loneliness of the wild was reflected in his soul. He covered many miles during that week, and had many hazardous adventures. Once he was caught by the tip of his tail in a trap, and only escaped by leaving a bit of his brush behind him; twice he was shot at, and his faith in man began to waiver.

When dawn broke on the morning of the thirteenth day of his loneliness some strange instinct urged Greybeard onwards, he knew not where. Loping

easily along he saw in the snow many padmarks, all similar to his own, all freshly imprinted. They led him to the woods, to the wolf pack he had met, and whose old leader he had killed. He cared no more whether they were friendly or hostile, his loneliness drove him into their midst. The leader paused, recognized him, and gave a glance at Sinwa, now his wife. The pack moved on, their hunting had been unlucky—they were still hungry.

Away in the west a man saw the pack moving towards him, and the sight held him spellbound. He had not the strength to climb a tree, and in a few moments he would be surrounded. No use to wait till they attacked. Better to attack first—he might hold them off, he'd a good many bullets, but—? He raised his carbine and fired rapidly; a wolf fell, and the man re-loaded and fired again. There was no report, the bullet had jammed. There was no time for fixing up. Feverishly the man drew his knife and the pack surged round him.

A savage form leapt from the pack, a shaggy beast with jaws wide apart, aimed at the man's throat. The fetid breath sickened him, but he gripped his knife and struck upwards. The knife found something soft, and went deeply home, and as the click of snapping jaws sounded in his ears, the man fainted. Meanwhile an odd thing had happened. Suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, Greybeard leapt at the leader of the pack, his teeth closed tightly on his neck, and a furious battle began. Each time Greybeard's powerful jaws clicked they left a wound, and the pack fell back astonished, or rather cowed. The leader fell, a bleeding mass of tangled fur.

The pack now looked to Greybeard who stood near the prostrate man, eager, expectant. Here was a new leader, one who had twice shown them his prowess in battle. They had no sympathy for the dead leader. Greybeard was the better fighter, they would follow him.

But leadership was far from Greybeard's thoughts. He stood over the fallen man, sniffing him anxiously and eyeing the pack dubiously. Had he been less of a warrior one or two rebels might have fought him for the man—but he was Greybeard's by wolf law. From close by came the sound of firing; two guns spat simultaneously, each claiming a victim. Again and again they spoke, and never in vain. The wolves broke rank and fled, leaving behind the leader who had failed them in their hour of need.

WHEN Jack Peterson opened his eyes, marvelling that he was still alive, he saw a grey form standing at his side, whose pleasure was being expressed by a series of frenzied whinings. The great wolf-dog, seeing his master move, sprang forward, and covering the wind-burned cheeks with kisses, strove to voice his joy, while the two men of the North West Mounted Police who had come on the scene when trailing Big Baldon, looked on amusedly. Not far away was a shack with fire and food, and to this they carried Peterson, before going on their way.

They left him without misgivings, knowing that the wolf-dog was there at his master's side, a four-footed but efficient bodyguard, whose wolf-trained senses would be re-consecrated to the service of Jack Peterson. For the loneliness of Greybeard was at an end. Man, the only man who mattered, had not deserted him after all.

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EVERYTHING possible has been done to make Modess correct from the standpoint of style—as well as utility. The filler is softly fluffed, gently pliant. The edges are skilfully rounded—no sharp revealing lines. Even the gauze has been specially treated so that it has a smooth, easy surface and at the same time is sufficiently firm. And Modess is the most comfortable, completely protective sanitary convenience ever designed—reassuringly deodorant—easily disposable.



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As the RAILS Advanced

*A*s the rails of the new Canadian Pacific Railway advanced, the settlers kept pace. Men, women and children walked alongside their plodding oxen to keep step with the road that was opening this virgin land. ☞ Settlers formed new towns. On the Pacific Coast Van Horne stood on a hill and said "Here will be Vancouver." So the work advanced, not always smoothly, but sometimes with hard fighting. The railway pioneers had to face the scorn of those who said, "The road will never pay for its axle grease." ☞ Railway and settlers went forward side by side for the final conquest of the country.

Between 1881 and 1891 the population of Manitoba, the Northwest Territories (including the present Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan) and British Columbia rose from 168,000 to 350,000:



CANADIAN PACIFIC TODAY

The Canadian Pacific Railway runs from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Its liners sail from Vancouver and Victoria to Japan and China, and from Montreal, Quebec and Saint John to Great Britain and the Continent. It operates winter cruises to the Mediterranean, the West Indies and Round the World, and a winter service to Bermuda. Its chateaux and hotels represent the latest word in comfort and luxury. Its telegraph service employs 225,000 miles of wire. Its express travellers' cheques are current all over the world. Canadian Pacific offices and agents are to be found everywhere.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

1881 fiftieth anniversary 1931





A Supper Suggestion ... for Children

Variety is essential in the diet for children. The basis of the diet is still milk—but the growing interest of the youngsters in both the appearance and the flavor of food demands many different combinations of milk with other foods.

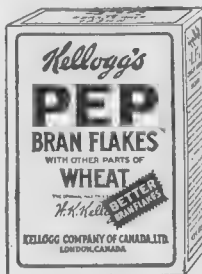
Even in winter, a crisp, ready-to-eat cereal is ideal for the children's evening meal. It is easy-to-digest—

less likely to interfere with sound sleep—and is an excellent conveyor of milk.

Serve Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes often. The crisp, crunchy flakes—the famous flavor of Pep—delight the youngsters.

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Kellogg's
PEP
BRAN FLAKES



The Gypsy Trail

Continued from page 22

every night. You have to schedule a five-mile drive to the country club or you're all confused. And when you get on the great free open road, lined with garages and service stations and hot dog stands and Dew Drop Inns and Don't Park Here signs and billboards, you'll figure on being at Thereville at nine, and at Nextville at eleven, and having lunch at Afterthatville at one, and being in Furtheron-town in time for dinner and maybe a game of bridge with some other gay, light-hearted, roving souls who wander the open road to get away from the dull round of home in order to do the same thing when they get away from home.

"I'm not saying that heaps and heaps of people with five and even ten thousand dollar cars aren't gypsies—regular gypsies. You don't have to be poor to belong to that crowd. But you've got to be willing to turn off a main highway because a dirt road looks inviting, and to follow it far enough to see whether you can follow it a little farther; and you can't be afraid of sun and dust and a little rain in your face now and then.

"And you won't mind a little discomfort or a few mosquito bites or not being able to get hot water in the morning.

"Now maybe you think you're that way, but you're not. Or if you are, the little woman isn't. And if I were her I wouldn't be. Because, on a family trip where you do real gypsying, life for mamma is just one damn frying pan after another. Get a bunch of two or three or four men on a gypsy trip and they'll whack up on the work and the guy that slacks will get a swift bump on the jaw. But when the family goes gypsying the others get the gypsying and mother gets gypped.

"No, I can see just the kind of a

tour you'll have—and you'll probably enjoy it fine. You could glass-in your porch at home and sit in it eight hours a day and eat at the hotel here and play bridge and listen to the radio and drink a little hooch and be doing practically the same thing. But, of course, it wouldn't cost you so much and you wouldn't think you were going anywhere.

"I don't say that kind of a tour isn't all right. You get the feeling that you've seen a lot even if you haven't, and you can come home and cap every story any other tourist tells with a better one about your trip and the time you made from Tweedleville to Dumville. After all, the hotels and the Inns and the Tea Rooms and the hot dog stands and the service stations have to make a living, and a cement road, while not romantic, is the best road to drive.

"All I ask is, don't call it gypsying. Gypsies steal chickens, all you do is buy 'em at two dollar dinners."

"As a matter of fact," said Hawkins, "the kids want to go to some kind of a crazy trip in that shaky old flivver. We told 'em they couldn't go alone, but if they could get an older person to go it would be all right. They're planning on getting one of their high school teachers. If they do, we thought we'd ask you and your wife to go along with us—there'd be room in the car."

"Have the kids asked the teacher yet?" said Noodlebeak.

"No."

"Well, I can't go with you, but I'm sure my wife would love it. She likes touring, I don't."

"What do you plan to do, then, for a vacation?"

"I intend," said Noodlebeak, "to cheat a high school teacher out of a job of chaperoning on the Gypsy Trail!"

The Morning Mail

By Martina Owen

DID the postman stop at your door this morning?

Did he leave you something pleasant?

Why not make sure that, beginning, say, a fortnight from now, he always has a cheery consignment for your box?

This is not publicity stuff for the Canadian government. We are not interested in the number of stamps sold.

But—picture a gray day and a lonely house. The radio out of order. Tourist traffic closed. Then, the postman's cheery whistle and a letter, package or paper that will lift the spirits and give change and broadened horizons and courage.

Morris L. Cooke, a consulting engineer with wide experience as a commercial organizer, gives his plan for securing this desideratum. He states:

"I find it useful to keep up a considerable correspondence with a great number of people in widely dissimilar lines. I have a list of about a thousand correspondents, and they range all of the way from I.W.W.'s to college presidents and clergymen, with whom I exchange information of mutual interest. They send me material on subjects which come within my range of interests. I send them clippings and exhibits of one kind or another and now and again letters. So the morning mail usually has something in it not necessarily connected with business and that something is apt not only to be of a pleasant nature

but also to demonstrate that there are other people in the world."

What letters can we write today that will bring us pleasant returns on some otherwise monotonous tomorrow?

Grandma, or great aunt, would like a snip from baby's new rompers that are to be cut out this afternoon.

Why not answer those advertisements which you have been meaning to answer some day? Samples are always interesting.

Send those summer acquaintances some prints of those snapshots you have just taken.

A word of appreciation to somebody somewhere. Perhaps to the Scout Master who is helping to build your boy's character. Or to the radio artist who brightened your day. Remember that, as the philosopher has put it, "there may come times when you cannot get cheer but there is never a time when you cannot give cheer."

Perhaps you take a paper or magazine which carries a column of "correspondents wanted." A letter to an "unknown" is a great adventure.

Send a word of courage to the one who is bewildered by a problem which you have solved.

One suggestion. Make it easy to write. Assemble pens, paper, stamps and envelopes. The letter which will bring the postman to your door can be written in the time which would otherwise be given over to despondent thoughts.

WIN a Canary!

**100 Canaries FREE for
the best Limericks,
Jingles or Verses on
Brock's Bird Seed**

**Can you write Something
like this?**

*There was once a canary in Perth
Who was hatched on the day of his birth.
On Brock's he did feed,
Sure the finest of seed,
And he lived 'til his last day on earth.*

— or —

*Two canaries—breed so rare;
He so strong—she so fair;
Sweet and happy—songs so snappy;
Brock's keeps 'em so—the lucky pair.*

Here is a simple, easy contest for every member of the family—a singing canary as a prize for each successful contestant. Write a limerick, jingle or a four-line verse, about Brock's Bird Seed. The sample verses at the head of this advertisement will help you in writing yours.

For the best verses, limericks or jingles, as decided by the judges—the producers of Brock's Famous Bird Seed will award a CANARY to each of the first 100 successful contestants.

Send in as many as you like, but only one canary to each family. No entry fee required.

Read the simple rules and then start. Enjoy the fun. Everybody likes a canary. Win one for your family.

NICHOLSON & BROCK, LIMITED—Dept. 31
125 George Street—Toronto

Follow these Simple Rules

Write in ink on one side of the paper only, with your name and address clearly in the lower right hand corner.

Each verse must include the word "Brock's".

This contest is open now and will close March 31st. Start now.

Three competent judges will decide the 100 winning Limericks.

No discussion can be entered into. Contestants agree to accept as final the Judges' decision.

Send your limericks or verses to Nicholson & Brock, Limited, Dept. 31 125 George Street, Toronto, Ontario, before March 31st, 1931.

314M

BROCK'S BIRD SEED

The Far Away Road

Continued from page 9

He talked on, keeping to his role, and conveying to her a singular sense of reality in an intimate discussion of business and home matters between a husband and wife. She told him the maid had left that morning because life was not sufficiently hectic in the country. He promised to bring a new one out from town the next evening, and to play bridge with her every evening she remained, her wages to be the stakes. They decided to extend the veranda around the right side of the house, and to take their meals on it during the summer. They also planned several important changes in the garden, and agreed that they needed a new slate roof.

"Wouldn't it be better to wait for the roof until next year?" the prudent wife wanted to know.

Her lord scoffed rudely at this suggestion. "Play up," he said, dropping his role for an instant. "We'll have no economy in this dream."

He ran on, resuming the mantle of the householder, and as he talked she saw the pictures he painted and knew the sweetness of them, then sternly pulled herself together, for this was dangerous mental dalliance.

"After we had decided all these things you went upstairs and dressed, and came down and grumbled about the dinner," she said, briskly, "you said you had eaten chops twice this week, and wanted something substantial."

"Think of knowing you well enough to be cross!" he murmured. "I wonder if I ever could! What did you do when I grumbled?"

"Oh!" She kept to the safe highway of badinage. "I handed you a ham bone and let you gnaw on it."

They laughed, and for a moment sat silent, peopling the deserted house with themselves and their material belongings. Evelyn had some old mahogany and two good rugs, heirlooms from a maiden aunt. Rand had all the furniture that had belonged to his mother. Oh, they could furnish the place admirably—but what was the use of dreaming? She sighed, and dreamed on. Outside it was growing dark, but Rand had been generous with his appropriated logs, and the firelight searched out each corner of the old room as if it loved them all. In the flicker of the flames Evelyn caught the gleam of her old mahogany and pewter and polished brass. She saw herself coming and going about the place, doing things for Rand. Rand, silent beside her, saw these things and more. And in the hearts of both, far down where they had forced it, memory stirred, while the duty they had forgotten raised its insistent voice.

"Part!" it seemed to say. "Part now! Poor fools, have you forgotten me?"

Feeling her courage ebb from her, Evelyn turned suddenly and threw her arms round Rand, pressing her face against his in the most spontaneous caress she had ever given him. It was as if in that moment she felt him slipping from her and by sheer force would hold him back.

"Oh, Joe!" she cried, "it's almost over," and he felt her tears against his cheek. "I'm crying again," she admitted, needlessly. "That's twice today. I'm a-ashamed of m-myself."

He held her close, and in that moment both went through not only the pain of their immediate separation, but the cumulative, chilling loneliness of the years to come. And while they clung together they repeated once more their old, hopeless

discussion, he pleading, she refuting, both knowing their hour was behind them. Once they thought they heard a noise on the veranda, as if someone had stepped lightly across it. When they glanced up, however, everything was still, and they were too deeply absorbed in each other to think of the matter again. But a little later an unmistakable step sounded outside, and they heard a noise at the open window through which they themselves had entered. The next instant a man stepped lightly over the sill into the room and came toward them, smiling, but with an air of assured proprietorship.

He was a large man, they saw, about fifty, erect and handsome, dressed in drenched riding-clothes and holding a riding crop in his hand.

"Good evening," he said cheerfully, as he reached them. "I hope I don't intrude. Pretty comfortable here, aren't you?"

He removed his hat as he spoke, shook the raindrops from it, and laid it down on the old mantel. Then, turning from them for a moment, he slapped his gloved hand against his sleeves, scattering a small shower around him. Rand and Evelyn rose in stiff resentment of his unceremonious entrance.

"Good evening. I suppose this house is yours," Rand said. "I'm afraid we're the ones who have intruded."

He picked up Evelyn's coat as he spoke, and held it for her to slip into. The stranger had turned to them again at the same moment, and was studying them both with eyes which, though friendly, missed no detail of their appearance. Now he took the coat from Rand's hands and laid it over the back of the settle.

"Please don't go yet," he said, in a different tone. "I didn't mean to drive you away. The place is yours as long as you want it."

"Thank you," said Rand. "It's time we went. It's much later than I thought," he added, looking at his watch.

The stranger looked regretful. "I'm afraid I'm speeding the parting guests," he declared ruefully.

"But I saw the firelight through the window as I was riding by and it gave me a bit of a jolt. I don't want the old place to burn down, though I've neglected it abominably for a good many years."

"We shouldn't have come in," murmured Evelyn.

What he thought, indeed what any one thought, was a matter of entire indifference to her. She felt cold and depressed, and her one desire was to get away. He was spoiling everything this stranger. Now they wouldn't even have their perfect memory. She packed the cups and the thermos bottle, and gathered in a housewifely pile the remnants of the feast, which she wrapped in the newspaper that had served as their table-cloth, and threw into the fire.

"Please don't go," repeated the stranger. "You look so cozy here. I rather hoped you'd give me a cup of tea," he added frankly, "if you have any left."

She had, and poured it for him at once, necessarily in her own cup, which she polished conscientiously with a bit of the clean oiled paper. She was glad of the opportunity to make even this slight return for the brief hospitality of his roof. It left them quits. He drank his tea very slowly, and to the last drop, while

[Continued on page 44]



"ATTRACTIVE, WELL-BRED, BUT SO CARELESS ABOUT HER HANDS"

CATTY but True

"They were mean to say it ... but I knew they were right"

"I was ashamed of my hands, but I had hoped no one else noticed them. Then I chanced to overhear that comment. From the woman I admired most in our club, too."

"'Careless,' she had called me."

"Then I realized how my red, roughened hands SPOILED the effect I wanted to make. But how to have pretty hands—with dishes to do three times a day?"

A Friend's Advice

"It was a little friend of mine, who works in a beauty shop, who helped me out."

"We use LUX suds in our manicure bowls' she told me—'because they leave the hands very soft and lovely. If I were washing dishes I'd use Lux in the dishpan—for my hands' sake!'"

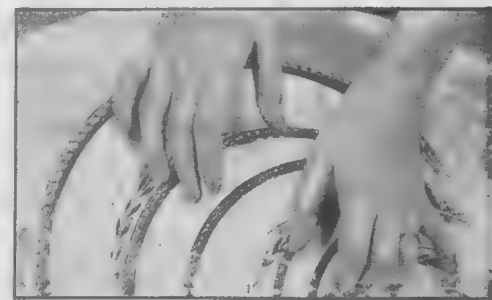
"I tried it, and now my hands are as white and smooth as before I was married! I never saw such a magical

improvement. I'm proud of them now, thanks to Lux."

Wives Everywhere

So many wives are now using Lux in the dishpan! It keeps their hands lovely as those of the woman with maids. In fact, 305 famous BEAUTY SHOPS say:

"With all our experience, we *can't* tell the difference between the hands of the wife who uses Lux in the dishpan and the hands of the woman with servants to do all her work."



Costs less than 1c a day

So many soaps dry the natural oils of the skin. Bland, gentle Lux protects these skin oils. That's why it keeps your hands lovely. Buy the big package—It does six weeks' dishes

*Beauty Treatment for Hands
... Lux in the Dishpan*

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto

EATON'S PRICES ARE LOW

Your dollars buy **MORE** at **EATON'S**

If EATON'S say so—it's true! What a fine tribute thousands of Canadians pay this great organization when they say just this—
"It EATON'S say so it's true!"
Over sixty years of steady growth—earning the confidence of Canadian shoppers year after year by right goods, right prices, right methods and reliability. This tells the story of EATON'S—
THE HOME OF VALUE
A high, competent Research Bureau is main—

THIS BIG BOOK IS Free ON REQUEST

EATON'S Spring and Summer Catalogue 1931

MANY ITEMS ARE LOW IN PRICE

Low prices are noticeable throughout this book, in many instances the lowest in years, and these prices are very favorable to you. Let this book show you what extra value can be had out of every dollar spent at EATON'S. Our prices are based on purchasing for cash in huge quantities and selling at a reasonable profit.

In this book will be found hundreds of pages of stylish and high standard merchandise, backed by the EATON guarantee, representing a solution to many of your problems.

We invite comparison of quality and price, which, after all, is the only true test of honest value. All the merchandise in this book has been carefully checked by our Research Bureau for honesty of description, and you can be certain that EATON'S will stand squarely back of every purchase, firmly believing in good merchandise for Western people.

The opportunity is yours to get this book of big values—just send in a post card with your name and address plainly written thereon, and the EATON Catalogue will be mailed to you free.

Do Not Delay — Send Today

THE PRICE GUIDE OF CANADA

T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

The Far Away Road

Continued from page 43

they chatted about the storm and Rand explained their unpremeditated visit. When he had emptied the cup the stranger hesitated for a moment, then set it down and turned to them with an air of decision in which was mingled a sudden air of constraint that sat oddly on him.

"I feel as if I were the intruder now," he said, with a rather nervous laugh. "But, to tell the truth, I don't want to go. I'm enjoying this. You see," he explained, "I've just got back to America, after fifteen years in Japan. And this is the nearest approach to a home-coming I've had yet."

As if on a common impulse Rand and Evelyn sat down.

"That's good of you," he said, gratefully, observing them. He remained standing, however, one elbow on the mantel, his eyes fixed on the fire.

"Most things have changed in those fifteen years," he went on, slowly. "I've come back alone. My wife died out there."

He said it very simply, but his two hearers realized, without understanding why they did, that the few words described the supreme tragedy of the man's life. There was an unconscious flattening of the voice, a sudden droop of the body, as if he had added, "So everything ended for me." He stopped for a moment, and then went on quickly but with an effort.

"My old neighbors—I live two miles from here—have died or moved away, or both. It's really very pleasant, you know, to come into this house and find it occupied. It brings back a lot of memories. It's high time I came too," he added, looking around; "the old place is nearly done for!"

It was plain to them both now that for some reason he was talking against time—trying to know them, and giving them a chance to know him. They uttered some perfunctory murmurs—neither could remember afterward just what had been said; but it didn't matter, for he was busy with his own thoughts.

"It's hard to believe," he continued, meditatively, "that my wife and I came here for our honeymoon twenty years ago. I must have the house fixed up, if only as a matter of sentiment. I don't suppose it would rent for much, off here, away from the main road. But after we left it, it was a nice little poultry and vegetable farm."

He raised his head as he spoke, and looked at Rand with a singularly direct and meaning look. Rand looked back at him. In that sudden flash of eye to eye both men knew a message had been sent and received.

"Could one raise chickens here now, do you suppose?" Rand asked, slowly. "Have a garden—that kind of thing?"

The stranger nodded, with a smile. "Why not?" he asked.

Evelyn glanced from one to the other, feeling something in the atmosphere, but hardly daring to guess what it was.

"When we left, seventeen years ago," their host continued, thoughtfully, "we lent the place to our gardener and his wife. The old man built a chicken-run and stocked it, and started a vegetable garden. They made a very good living at it till he died, seven or eight years later. Then his widow went West to live with her married daughter. Since then we never rented the place. We didn't want to. Our baby died here, and my

wife didn't like the idea of strangers around. The gardener's wife had been her nurse. But I think—she'd like—" He stopped. "I fancy there's something of the chicken-run left," he went on, after a pause. "There was a very good garden, too. Why?" He asked the leading question at last with an air of brisk good-fellowship. "Thinking of going in for chickens and farming?"

"I might," Rand moistened his lips. "How much would you do for the place?" he asked when he could speak naturally. "And how much rent would you want?"

"Let me see." The owner paused, turning the situation over in his mind. It wasn't business, but he could afford to be unbusiness-like at times, and he couldn't forget what he heard on the veranda as he peered through those broken window-panes. The traces of tears on the cheeks of the girl on that old settle were still very evident. One didn't often have a chance to do a big thing for others at so slight a cost to oneself. His mind had been made up before he entered the room. He had merely wanted to study this engaging pair at closer range, and now that he had done so he was satisfied. He knew the types—the man, dreamy, impractical, in a way, but hard-working, loyal, and honest; the woman, quick, practical, efficient. "They'll win out," he told himself.

"I'm going away again in the spring," he announced, after this reflection, "so it would have to be done at once. It isn't really as bad as it looks. It needs painting and papering and plumbing and some new floors and windows, and possibly a new slate roof—that's about all. But I'll do whatever needs to be done. Could you move in by March if it's ready?"

"I guess so," Rand looked at Evelyn. "Yes," he said, firmly. "We can."

"All right; that's settled." The stranger picked up his hat. "There are ten acres of ground, so you can have a good garden—and you'll have room for a thousand chickens, if you want to branch out to that extent. Better start with less. Possibly," he hazarded, "you've got a little capital to begin with?"

"Yes, a few hundred dollars," said Rand.

"That's good." The stranger looked relieved. It had been quite on the cards that his philanthropic interest might have necessitated financing the enterprise. He welcomed, as a true business man, the soothing clink of real money. Yes, they'd get on, and they were just the sort Millie would like to have on the old place—Millie, who had been dead three years, yet who always seemed so close to him when he did anything like this. Tonight he could almost feel the touch of her hand in his and hear the warm gurgle of her contagious laugh—that dear laugh that was like no other sound in the world.

"I can arrange to have the Country Club near here take a lot of what you raise," he told Rand. "That will give you a good start."

"And the rent?" asked Rand, briskly.

"Oh, the rent!" The stranger flipped his riding-boot with his crop, his eyes on them reflectively. "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you the place rent free for the first year, till you get things going. After that I'll charge you market price—say—oh, well, say three hundred a year."

[Continued on page 45]

The Free Press Prairie Farmer —FOR ONE YEAR—

and

The Western Home Monthly —FOR ONE YEAR—

and

A Stamped Apron

ALL FOR \$1.50

So many requests for a repetition of last year's popular clubbing offer, that we comply very readily. This time, however, the apron is stamped on plain unbleached material and the new design, we think, is even daintier than the other one.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

Enclosed find \$1.50 for which please send me The Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year, The Western Home Monthly for one year and Stamped Apron.

Name.....

Address.....

The Far Away Road

Continued from page 44

Rand crossed the room and held out his hand. "We'll take it for a year, gladly, if you'll let us," he said, gratefully. "The second year we'll pay three hundred. After that we'll pay more if we've made it go, for I know it will be worth more—and we will make it go!" he added, with a deep breath.

"Done," said his new landlord, and their hands met. "All this, he smiled "has been rather casual. But if you'll come to my office tomorrow morning—forty-nine Broad Street—here's my card—we'll fix it up in proper shape. Of course, you'll bring credentials."

"Of course!" Rand smiled back at him, radiant. "I haven't got much cash, but I've got lots of credentials. And don't think," he added, "that we don't know what a big thing you're doing for us. It's well, perhaps you'll know some day just all it means."

"Possibly I know now," suggested the stranger. He was at the open window now, ready to depart, but he stopped and looked back. "Couldn't marry. Wasn't that it? Wanted a home, and were thinking you could never have it."

"That's it," Rand admitted.

"We're saying goodbye, and blue as indigo. Life over before it really began, and all that kind of thing."

Rand and Evelyn stared at him.

"You're right," Rand conceded. "But I'd like to know how you knew it?"

The stranger hesitated, then decided to wipe from his friendly slate its one unsightly record.

"Well, to tell the truth, I've been spying and eavesdropping," he confessed. "I crept up on the veranda to see what the light was, and I stayed there a few minutes, looking and listening while you played your game of home. It hit me rather hard, because—well, you see, I spent my happiest days here twenty years ago. You'll forgive me?"

Evelyn went to him and held out both hands. "How good you are!" she said. "It's like a fairy tale!"

He pressed her hands and looked down on her, his eyes very kind.

"It's the real thing," he assured her, answering her unspoken question. "This little fairy tale is all your own. Here's your vine and fig-tree just as you saw them in the dream. Live under them and be happy. Good night."

AFTER he had gone Evelyn turned to Rand. "But can we?" she gasped. "I'm not sure yet that we really can. Is it practicable?"

Rand drew her to the faithful settle and sat down beside her. "Yes," he said, "it is. I figured it all out while he was talking, which was exactly what he meant me to do. Here are the details: we can move and stock the place with my four hundred. I can borrow a little more if necessary. I'll keep my job, so we'll have that much income assured. Father and you will run this place. Chickens have no secrets from dad, and the chance to help us will make him happy. I'll find some young fellow around here to do the heavy work. That's sound, isn't it?"

She nodded. "Mother can help in the garden," she reflected, aloud. "She'll love that. Your little niece can help me in the house. And there's plenty of room, so every one can be comfy. Oh, Joe, it will work! It will! It will!"

"Let's give your mother the big front room," suggested Rand, generously, as they were going over the house a little later. "This one, yours"—he dwelt on the word—"is almost as large, and has as fine a view."

"Your father can have the big rear room, and Alice will like this little one. And I'll sew downstairs," Evelyn decided, "so we can use the sewing-room as a guest-room."

"Yes, for the present," Rand said, with a canny look into the future.

They could hardly force themselves to leave the house. When they were finally outside they stopped in the garden path and looked around them. It was still raining, but to them the whole landscape was bathed in mellow radiance, out of which rose the dream structure of their future dwelling.

"How happy mother will be!" sighed Evelyn. "She has always wanted a garden. And she lies awake nights wishing she could help. Now she can."

"Father, too," said Rand, loyally. "Those chickens will give him a supreme object in life." He laughed, with a little break in his voice. "He's been worrying about me as much as you have," he added. "But now it's going to be all right."

"It's too good to be true," said Evelyn, as they started back to the village. "I hope it isn't just a dream. I'm pinching myself to see. But, no, it isn't, for here's our darling far-away road! Look at it! Just look at it!" There in the rain she knelt down, traced the dim tracks, and, bending, kissed the unresponsive soil. "Oh, Joe! Who would have thought," she asked him, as he stooped to help her up, "that when we blundered across it, only two hours ago, we had found the road that led us home?"



We took the shéen from
an old copper kettle . . .
and spread it 'round the walls

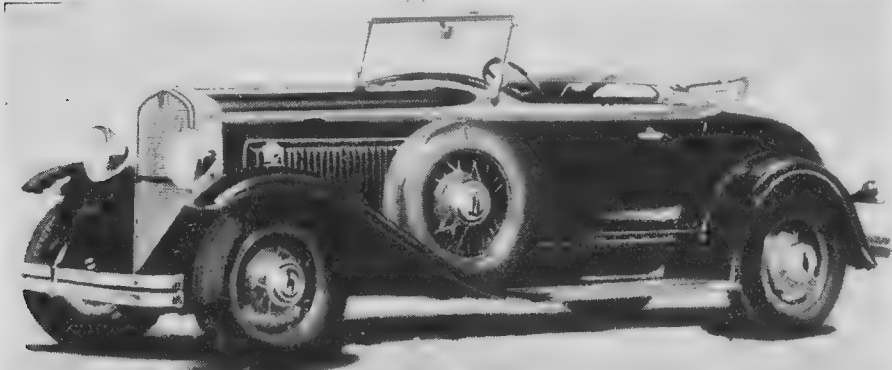
Rich color, borrowed from a day long past, gleams softly lustrous from the charming walls in this modern family's home. Here Berrycraft Flat White—properly tinted—imprisons the delicate glow of an old copper kettle—mellow as a harvest moon.

Lovely and distinctive color effects—reflecting your individual taste and personality—are easy to achieve when you use or specify Berrycraft Finishes. This remarkable line is made by Berry Brothers, for more than 73 years manufacturer of high quality beautifying and protective products.

Renew your home from attic to basement with these long-wearing, low

cost materials. Use Liquid Granite, the million stoniest varnish on natural floors and woodwork. Make your basement bright and easy to clean and protect porch floors or other semi-exposed surfaces with Lionoil Floor Enamel. Fresh and enduring color is brought to woodwork and furniture with Berrycraft Quick-Drying Enamel. Your home will look brand-new when the outside is finished with Berrycraft House Paint—made with wood-preserving Lionoil.

Get longest wear and greatest beauty at minimum cost. Insist on Berrycraft for every finishing job. Your dealer has these materials or can get them for you quickly.



Durant Six Cylinder Sport Roadster

See the dealer and
you'll see all—Berrycraft

BERRY BROTHERS
VARNISHES LACQUERS PAINTS
WALKERVILLE, ONT.

Clean inside—well outside!



THEY
LOOK IT
-and so
can you
★

SIX and sixty are good pals—for six never has a thought that isn't full of sunshine, and sixty is one of those rare old ladies who has learned how to live. They both get their brimming and joyous health the same simple, normal, natural way.

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache are due to failure to keep "clean inside."

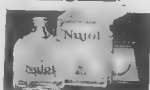
In blaming this condition for most of our sickness, so they agree also on the safe way to relieve it—keeping clean inside by the Nujol type of treatment. Nujol is not a medicine at all. It contains no

drugs. It is colorless and tasteless, and children love it.

Two things you have to remember if you want to enjoy "Nujol health."

One. Don't expect results overnight. This is nature's own method, and nature is never violent. Two. Be sure you get Nujol. Your druggist has this pure and drugless product in a sealed package, trademarked "Nujol" to protect you.

Whether you're six or sixty, you will feel better and enjoy life more thoroughly if you give the simple Nujol treatment a real trial. Why not begin tonight?



health

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PROVE TONIGHT: Prove to your satisfaction at once that Sloan's will ease stiff joints for you. Get a bottle of Sloan's Liniment today. Only 35c.

SLOAN'S Liniment

The Last North

Continued from page 18

living. It was a poor arrangement, especially as a start for married life. Mrs. North tearfully insisted that she could not live without her daughter. I think she had an idea that Pansy was so ugly that no one would desire her. That woman never could see beauty unless it was labeled. So she had put twin beds in her daughter's room. But at times Matt's cigarettes or shaving cream, or the Lord knew what, made her so melancholy that the young couple had to move across to the brick house for a spell. The Alders had installed twin beds also. As for meals, they ate wherever the menu was most tempting. For a time this kept the respective cooks on their toes.

MARRIAGE did not change their mode of living much except that Pansy went on all the parties and held him down a bit. I hated to see her going "blah," though I might have known it would only be temporary. As for Matt, he settled down a bit. I took him in with me. I never could depend upon him to be down in the morning unless he landed straight in from a party in the city, changing into his office uniform from his tux. But he had points. A born diagnostician, that lad. If he had not a sixth sense he certainly made full use of his five. Then, just as I was congratulating myself that I was making something of Catherine

Alder's boy, Garth landed the job he had been coveting in the air mail service. Matt was all unsettled again. You see, he had got his pilot's license the summer before, though when they were married Pansy had added a no-more-flying to the "I do's." He had kept his promise, too, though lots of times he'd have been safer in a plane than behind the wheel of his "Scarlet Terror" trying to make a hundred even when Pansy was along.

They both seemed blissfully happy even while quarreling like all-possessed, Matt doing his share with a glamorous ingenuity which matched her wit. Mrs. North was satisfied, for her, with conditions as they were. Catherine Alder thought that they should have a separate domicile with Matt Jr. assuming some responsibility, especially as Pansy was a born home-maker and needed an outlet for her talents. I agreed with her. Matt Sr. said they were young enough, leave them alone. So it stood. Knowing Pansy, I did not think it would last.

Now how much of it was Mrs. North's insidious nagging I don't know. Garth's chum in the air school got a job flying a plane up in Canada near the Hudson's Bay. Whenever Garth read his letters Matt's eyes would gleam. Pansy—well, she was a primitive anyway. How she would love to live in a town in the making, help make it, sow the first seeds of beauty upon the soil of utility. Realist and mystic, she was. A combination of contradictions, I called her. But it was partly her enthusiasm which decided Matt. Avonlea was too tame for his blood. Medicine too. He wanted his promise back. He was going to give up medicine and fly.

It was the end. Matt said that it was not he she had married; it was a doctor. But she closed her lips tightly and carried all her belongings back to the Spanish bungalow. (They had been having a spell of red brick.) Married only five months; not long enough for

him to have become a habit. Oh, no, she did not expect him to do the perpetual lovey-dovey, but he had let her down. Taking back his promise, and giving up medicine.

Matt was dazed at first, never dreaming that she was paralyzed with fear. It seemed incongruous to think of Pansy North as afraid of anything, her sturdy little feet planted four-square on the earth. As for what she told him about himself, the kind of doctor he would make, and what she had been letting him make of her—. He put that down to feminine vapors, hereditary, and went into the city for a glorious spree. But it was no go. He tore home in the early dawn, three jingled jags on the radiator hood and one on the spare. He left them singing in the road while he stood outside the bungalow and begged Pansy to come down and let him in. But the farthest she came was to her window from which she ordered him to go home before she called the police who were the proper ones to deal with a creature in the condition of him and his friends.

Matt was liable to get plain ugly. Unaware that she had not closed an eye all night, he relieved himself of some choice speeches. Not only was she the hardest-hearted, but she was the homeliest woman it had ever been any man's misfortune to marry. Et cetera, ad infinitum. After having persuaded her that in his eyes she was beautiful.

Pansy was as proud as the devil. So was he. Each resolved not to be the first to give in an inch. She had refused him admittance to her house. He had gone off to the city without her. I was not the least surprised the next afternoon to find Catherine Alder packing his trunk. He had decided to go north and fly.

Probably he would have carried out his intention except that in unpacking, one of the first things he came across was Pansy's face staring at him from its dull silver frame. As lots of people with poor coloring, Pansy photographed well. In fact her photograph was so beautiful it seemed to Matt as if the camera, being mechanical and impersonal, had exerted sort of X-rays qualities to reach through to the inner beauty always evident in her eyes. He went to sleep with it clasped to him, and woke in the morning resolved to carry on in his profession as soon as he could get his license changed.

Pansy had obdurately refused to see him after the blow to her pride, so he had not even bidden her good-bye. When he wrote that he had opened an office in the sample-room of the hotel and was on the water-wagon for good, she replied that she hoped he would stay on the wagon. When he could send her a cheque for a thousand dollars earned by himself she would come up and pick out their furniture.

MATT liked it up north. The forty below weather filled him with pep. Lack of alcohol did him no harm. The spirit of prevailing optimism, everyone talking in round numbers, claims staked which might mean millions, the old-timers' eyes glowing with visions realized, after hanging on to property for fifteen or twenty years. At home one clipped coupons. Everyone there except a few merchants and professional men had retired long ago.

[Continued on page 47]

The Last North

Continued from page 46

At home you knew everyone's stories and exactly what they would serve for dinner. Avonlea was almost as dead as Skagway. This town was a-borning. Here were people from all corners of the world, from Kimberley to Peru. At first I tried to tell Pansy what was in his letters, but she would not have his name mentioned. She felt that, going to all those "wild" parties with Matt, she had sullied herself without avail.

Matt had a stiff time at first. Not too easy, getting a practise going against old established doctors who have had a town in their pockets for years. But he pulled off a couple of good cases and made a difficult diagnosis. The trick was done.

You know how people pay their doctor; after they've paid everything else, if there's any money left. I wrote Matt saying: "Present your bill while the tears of gratitude still glisten in the patient's eyes." He tried it. In six months he had paid for his equipment and had five hundred in the bank. Half way home!

This encouraged him to redouble his efforts. As a side-line he organized a bridge game in his back office while he was sitting around evenings. Being a keen player as well as a magnet for honours—he added to his pile.

Well, it got noised abroad that he was a good bridge player. He was deluged with invitations to parties. But, afraid to trust himself where there was likely to be liquor around, did not accept once. That probably accounts for the stories among the residents that, as he was never out with them he must have been out with an undesirable crowd. At least, that is the only explanation I can see for that charge.

He told me how hard he struggled. When he was lonely the pleasant sounds of camaraderie from the beer parlor, the smells when he passed it, nearly drove him mad. But he would come back to his room and sit talking by the hour to Pansy's photo. His mother was sending him books too; getting caught up on culture, he would say. Leistikow, the pilot, Garth's chum, was a great help when he was in town. But never once did Matt accept an invitation to go up with him. One time, attending the victim of a brawl, in a dive where a fellow had his head split open by his lady-friend's frying-pan, and so drunk was he that he did not need an anesthetic to have his stitches put in, Matt felt that he needed the bracer the woman offered him, and barely got out without it. That was his closest squeak.

The winter got truculent as it got older. Settled down for a real cold snap in January, lasting pretty well till the middle of March. The oldtimers kidded Matt that it was not half as cold as the prairies. But he had never been there. The worst he had ever encountered was a week at Banff and a fortnight at St. Moritz, either of which you could leave when the spirit moved you.

Living in Avonlea as I've always done, I guess we can't conceive of the intensity with which the North looks forward to spring. It is like being freed from prison, the shackles of winter loosed when the first spring day comes along. That was what Matt

felt, almost hysterical. And he had eight hundred in the bank, as well as having sold a claim some prospector had given him on account for enough to buy a lot on the river bank the day of the Indian sale. With the deed in his hand he walked all over his property, kicking the snow away so that he could put his feet on the frozen muskeg beneath. It was his. He would get a builder out there the first possible day, put up a shack of the accepted type, and leave the rest to Pansy. Till then he had hardly dared to let himself think of her coming. Now his fancy ran riot. Pansy was a pioneer type. With her passion for improving things she was wasted on Avonlea, where everything had long been improved past perfection. How she would revel in this growing place; make the desert blossom . . .

IT WAS the kind of day that required action. He longed for his "Scarlet Terror," to feel the power of the big engine beneath his hand. But even if he'd had it there, where were the roads to drive on? Nowhere, except in the air. He was thinking that, wondering if he would hire a taxi and drive up and down the two streets, anything to have a wheel in his hand, when a message came over the radio from the mines. Chap suddenly attacked by violent cramps. Send a plane and doctor immediately. Of course you know all about it. Not a pilot in town except Leistikow ill with the flu. Matt took the plane up, brought the patient back. Ruptured ulcer. Inside of three hours after the message was received the patient had been operated on. Science, air, radio, plane and surgery, saved that man's life. A valuable one, too, as it turned out. Were Matt's parents proud? But never a word from Pansy though when I told her she went all sick inside and nearly fainted. Of course she could be excused if she had fainted at this time.

You know the fuss made over him here. "Conquering hero," and all that. Matt just needing a fuss after his hibernation. It began with a dinner in his honor. One cocktail. One more before going on to the dance. Nowadays it seems that no one can dance without two or three drinks to get him limbered up.

Matt did not like the dance. There was a girl whose eyes reminded him of Pansy's. Her hands, too. Prettier than Pansy, actually, and ready to fall into his arms. But somehow she did not quite make the boat. When they returned to the house she reminded him more than ever of his wife, the way she let her hands down on the piano for one thing; the way she ran popular songs into a medley for another. But he did not fall, except for a few more drinks. He made

quite a hit, I've been told. Of course, except for the frills it was the kind of party he'd been used to. On towards morning he did not notice the lack of frills.

There is a lot of hard liquor in this town. You smell it as you pass opened doors on the street. So when Matt walked along the corridor of the hotel that night, or morning, and the odor of Scotch floated out to him from Peskit's half-opened door, he invited

[Continued on page 48]

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The Last North

Continued from page 47

himself in. All keyed up, he knew he could not sleep. Peskitt had often asked him in before.

Now Matt is not a consistent drinker. By that I mean that different liquors affect him differently. Gin exalts him. All ginned up, he'd laugh. Scotch, especially on top of gin, had a depressing effect. He sat in the poker game and took the gin which was offered him. In fact took several. Was enthusiastic about making the sky the limit. He had an idea that he wanted Pansy at once, just as soon as she could get here. If he sent a wire in the morning when he'd cleaned up at poker—that was earning it, wasn't it?—she would come.

Unfortunately he did not clean up. The court cards and lady luck had deserted him. His brain was too fuzzy to make use of the cards he had.

Leistikow, recovered and leaving for the Barren Lands, dropped a hint in his letter to Garth. I wrote Matt asking him whether a young father could afford to set an example of that sort. Not that he was a father yet, and it was not necessarily a son, though Pansy was stubbornly insisting it was. And when that girl makes up her mind

I thought she should have informed him long ago, but try to tell Pansy what she should do! I sent him a copy of my book on glands, just out, and was careful to wrap it in an old newspaper with a photograph of Pansy at the time of their marriage. Like an old fool I hoped that the picture might put some moral dynamite into him. I was certainly not prepared for what it actually did.

By then he had lost all his money to Peskitt, every red cent. With the luck he'd had at cards all his life he could only see that Peskitt was to blame. Peskitt must be crooked. Peskitt must have cheated; played poker with signals and craps with loaded dice.

Peskitt naturally thought he was mad when he entered his room flourishing a revolver and shouting that he had stolen his wife when he had never seen the woman in his life. In fact, he had no idea that Matt had such a possession. But he was sober and managed to knock the gun aside as Matt fired, the bullet going through the wall. How Matt got himself shot—

Yes, his parents sent me as their emissary. They did not wish Pansy to learn of the affair. She's—well, when I left Avonlea, Matthew the Third was only a week old, but a lusty infant. He—

The telephone! That will be Matt's counsel. Excuse me, Brenton.

"Hello! . . . Good Lord! Why, it's long distance, of course. How you startled me . . . Not long distance! Then in the name of Heaven where are you? . . . Downstairs! Downstairs where? . . . In this hotel! Good Lord! How did you get here? You flew! . . . Oh, he's all right. He doesn't matter. It's you. What did you do with the baby? . . . You have him with you! Good Heavens! You flew with that infant from Calgary! . . . You sit down on a chair. Sit down, I say. I'll be there in half a minute."

Look at the smoke in this room! The window, Brenton. That is better. Though you can't kill Matt the Third. He'll be looping the loop next thing. And say, you might as well let Matt Alder out on bail. You may as well let him off. Evidence or not, you can't prove that Peskitt shot him, not that he shot Peskitt. You may as well give up, Brenton. Why? I don't know why. Except that when Pansy North, the last North, closes her lips, all the Spanish Armada can't stop her. And she's downstairs with the baby.



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Take a teaspoonful of the powder or four tablets with a little water after your next meal, and see what a difference this makes. It will instantly neutralize the dangerous, harmful acid in the stomach which now causes your food to ferment and sour, making gas, wind, flatulence, heartburn and the bloated or heavy, lumpy feeling that seems to follow most everything you eat. You can enjoy your meals without a fear of indigestion.



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BROWNATONE
GUARANTEED HARMLESS

Woman's Needed Emancipation

Continued from page 11

passion. But notwithstanding the vigilance and severity which is exercised by the husband, it seldom happens that a woman is without her favorite, who, in the absence of the husband, exacts the same submission, and practices the same tyranny."

THE Eskimo women, while bright and cheerful like the Eskimo men, have not yet reached the emancipation stage, not even to the extent of their Indian sisters to the south of them.

To give an example of the value of women as compared with men, Knud Rasmussen tells us that when an Eskimo man died in the old days his team of dogs was slain and the dead dogs were harnessed to his sledge, which was placed on his grave. But if it was a woman who died, only one dog was so killed and set out.

In that hard country, hard things are done and are expected to be done, and the ethics of life cannot be compared in any way with that of countries where every hour is not a battle for sufficient food to sustain life.

The arrival of a male child in an Eskimo family signifies a potential hunter and meat getter; but a female child is merely a consumer, something that has to be provided for, a handicap to her parents over a number of long and hard years. And so, the male child is welcomed and the female child unwanted—so much so that she is sometimes destroyed shortly after birth.

Dr. Diamond Jenness, who spent several years among the Eskimos around Coronation Gulf, gives an amusing, but at the same time rather a pathetic account of a family quarrel between two women in the igloo of the family with whom he was living, and the punishment that befell both of them as a result, irrespective of the rights and wrongs of the case:

"But the evening after their arrival, Icehouse quarrelled with the Chatterbox's wife concerning some blubber that was given to the dogs, and, after exchanging real Billingsgate, reduced her adversary to tears. Ikpuk scolded her and retired to bed. The remainder of the party soon followed his example; but when Icehouse, lingering to the last, crept in beside her husband, he sternly ordered her to sleep in an empty sealskin tent that we used for a kitchen. She protested vehemently, for a cold north wind was blowing and the thermometer nearly at zero. At a repetition of the order she began to dress, but he tore the clothes from her hands and snapped, 'Get out.' The poor woman, speechless with terror, fled through the tent door naked, and disappeared into the darkness.

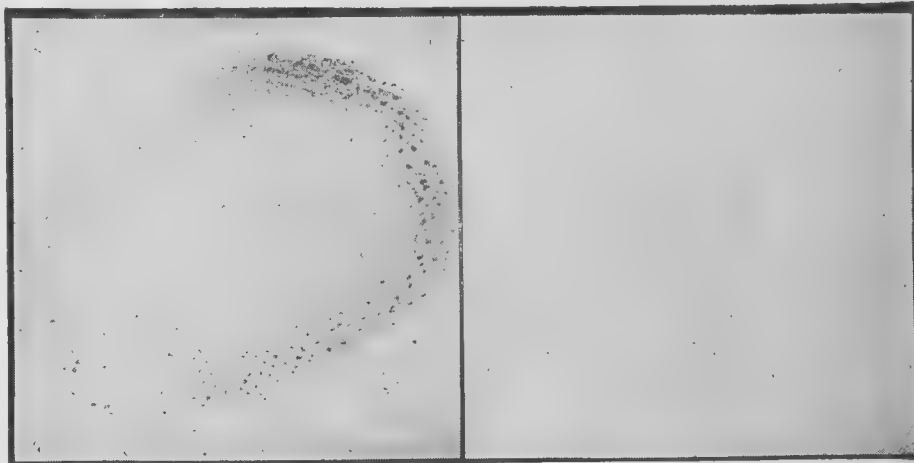
"I said to Ikpuk, 'Tell her to come in again. She will freeze to death.' He slipped on his jacket and looked inside the cooking-tent. It was empty, nor did he know where she had gone. Five minutes later I found her in the tent of Parted Hair's family, shivering under a spare caribou robe; but when I urged her to return, she answered, 'Ikpuk is too angry with me. I am afraid'.

"I assured her that she would suffer no harm, and, returning to my sleeping-bag, told Ikpuk to drop the matter. He pretended to be sound asleep when she stole in, and the camp relapsed into silence, except that now and then a low sob issued from the tent of the Chatterbox, who had [Continued on page 50]

Wash woodwork?

Why—there's a way to

keep it from getting dirty at all



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WAXED SURFACE

These enlarged unretouched photographs show the difference between finger marks left on waxed and unwaxed surfaces. They illustrate recent tests scientifically made by Henry W. Banks, III, famous scientist and chemist. See how the protective coating of Johnson's Liquid Wax wards off soil and smudges.

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103

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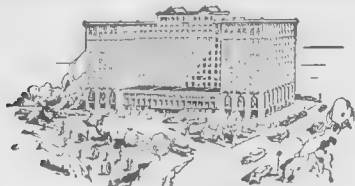
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Woman's Needed Emancipation

Continued from page 49

disciplined his wife by tearing her coat from top to bottom."

FROM all this, it can be gathered that our own women have progressed beyond measure, but that there must still be progress to be made with some of their less fortunate sisters, even although much of the old superstitions and wrong ideas have been stamped out, particularly among the Indians. Slowly but surely Education must do for them what it has done for the white man and woman. And this education, strange as it may appear at first sight, must extend largely to the men first, for it is through the men who hold sway in councils and legislation, in domestic government, and in business that the emancipation of our womenfolk has been largely helped along.

The much needed emancipation of women has come about not in position and sex equality only, for women have emancipated themselves in matters of dress, an example which mere man might follow with profit, for he slavishly retains his ugly stove-pipe trousers, his stiff white collar, his foolish studs, his mourning-like dinner jacket and his waiter-like dress suit,

clothes that every self-respecting woman hates the sight of.

Women have discarded that iron-clad abomination known as the corset and with it has gone the "fainting lady," while in her place has appeared the splendid athletic woman of this generation, who can powder her nose in public with the utmost composure and can vault a four foot fence with even a greater agility than her male escort.

The long skirt has gone, let us hope never to return, for it had no lines of beauty, nor had it cleanliness or comfort. High buttoned boots are in the limbo, with bustles, crinolines and hobble skirts. If only the dears would discard their high-heeled shoes and their claw-like finger-nails!

Short hair and silk stockings are delightfully in vogue and our women are more than ever a pleasure to the eye, a joy to the mind, and a spur to the senses, and their emancipation would be all for the betterment of the world if it did no more than arouse the sluggard "Lord of Creation" to be up and doing, to take a tumble to himself before he himself tumbles from the pinnacle upon which he has been snoozing and dreaming for generations in self-hypnotized security.

Dollars and Cents

SINCE the beginning of the new year there has been a considerable display of optimism as to general conditions throughout the Dominion. It is difficult to say how far this can be justified but it at least shows that the spirit of the country is not at all quenched. At the date of writing, the wheat market has become firmer and prices are higher. The thought is expressed that the wheat carry-over this year will be less than last year, by no means an unwelcome state of affairs. The Bank of Montreal in its monthly letter points out that persistently low prices of commodities discourage buying other than for immediate requirements, and obscure the outlook, but the process is proceeding of adjustment of costs to the lower scale of prices, and when this important factor has been established, confidence should be restored and a freer movement followed. They further point out that many industrial plants in Canada are operating at a satisfactory ratio of capacity, and others, such as newsprint mills, have a reliable market for their product. It is believed that telephone construction will this year be on a large scale and that there will be considerable activity in the automobile industry. A noteworthy feature of the report is that Ontario mines disbursed \$27,567,000 in dividends from the operations in 1930, or \$700,000 more than in 1929.

THE annual meeting of the Monarch Life Insurance Company was held recently in Winnipeg, when it was revealed that the assets of the company now exceed \$10,000,000 with an increase of \$1,000,000 for the past year. Of special interest is the report on investments where it is shown that on City property 97 per cent of the interest due has been paid and on farm property the company holds \$2,930 for every \$1,000 invested. New and renewed business for the year amounted to over \$12,000,000 and the total amount of insurance now in force is almost \$64,000,000. The progress of this company has been of

considerable satisfaction both to its policy-holders and shareholders and reflects credit on the conservative management which has always characterized its activities.

THE Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, reporting new policies written during 1930 to the net amount of over \$700,000,000, the largest in its history of sixty years, enters upon its Diamond Jubilee Year under the most happy circumstances.

A graphic picture of its progress is shown in the report which discloses, decade by decade, its growth from assurances in force in 1880 of less than \$4,000,000 to over \$2,800,000,000 today; and of an accumulation of assets from less than \$500,000 in 1880 to nearly \$590,000,000 at the present time. Even more striking is the fact that the company has paid to policy-holders and beneficiaries since its organization over half a billion dollars—more than its entire assurance in force only ten years ago.

A most interesting feature of the report relates to the company's investments. The Sun Life has long been a consistent and successful investor in high grade stocks. These securities are valued on the last day of each year by the Canadian Department of Insurance on the basis of their market price on that day. Such a test this year, needless to say, was a most exacting one. Yet even at the abnormally low prices prevailing at the end of the year the company's common stock holdings, taken by themselves, showed a substantial excess over cost. Moreover, the actual cash dividends paid during 1930 on the total common stocks held by the company in the previous year were nearly \$1,000,000 in excess of the dividends paid on these identical shares in 1929. Such a satisfactory issue from the sharpest and severest market "break" in this generation is a wonderful vindication of the investment sagacity of the company. The rate of 6.44 per cent earned on the mean invested assets of the company is a further proof of thrifty administration.

[Continued on page 55]



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Silk

Continued from page 17

nerve and tried to yell. Why, it wasn't much more than a gasp. The muscles were so constricted across my breast that I hardly made a sound. The whole weight of my body sagged down on my shoulder sockets and it was hard to breathe right, let alone shout aloud.

"So, I reckon I gave up hoping for anything. Began to see the pale misty sky as the sun cleared the coast fog. I must have fainted again from the pain, for I forgot about time passing.

"The thing that aroused me after a while was a shot. I remember listening without any curiosity. Didn't even raise my head as it hung lolled down on my shoulder like a dead man's.

"But I heard a smash and stirring of water somewhere, and then the screaming of gulls off the sand-bars. I could see the reefs now and a dim blur of swamp woods off beyond them. And I got to thinking about that shooting. Not that I knew much of it. The other side of the cloth was facing the guns some thousands of yards off to the south, so even if my brother or some of the Mexican officers were watching for hits through their glasses they couldn't see me behind the bulls-eye.

"I didn't see any chance of getting out of it. I just hung there waiting and knowing that my arms and legs were swelling and turning black in the tight knots about them. Even when the next shot came the only thing I remember was cursing because it struck close—off the bow—and set the hulk to jogging. It exploded and tore the water in a great spray off to my left. The infernal gulls came screaming in close, staring at the big red eye of the target-cloth and sailing off. They were mad about this disturbance. Funny, how I realized that!"

CULLINAN laughed again. It all seemed a bad joke now as he told it. But he watched those dancing women with a twisted smile. They recalled something that he'd rather not tell. But presently he went on quietly as if he had to get it out.

"Well, Jerrold, it was after the third shot that the big funny thing happened. I'd listened to the distant boom of the gun coming regularly before, but this third shell exploded mighty near the hulk. Right after it churned the water up back of me off the bow, I heard a sound. It was a human voice right close to me and below along the line of the target-cloth!

"I twisted my head down and saw. It was an Indian girl. She had scrambled along the deck scared by that shell. Her brown back was wet with the spray from it. She came crawling along the waist, jabbering and wailing. Then I saw, over the broken rail, a native swamp dugout in which she must have come out from the pass to the hulk, not knowing what it was anchored here for. She got to her feet just below me, and parted the long black hair from her brown shoulders.

"She just seemed dumbfounded that this was a man hanging there. And alive. From the reef I reckon she saw it was a human figure, and the sun shining on that gay striped silk shirt I wore. Anyhow, she just stared at me silently. A regular coast swamp savage, slender and sinewy, and with a wet blue rebosa twister about her like thin paper. Wasn't bad-looking either, but I could see she was just an ignorant savage. Some of those coast people of the *tierra caliente* hid off in the jungles of tropical Mexico hardly know a thing of white culture.

"I muttered feebly, but she didn't know English, of course. She stood staring at me, and her eyes were as unreadable as a cat's. Her broad face and high cheek-bones and firm chin made me think of a bronze medal. You just couldn't guess what she was thinking about. Only I saw she was getting over her scare at the shells which had broken around the hulk. She was just dumbfounded to see a live white man hung against that big red eye.

"Well, I was dumb, too. Just stunned to see her there. First I thought I was delirious, for I forgot the pain and the boom of those guns off there gauging the range on me shot by shot. I just stared back at her. Once, over-side, past her canoe, I saw a shark turning in the channel. It was dirty white, and it made me think what would happen when the shells sank the hulk, even if I wasn't killed outright. Those sea-wolves would swarm over the wreck and find me later.

"This girl could save me, perhaps. I tried to talk, but my lips were cracked and swollen, and I just moaned. Tried to wriggle a bit to show her I lived so she'd cut me down quick. She watched as if she were scared of me. Maybe she thought I was some human sacrifice of the white men's gods strung up there for some ceremony. I don't know what she thought."

Cullinan grinned again. "That's what worries me now—what that little savage was thinking. It's a mystery to me!"

THEN he rambled on. "I'll bet she'd never seen a big gun fired or been close to a ship. Curiosity had drawn her out to this hulk and she got scared by the shells and fled on board. I thought she didn't realize they were shooting at the target.

"But no other shot came for a long time. Reckon old Hub was manoeuvring his green crew to a new position as they hadn't hit the hulk even, let alone the bulls-eye which I was strung behind. I don't know. I was just watching the girl. She could save me.

"Finally she mustered courage to come closer. She put out a hand and touched my foot. She could just reach to my knee, and stood there fingering the cotton cloth of my trousers with a curious, fascinated look in her eyes.

"Funny about her eyes. I just couldn't understand them. She was studying out some problem. I understood that much. She peered toward the distant shore and listened. She pulled on one of the leg-ropes gently and it hurt me awfully. My feet were swollen against those bonds till I had no feeling there, but my whole body was just raw with pain. God, I didn't know a man could feel so much! I must have been a sight, gaunt faced and sweating, and looking down at her, begging her to save me in a tongue she could not understand.

"And then she smiled. I saw she understood. She got over her fear of the white man's big guns, and the mystery of me hung up there crucified in the ropes. She ran back a step and looked about. Getting me down would be a problem. I saw her black expressionless eyes studying the ropes and lashings. Then she went to one of the mast stubs and reached a brown arm up to the knot that secured my right foot to it. She had one big brass bracelet on her arm, and that's all in the way of decoration. And I tell you those Indo girls love pretty things as much as any civilized one. Every woman does, sure.

[Continued on page 52]



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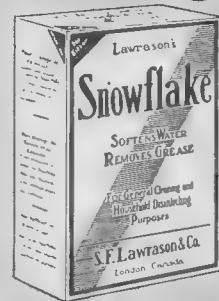
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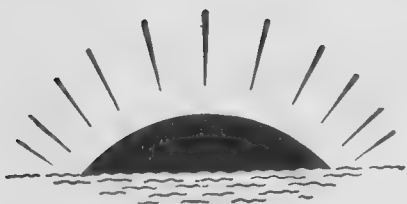
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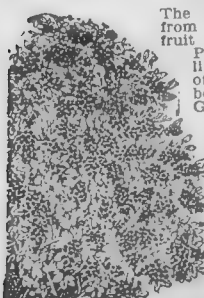
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Silk

Continued from page 51

"Well, she started to work on that knot. She twisted and pulled, looking up at me now and then like a cat watching a mouse that can't get away and yet is liable to try it. She laughed once and then fought and struggled with that leg-ropes.

"We were just that way when the last shell broke. I thought I heard it dimly, but the thing happened so quick. All I knew was that the old hulk seemed to squat back and then leap forward. There was a tremendous roar, and a great bloom of smoke and spray with splintered wood and stuff came over us. The schooner must have been hit along the water-line forward a bit, and the shell knocked everything crazy loose below. I don't know—I forgot everything after that.

"The next thing was a feeling of great peace. I knew that somebody was moving alongside of me and I opened my eyes to stare up in the blue sky. I was in a native dugout, with ropes still cutting deep into the swollen flesh of arms and legs, but I was free of that infernal wreck. Then I saw the Indian girl. She was paddling and the brown muscles of her back had a powerful play as she dug into the water. I laid behind her in a mess of torn cloth and ropes. She had cut or untied me from the wreck of the masts when the stuff all blew over the rail. Then I saw one of the rope-ends, and it looked as if she had chewed it free. Well, I didn't know or care. I was in a blessed peace, Jerrold. This swamp Indian girl had saved me. She had braved the big guns and the splashing fountains where the shells broke and then the smash of the hulk at last to save me. And now she was paddling up the swamp channel to get me out of it.

"Pretty soon I noticed the forest shade closing over us as the canoe travelled on into the shore swamps.

"Then she turned in alongside a rough sort of landing. I was almost fainting again when this girl got her arms under my shoulders and dragged me out of the canoe. She was strong and surefooted, and as tender to me as if I'd been a baby. She got me under a palm-thatched shed and put me on some dried grass. I swear, I was too numb and weak to lift a finger. I felt her working again at my wrist-ropes. She bent over and chewed at one of them again.

When she failed to get the knots untied, I felt her begin to slip the sleeves of my shirt over them. She worked the shirt up to my shoulders and over my head, all the time as soft and tender as a fellow's mother would be. It was great to feel her cool fingers on my bruised shoulders. I had twisted and racked until I felt actually pulled out of shape.

"You can't imagine, Jerrold. I just dropped back in a blessed slumber when she had got that shirt off. I heard the slither of it when she stood back and folded it in her hands. She was holding it out to a little gleam of the sun which came in under the thatch frame. Admiring it, I think. It was pretty—pink and blue stripes, all wet but clean, and not torn a bit.

"She came back and knelt by me. My eyes were closed but I knew she was studying me, wondering what she could do next to help me. Then I heard the twigs crack and I knew she had gone off to find some of her tribe who'd cut those ropes off me and give some care to my wounds. I just went to sleep then, as I said. Just trusting her as a baby would its nurse."

"She must have been great," I murmured, and young Cullinan

nodded slowly, his eyes out on the silken-clad dancers of the hotel roof-garden. "Then she came back with her people and they carried you to their camp and care for you and—"

"I wish I knew!" said young Cullinan suddenly. "Oh, man, if I was sure she came back for me! It would make all the difference in the world!" And he waved his scarred arm out to the other girls.

"But don't you remember? Why not?"

"Some native cargadores found me. Mule packers who were heading down the coast trail to Laguna del Toro. They discovered me unconscious and slung me on a mule. I was in a delicious fever and for weeks afterward in a hospital at Frontera. My brother, Hubert, got me there after word reached him that I had been found by the packers. Took me weeks to get in shape to travel home."

"And that Indian girl? You never heard of her again?"

Young Cullinan looked at me queerly. After a silence he went on: "Yes, I saw her once again. After I got on my feet, and Hub had quit the rebel gunboat, for the revolution was busted.

"We took in a native fiesta in a rotten little coast village near Laguna del Toro. I saw that girl in the crowd that was waiting for the religious procession to pass. There was a strapping young *caballero* with her. He wore a spangled jacket and tight, fringed trousers. A regular swell, and he was mighty proud of his *senorita*. And damned if she didn't look like all the candy! I saw all the other native girls were crazy jealous of her getup."

"The girl who saved your life?"

"The girl who saved my shirt! She had made it into a gorgeous silk scarf. No other girl had anything so pretty. She was the hit of the show, and she knew it. Think of it! Daring the white man's big guns, pulling me out of the wreck and saving me from the sharks, and all because she saw that bit of bright silk out there on the hulk. You got to hand it to her, Jerrold, for nerve and knowing what she wanted."

"Didn't she recognize you at the fiesta?"

"Yes. And that hurt worst of all. For she cut me dead—socially. The procession came along, and the girl knelt when she saw me. She turned her head aside into her silk scarf just as Our Lady of Mercy passed by."

Young Cullinan grinned sheepishly, and I laughed. I couldn't help it. It was the look on his face and his aversion to the swish of silk as another of those white-skinned, pretty girls of the hotel garden swept by our table.

"You know, Jerrold," young Cullinan grumbled at last, "I want to think she came back. Came back to help me, and meantime the *cargadores* had found me and lugged me off. I really want to believe so. Then, some time, I can dance with one of these white girls again."

"Believe it!" I retorted. "It'll be best for you. Shut your eyes and your mind and believe it. Have some more coffee and then I'll introduce you around. I know some charming little savages in silk up here. They'll go through you for anything from a dinner check to a million dollars."

Young Cullinan raised his scarred arm and saluted them all with a brief smile. "Come on, then! I'll take a chance on anything after the girl who got my silk shirt. In a way I can't blame 'em. Sisters under the skin. They all love pretty things."

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Dancing and Personality

Continued from page 14

IT IS a mistake to believe that the ideal figure can be made to order. Mother Nature makes a better job of a girl's figure than the corset-maker can, for she insists upon dancing, which exercise gives the body every chance to develop naturally and with perfect grace.

The ideal figure of the girl, and of the woman who retains a youthful figure till long past middle age, has had its foundation in early childhood. Good walking, rhythmic dancing, and graceful standing have all become a habit. Happily all this is now being taught in almost every girl's school.

DANCING educates the emotions. This is one of the most powerful arguments for dancing a little every day, if possible, just to keep life in tune. Suppressed emotion is the chief cause of so much depression of spirit these days, with the inevitable "nerves" following in its train.

Why do folk, young and old, dance more today than at any other period in history? A characteristic answer was given by a modern woman when asked this question: "If I did not dance I would go mad." The tense life most of us have to lead today makes it imperative that we should have an emotional safety-valve. This is found in the dance.

From the earliest times people danced to "let off feeling." The same thing happens today. Emotion is the steam of the bodily engine, and occasionally has to be "let off." But it needs to be "let off" in a manner which will be of some creative service to the individual, and not mere waste. Hence we dance to music, which harmonizes the senses and the emotions, creating a feeling of physical elation and the joy of abandon.

Cramped emotions are like an arm or a leg held in a certain fixed position till it is numbed because the blood has been withdrawn from it. Unexercised emotions very quickly cause the whole person to be numbed, resulting in deep depression and ill health. Give the emotions a chance in the dance, and health vigorous and radiant will be the happy result.

DANCING is the highroad to happiness. It is more than mere pleasure; it is a subtle combination of art and exercise which blends the mind and the body into perfect harmony.

Modern dancing especially is so communal and friendly; it is filled with the hilarity of unrestrained happiness, hence the popularity of the ballroom. The so-called jazz has become the tonic for the jaded spirit, and the slogan of most young men and women now is "more dance and less doctor."

But do not run away with the idea that to go to a dance is a sure cure. It will be, certainly, if you go to give as well as to get. Wanting to grab happiness without the willingness to give happiness to another, is the wrong attitude altogether. Folk often blame their partners instead of themselves. A perfect dance is a fifty-fifty arrangement, adding to a partner's happiness as well as taking—and often one gets far more out of it than one puts into it.

Some aged critics of dancing say they cannot see what happiness there is in dancing. Of course not! Folk don't dance to see, they dance to feel. Happiness is a choice feeling, a thrilling, tingling harmony of mind and body, not an eyesight test! The only way of seeing the happiness that comes from the dance is to watch the smiling, radiant faces of the dancers. But for true proof, try dancing!

Needless Waste



COUNTLESS TONS OF PAPER are wasted because catalogues, printed forms and direct-mail literature are planned in sizes that do not cut economically out of standard sized sheets. Time and again printers have proved the paradox that a larger printed form can cost less than a smaller one!

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Cornwall, Ontario



MEN, especially, love the luscious, tropical flavour of coconut in puddings, pies and cakes. You just ask any restaurant chef about it. He'll tell you that he has to put coconut dishes in his menu nearly every day. But every dish is doubly tempting when it's made at home. So why not serve desserts made with Baker's Coconut often?

In Baker's you obtain a coconut that is as fresh and full-flavoured as coconut can be. Only selected nuts are used in the Baker special packing. And this packing keeps the coconut just as fresh as a newly opened nut.

Baker's is made in Canada and sold in tins — Baker's Southern Style — in packages — Baker's Premium Shred — and by the pound.

COCONUT CUSTARD PIE

3 eggs, slightly beaten 3 cups milk, scalded
 1/8 teaspoon salt 1 cup Baker's Coconut,
 1/2 cup sugar Southern Style

Line pie plate with pastry. Combine eggs, salt, and sugar; add milk gradually, then add coconut, and mix thoroughly. Pour into pie shell. Bake in hot oven (400°F.) 15 minutes, then decrease heat to moderate (350°F.) and bake 30 minutes longer.

(All measurements are level.)

BAKER'S COCONUT



Write for free recipe book to General Foods, Limited, Sterling Tower, Toronto.

A2-31M

A House in Red and Brown

Continued from page 15

your astonishment that it cannot be done — at least the harassed builder or architect will tell you—but persevere. They may not want to do it because forsooth you have offended some of their pre-conceived ideas of planning, but in this instance be a 'No, no'—not a 'Yes, yes' person or

cleanliness and comfort are combined. I have shown three different toilets on this plan. There is one room that the architect becomes also the interior decorator. In the bathroom he does more than plan the formal arrangement and openings. He actually

complete room with cupboards, linen closet and medicine closets designed for toilet purposes. The floor is a square tiled pattern in reds and browns, and the wainscot repeats this design, while the walls are a tinted plaster. A bathroom is shown off the master's room. I would stress the importance of installing good fixtures and also of non-rusting piping, with provision made that all the plumbing piping is easily accessible.

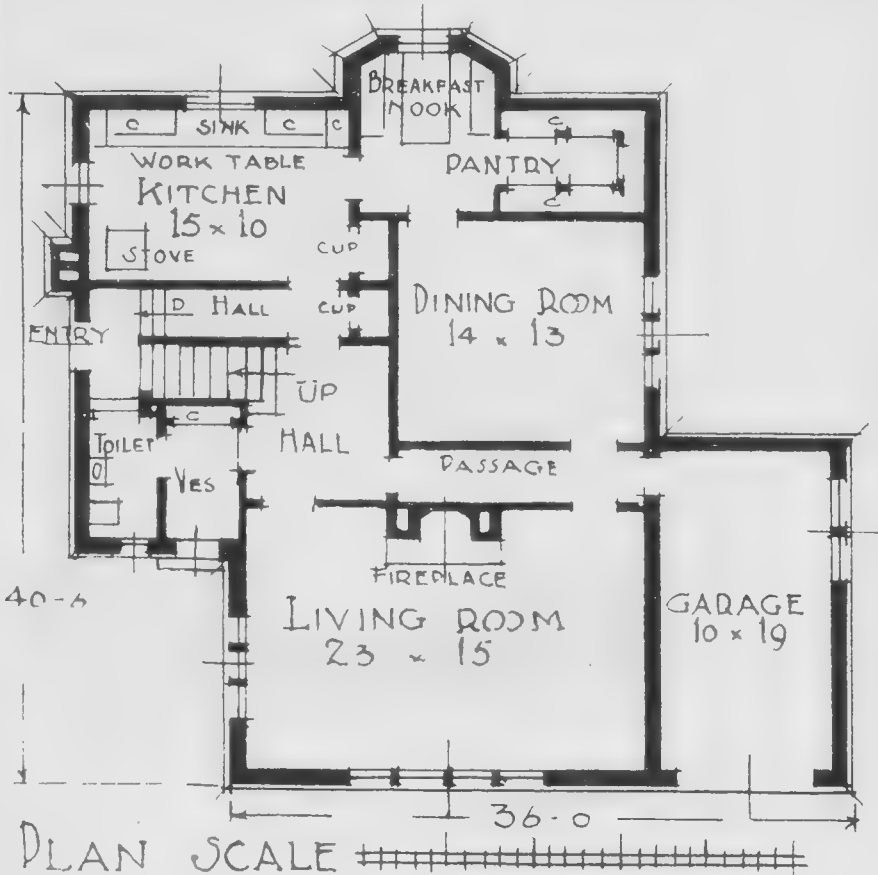
HOW important the interior of a home is. It is the soul of the home. Read the interlude of Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," in Sudbury Town, a description that has given Henry Ford the Heaven sent idea of preserving the old hostelry in its old fashioned perfection. The soul of the house dwelt in its timbers. Every house that can be called a home has its traditions. Who of us have not read Yeats' "Land of Heart's Desire," and remember the setting at the beginning of the short play.

"The kitchen of Maureen Bruin's house. An open grate with a turf fire is at the left side of the room with a table in front of it . . . Shawn Bruin is setting the table for supper."

If you have not read this exquisite little poem—don't wait! I bought it for fifteen cents and have never recovered from its mystery—the Irish folk living in the old homestead, their implicit faith in the fairies, and listen to this:

"O, you are the great door-post of this house,
 And I the red nasturtium climbing up."

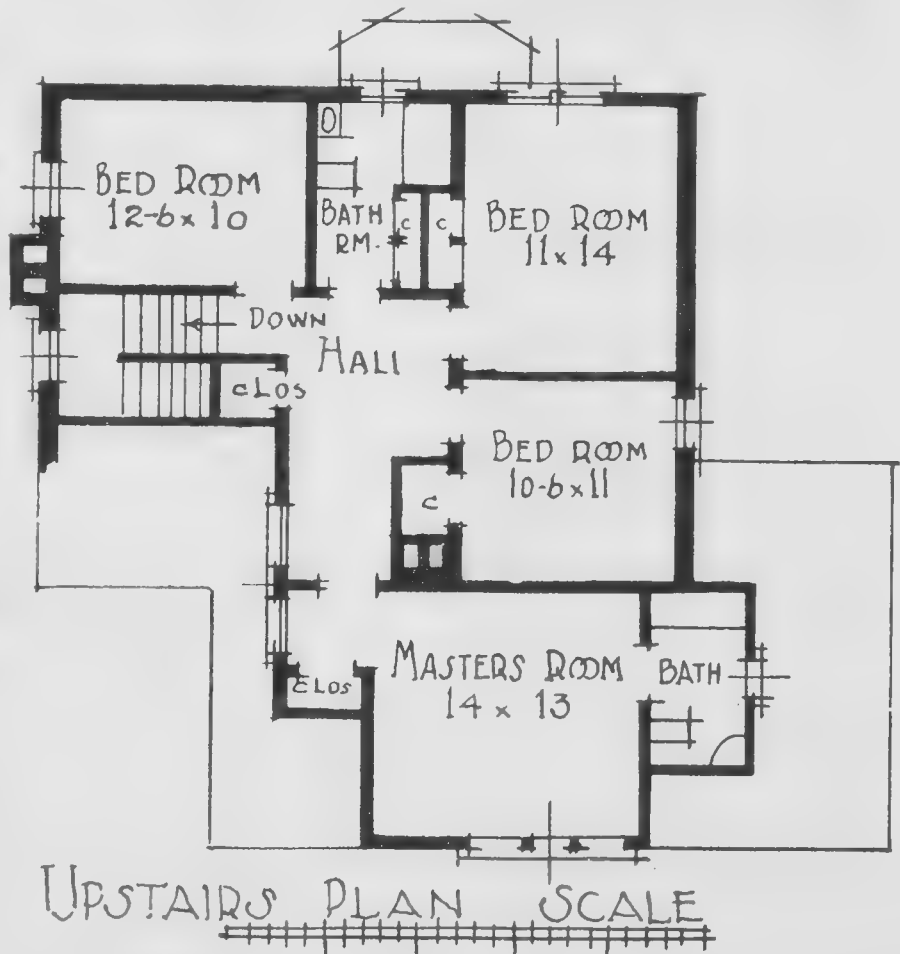
The first step we take into a house is on the floor, and curiously enough all our re-actions follow from this first step. One of the fundamentals of floors is that they should be dark,



know the reason why. I remember when a young draughtsman in Ottawa, a member of the Civil Service wished his home with a great chimney on the front. In those days, long past, the regulation design was Georgian or Colonial and the chimney affronted all those preconceived architectural ideals. It was built, and years after I saw it covered with Virginia Creeper, a lovely homey building.

THE outside of this home explains itself. It is almost impossible to lay down definite rules governing the planning of your home. Personal habits and ideas are all important factors and what might prove inadequate for one would be entirely satisfactory to another. Think over this plan. It was originally built somewhat the same for a man who had his private rooms for the entertainment of his men friends in the basement, and therefore, you will perceive the necessity of private passages from the garage and down the stairs. A toilet was planned off the vestibule with access to the stairs and also from the side entry. Under the living room is the billiard room with a small lounging and smoking room off it. I considered for some time the convenience of a narrow steep back stairs which would if planned start in the kitchen where the cupboards are and land in the main hall upstairs, but if you will look at the plan carefully it will be seen that the main stairs are so conveniently placed that a second stair is not required. The toilet brings us to the toilet accessories. We are no longer content with mere convenience and utility. In to-day's toilet fixtures we can get a grace of form and color. To many, the day of the cold white walled cell is past. We have transformed the bathroom into a livable chamber where

directs the selection and positions of the fixtures and accessories. The main bathroom is conveniently situated off the upstairs hall and has a gracefully modelled bath of solid white



porcelain, set into the recess formed between the outside wall and the dresser cupboards. Instead of the usual stodgy bathroom we have a

but this can be overcome in the case of Birch or Maple by dark rugs. Oak naturally is the traditional floor for

[Continued on page 56]

Dollars and Cents

Continued from page 50

Answers to Queries

Prince Albert, Sask.

Q.—Will you please advise me as to the standing of The Canadian Hardware and Implement Underwriters of Winnipeg? Is this a safe company to insure with?—J.T.T.

A.—The Canadian Hardware and Implement Underwriters are a well-established company, and insurance written with them should prove quite satisfactory.

Seech, Man.

Q.—Could you give me some information as to the Canadian Farm Implements Company, Medicine Hat, Alberta. I hold 100 shares, \$1.00 per share to the above company. Also let me have any information to regard standing of this company.—P.B.

A.—We have not very much information as to the Canadian Farm Implements Company, but the information which we have leads us to believe that the shares in this company are an unattractive speculation. We would not recommend the purchase of the shares of this company.

Duncan, B.C.

Q.—I have some stock in International Text Book Company and also in the International Educational Publishing Company, both of which pay very few dividends. Could you advise me if these companies are apt to pay dividends in the future?—C.C.

A.—We regret that we can give you no information on either of the above companies. We are not sure whether they are American companies or not but if so they are outside the scope of the service which we offer to our subscribers.

Rumsey, Alta.

Q.—Could you kindly give me some information on The Empire Home Benefit Association, located at suites 70-71 McLean Building, 142 West Hastings Street, Vancouver, B.C. Is it reliable? Do you consider their insurance policy a good one to take out?—T.C.O.

A.—We have no record of the above company. It does not appear on the last list of Insurance Companies licensed to do business by the Dominion of Canada. We would suggest that before taking any insurance in this company you write to the Department of Insurance at Edmonton to ascertain whether the company is licensed to do business in Alberta. If the company is not licensed in Alberta it may be you would have considerable difficulty collecting on your policy in the event of a loss.

Vancouver, B.C.

Q.—Kindly let me know if you have any information regarding oil affairs at Medicine Hat.

I hold some shares in the Medicine Hat Petroleum Company. They had drilled in quite a long time in what they called the "Bulls Head" well and in a time had good prospects but of late have heard nothing of it. Quite a number of C.P.R. Railway men were interested in it, all good dependable men.—M.E.

A.—We believe that the Medicine Hat Petroleum Company is at present dormant, and apparently the company has not been active for a year or more. According to our records R. MacNeil is the president and the head office of the company is at Moose Jaw and if you write there the company may be able to give you more information.

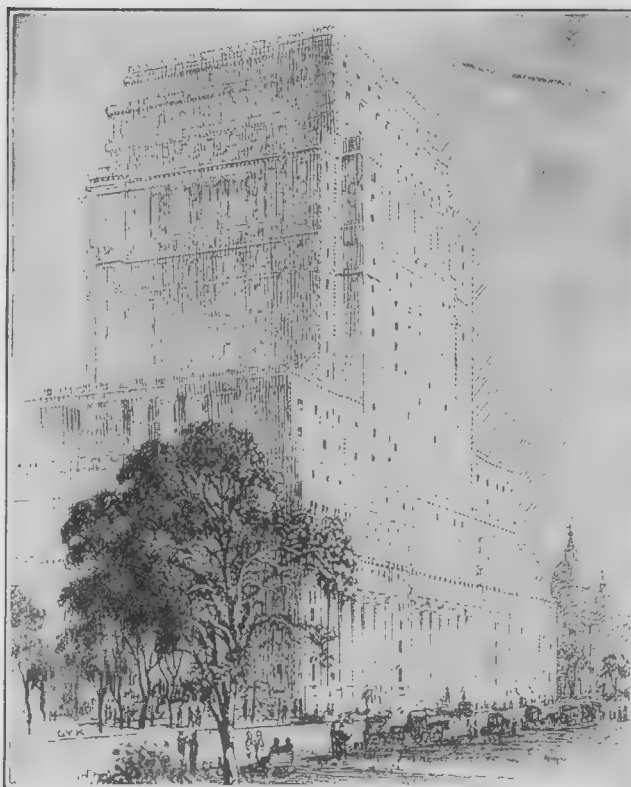
DIAMOND JUBILEE YEAR

1871 - 1931

SIX DECADES

ASSURANCES
IN FORCE

1880
\$3,907,000
1890
\$16,759,000
1900
\$57,980,000
1910
\$143,549,000
1920
\$486,641,000
1930
\$2,863,701,000



Head Office Building, Montreal

SIX DECADES

ASSETS

1880
\$473,000
1890
\$2,473,000
1900
\$10,486,000
1910
\$38,164,000
1920
\$114,839,000
1930
\$588,733,000

SIXTY YEARS OF PROGRESS

STATEMENT FOR 1930 & NOTES FROM DIRECTORS' REPORT

NEW ASSURANCES

PAID FOR (net) - \$705,678,000

ASSURANCES IN

FORCE (net) - \$2,863,701,000

TOTAL INCOME

(net) - - - \$186,662,000

PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS
AND BENEFICIARIES

IN 1930 - - - \$81,274,000

PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS
AND BENEFICIARIES SINCE

ORGANIZATION \$500,949,000

TOTAL LIABILITIES \$552,201,000
(including paid up Capital Stock)

SURPLUS AND CONTINGENCY

RESERVE - - - \$36,532,000

ASSETS, AT DECEMBER

31st, 1930 - - - \$588,733,000

In a year in which all classes of business have encountered many difficulties, the Company has made gratifying progress. New policies paid for show an increase of \$51,227,652.32, both the ordinary and group departments making substantial gains.

Total assurances in force show an increase of \$462,464,542.58. This gain represents a very high rate of persistency, indicating the high value placed by our policyholders on their contracts with the Company in a period of extreme financial pressure.

The number of policies and group assurance certificates outstanding passed the million mark during the year.

The total net income shows an increase of \$13,804,544.54.

The total payments to policyholders and beneficiaries since organization . . . equal the total assurances in force in the Company's fiftieth year (ten years ago).

The mortality among our policyholders has been highly favourable.

The rate of interest earned on the mean invested assets was 6.44 per cent.

Profits paid to policyholders during the year amounted to \$25,641,231.04.

In a year of almost unprecedented business depression the outstanding quality of the investments has been strikingly shown. The actual cash dividends received on the total common stocks held by the Company were \$969,103.84 in excess of the dividends payable on those identical shares in 1929. . . . Even on the basis of the low prices at the close of the year our common stock holdings show a substantial excess of market value over cost.

Profits to policyholders entitled to participate during the ensuing year will be again allotted on the scale at present in operation.

The special Maturity Dividend is also continued on the basis announced last year.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE
COMPANY OF CANADA

Strong

With Capital and Reserves of over \$74,000,000 and Assets in excess of \$800,000,000, the Bank of Montreal, whose always high percentage of liquid reserves is traditional, is one of the world's strongest banks.



BANK OF MONTREAL

Established 1817

TOTAL ASSETS IN EXCESS OF \$800,000,000



Summary of 25th Annual Report of

THE MONARCH LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE WINNIPEG

Reflects Stability and Growth

Assurance in Force\$63,900,511.00
New and Revived Assurance 12,143,916.00
Paid to Policyholders Since Organization 4,140,675.87

An Increase of A MILLION DOLLARS has been made in Assets, which now exceed TEN MILLION DOLLARS.

For more than TWENTY YEARS the INTEREST EARNING POWER has exceeded 7½ per cent. This year—7.66 per cent.

SECURITY: Two strong proofs of the excellence of the investments are: The small total amount of Real Estate on hand, \$62,706.46; Over 97 per cent of the interest on \$3,000,000.00 City Mortgages was collected.

As at Dec. 31st	Assurance in Force	Assets	Cumulative Payments to Policyholders
1914	\$7,427,697.00	\$609,072.70	\$75,023.14
1922	32,431,349.00	3,000,373.85	746,769.38
1930	63,900,511.00	10,070,439.29	4,140,675.87



TO GROW THE BEST, SOW THE BEST
STEELE, BRIGGS' SEEDS

Sold everywhere in Canada.
Send for illustrated catalogue

STEELE, BRIGGS SEED CO. LIMITED
"CANADA'S GREATEST SEED HOUSE"
WINNIPEG - REGINA - EDMONTON



Hair OFF

Face Lips Chin

Unloved I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face... unloved... discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids... even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with this secret. My FREE Book, "Getting Rid of All Ugly, Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, 98-96 Church St., Dept. 684 Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISERS, PLEASE MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY



Magic Scouring Pads
Cleans and Shines Pots and Pans like a flash

Makes Aluminum sparkle like new. You need no soap, powder, rag or brush. The cleaning compound is in the pad itself.

Just wet the pad and rub

Sold at Grocery, Hardware, department and variety stores

MADE IN CANADA



A House in Red and Brown

Continued from page 54

a home. It must be realised that the floor is not only a part of the background of the room but the foundation from which to build all the decorative schemes upon. To some decorators a light floor, Maple or Birch is anathema, but that is because they are thinking in tones of red or brightly colored rugs. I have designed some splendid rooms with a waxed Maple floor, using dark rugs and mahogany furniture which reflect in the deep glow of the finished hardwood, and in school and public building a maple floor is an ideal floor. But we must always think of the floor as a foundation for our scheme of decorations. Oak is the choice of floor for this home. A decorative unit can be built upon this plan by the intelligent use of oak floor, oak panelling, and the stairs in oak. In the kitchen over the hardwood floor use a heavy linoleum, but the floor under should be in maple. Writing of linoleum brings to mind the insulating material on the inside. There are many insulations manufactured. Cork seems to be one of the approved methods but there are many first class insulating felts on the market.

I write of oak, and to many I suppose this is an expensive awe-inspiring floor, the thoughts going back to the old oak floor of one and one half inches thick. If you will examine one of these old floors as I have done, both in maple and oak, with the exception of thresholds or stair treads the wear in a hundred of years is not perceptible. I have seen a maple stairs in Massachusetts which are still being used after a hundred years treading. The steps are worn but that is generally because the ascent was on one side. So now we can get our floors in commercial sizes that when properly laid will outlast many lives. I will give a few ideas of how to know and lay a hardwood floor. It is commercially manufactured in three thicknesses. There is the ¾-inch thickness. This is used to re-lay over old soft wood floors, and for the upstairs over a sub-floor. Then there is the ½-inch thick and the 13/16-inch thick. This last is the ideal floor to lay in a good house, and let me advise you from painful experience to lay a good floor. There have been more heartfelt lamentations over splinters in floors than anything else in home building. You cannot sweep it! You cannot wash it, and the only remedy is to replane and even then the splinters come up. The standard widths of hardwood are with ¾-inch thick, one and a half inches wide and one and

three quarters; with the ½-inch thick the widths are one and a half, and the three quarters and two inches; the 13/16-inches thick comes in the same widths and also of two inches, two and a quarter and two and a half inches. When your specification is made or when the work is being done that is the time to be on guard. Make sure that a good insulating water proofed paper is laid on the sub-floor before laying the finished floor, and also make sure that plenty of nails are used. In the thicker floor use two and a half cut nails every twelve or fifteen inches. With the half-inch floor nail every eight inches with two inch casing nails, and the three-eighth inch floor every six or eight inches with one and a half inch finishing nails, and see that the proper blocks are used for casing the floor. This seems a lot of technical stuff apparently of little value, but remember you live on your floors, and that renewal of floors is rather an expensive thing. A number two or 'second' material can be easily put down without careful watching on your part. I will give some more ideas for oak flooring as this house would be finished in oak. The first grade has one face practically free of defects, excepting three eighths of an inch of sap. This is easily seen by examination of a bundle, and one of the safe-guards to the owner is that the lengths in the first grade are from two feet to sixteen feet long with not over 15 per cent under three and a half feet in length. The color is not to be a factor in judging.

THE walls and ceiling are of plaster and the finish will depend entirely upon how you wish to decorate them, wall paper or frescoes. In the downstairs living rooms I would prefer a sand finish. The kitchen walls above the wainscoting in a smooth hard wall plaster, with the wainscoting either in a tile or in specially prepared cement finish. The sketch gives a suggestion of what can be done with the cupboard space. A breakfast nook is shown and should make a charming and sensible dinette. The fireplace in the living room is of a brown roughish brick, with a raked joint in black mortar. In the garage the doors to the home are fireproof and the outside doors are the overhead folding type. The height of the stories of this house are basement, seven feet in the clear; main floor nine feet and the upstairs eight feet, six inches.

Canada's New Challenger

Continued from page 21

with separate wards, a dental surgery, Turkish Bath, and a room for treatment with violet rays, are in addition to the amenities already cited, only a few of the many worth indicating.

Then there are the "Empress of Britain's" engines. Her quadruple screws are driven by powerful single reduction geared turbines of a total power of 65,000 shaft horse power, the steam for which is supplied by nine single-ended Yarrow boilers, each unit of which is larger than anything that has yet been installed on board a vessel, and they embody the very latest experience in the use of high pressure steam and superheat. Her great boilers burn oil, and finally, the liner is adequately subdivided

with watertight bulkheads; she possesses a perfect equipment of life-saving apparatus, including every form of wireless and signalling. Motor boats are fitted with wireless and searchlights, emergency boats, and the latest buoyancy apparatus.

It is no wonder then, that a day early in June, will be a gala one, not only for the Ancient Capital of Canada, but the entire Dominion from coast to coast. For in that month is the new Canadian Challenger due to arrive at Quebec. And when she does, her size, speed and beauty will at once become one of the most important factors in trans-Atlantic travel—linking the countries of Europe, Canada, the United States and the Orient by more rapid transportation.



OWING to the large number of enquiries it has again been impossible to insert the usual article on some legal topic. Answers have been mailed directly to all enquirers whose letters do not appear in this column.

Salvadore, Sask.

A. You apparently are misinformed as to the nature of the proceedings which must be taken in having a person declared a lunatic. The Saskatchewan Lunacy Act provides that such proceedings are to be taken before a Judge of the Court of King's Bench and not before a Justice of the Peace. The Act does not prescribe any particular evidence as being necessary and your reference to the necessary signatures and examination is not conclusive of the sort of evidence which the Court must consider in enquiring as to the sanity of any person. The Court can consider any evidence it sees fit in deciding the issue.

If you can prove your statements you have a right of action for damages against all those concerned in obtaining your detention in the asylum. The amount of the damages which you could recover from each of the persons depends upon the actual facts and whether these persons were justified in taking these proceedings. The value of any Judgment recovered will depend upon the solvency of the Judgment debtors.

We would suggest that you consult a solicitor and obtain his considered opinion on all the circumstances because the matter is much too involved to be solved by correspondence.

Norquay, Sask.

Q. In 1928 my husband suddenly went insane. He was taken to the Battleford Mental Home. I am supposed to pay 75c. a day hospital fee which has been impossible as my husband left a lot of debts. Does this hospital bill go against the land and can the government take our home? Why should I be charged 75c. a day when I know of another case that only has \$8.00 a month to pay? I was strongly advised to take out administration papers which I did, paying \$100.00 for same. We have half section of land, \$2,000.00 debts against it, we owe the bank \$900.00. What could I do to get these hospital fees reduced? Could the government put this against the land?—"Irish Lass."

A. We are unable to advise you whether the amount which the hospital is charging you is a reasonable sum or the usual charge. You will realize that your husband's property is liable for payment of his debts. At the same time he will have considerable exemptions allowed to him by law, and he would be entitled to retain them. If your husband is detained under the provisions of the Mental Defective Act of 1930 the Minister of Public Health may register a certificate of the expense to which the Province has been put in maintaining your husband. This certificate becomes a charge on the property similar to the charge created by an execution issued under a regular court judgment. The Minister can take proceedings similar to those which any other creditor may take to enforce his claim. Any such claim is subject to his right to claim the

statutory exemptions. Only those legally liable and capable of supporting your husband can be made to pay his expenses. As there is no liability on you to support your husband they cannot force you to make the payment personally.

Elrose, Sask.

Q. In 1928 I bought a section of company land. There is a spring of water on the south end of this section and a trail running to same. The road allowance has never been opened yet. Can I close trail and also stop anyone from hauling water from the spring? Does the spring belong to me?—D.D.

A. Unless there is some reservation from your title set out in the original grant from the Crown or some subsequent conveyance we believe that you have a right to fence your property and close off the trail and prevent other people taking any water from your spring. You alone have any right to the water from the spring. You might not be able to divert all the overflow from the spring if there is any flowing on to other land.

Saskatchewan

Q. A man dies leaving will of everything to wife. If his wife remarries do the children get anything, or does her remarrying annul the will completely, property to be divided then among children?—"Subscriber."

A. If the man dies and by his will leaves everything to his wife then it is her property. Whatever the wife does after the husband dies cannot affect the interpretation of the will in this sense, that if the will is an absolute gift to her then the property is hers, no matter whether she remarries again or not. For the children to be entitled to anything there must be an appropriate clause on their behalf in the will.

Saskatoon, Sask.

Q. A sells a farm in Saskatchewan to B who pays one quarter cash and gives agreement for sale for balance. Terms of agreement are that B is to pay an annual equal cash payment. Through non-payments B now owes more on the agreement than he did when it was executed eleven years ago. B is deeply in debt to the machine companies who seize a portion of the crop each year, leaving little for B and none for A. Is there any other redress for A than to regain possession of the farm?—"Subscriber."

A. Your query arrived too late for the February issue of the magazine. A has exactly the same rights as the machine companies to share in the crop, and in fact is in a more superior position because under the usual form of mortgage or agreement A will be able to distrain on a sufficient portion of the crop to pay at least the annual interest on his agreement, and this distress right will be prior to the rights of any execution creditor, the distress being made under what is called the attornment clause in the mortgage or agreement. It has the effect of making the vendor a landlord. There is no reason why the vendor should not obtain this payment in priority to any other creditors. The vendor may also sue on the agreement for the amount owing to him and have the sheriff collect same or foreclose the agreement.

If you weigh its advantages you'll favor this plan

A LIFE INCOME for your wife! An education for your children! A generous "clean-up" fund to pay off mortgage and debts! These are the three valuable protective features offered by

**The Great-West
THREE-WAY
FAMILY PROTECTION
POLICY**

... features embodied only in this special form of life insurance, and at moderate cost.

When you weigh its advantages you will favor this new Great-West plan. It is actually three policies in one ... a plan that gives a large amount of insurance at a cost within reach of the average man.

MAIL THIS COUPON
The Great-West Life Assurance Company,
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Dept. 45-D
Without obligation please mail me complete details of your new Three-Way Family Protection Policy.

Name

Address

THE GREAT-WEST LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY
HEAD OFFICE · WINNIPEG

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The solidity and long experience of this Bank strongly invite consideration. On the personal side—our managers will be found to take a friendly interest in their customers, glad to talk over their problems and to be helpful in any business or personal matter.

Write for location of our nearest branch

THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA
ESTABLISHED 1832

Capital \$12,000,000 Reserve \$24,000,000
Resources \$275,000,000

General Office, Toronto—J. A. McLeod, General Manager



NIGHT COUGHS that disturb your sleep

THOSE sleep-disturbing coughs of children that come on in the dead of night can be quickly checked with Vicks VapoRub.

Just rubbed on throat and chest, Vicks gives off medicated vapors which are inhaled direct to the air-passages; at the same time, it acts through the skin like a poultice or plaster.

This two-fold external treatment has a most remarkable effect in easing the breathing and relieving the cough, thus enabling both mother and child to sleep peacefully.

Mothers especially prefer Vicks for all cold troubles because it avoids constant "dosing," so disturbing to delicate digestions.

Equally good for adults.

VICKS VAPORUB

26
21
17
OVER 17 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

A Great Deal of pleasure

FOR
5¢

YOU get in
WRIGLEY'S
the most that
chewing gum
offers.

Try a package
today and see
how good good
gum can be.
The day's work
goes much
easier with
WRIGLEY'S.



WRIGLEY'S

CHEWING GUM CL16

Why experiment with
unfamiliar soaps and lotions

Cuticura

has brought relief and happiness for fifty years
to millions all over the world
Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c. Talcum 25c.

Do It With Draperies

Continued from page 26



fastened to the wall with silver screws in the modern manner. At each side of it will stand a rather tall and quite narrow chest of drawers — though "chest" does seem a big word to apply to them, for they are only about fourteen inches wide; bought unfinished, they are to be lacquered the soft green of the damask. A stool, with similar finish, is to have a seat-cover of the damask and can be used before the glass, for the great mirror and its attendant sets of drawers replace both bureau and dressing-table, in the room I am planning.

With a comfortable little chair, green-covered, and two small rugs of goldy camel's hair type, I expect to have at once a most interesting and restful bedroom—and at as little expense as the accessories would be ordinarily.

OUR illustration above shows another bedroom treatment that makes generous use of fabric. The bed sketched is an exceedingly well-liked type these days, with its simple head and no footboard at all, just the two posts that serve merely to anchor the bedclothes.

There are two ways to achieve the cover-effect illustrated. One is to fasten the side flounce to a plain cotton spread exactly fitted to the surface of the bed and to drop the required number of inches at each side. The spread that matches the flounce is then made quite straight, in this case falling to the same point just clearing the floor at the foot of the bed, and extending to cover the pillows at the head. Another, and often preferable way, would be to attach the whole flounce to the cotton under-spread. If the flounce is attached to the actual spread, it will have to lie under the pillows, and a matching cover made for them or for the day-time bolster.

The best method seems to be the flounce that is attached to an exactly-fitted sheet or sateen slip, which fits over the box-spring but under the mattress; this starts the flounce from a point that gives a nice balance to the bed of ordinary height, and the

actual bedspread falls at each side (and at the foot if it is open) far enough to nicely overlap it. Arranging the flounce in this way makes it unnecessary to remove it at night—and thus saves a great deal of crushing; when it has come off to be cleaned or laundered, there is of course no difficulty about it.

Very modern—and it must be admitted, very smart—is the couch type of bed, single or double, which has no wood showing at all. It may be chosen for one of several reasons—its newness as one, or for absolute economy, as a second reason (for the simplest spring cot can be used to good effect), or to provide the last word in comfort for an expenditure limited chiefly to a first class box spring and mattress, which can be mounted on the simplest of wood or metal frames—or in the ultra-modern mode, placed on a slightly larger wooden platform which is in turn covered with a tightly-drawn, precisely fitted fabric cover.

On such a bed, the flounce (or it may really be made flat, like a well-tailored valance) should certainly be mounted on a plain sheeting cover to go under the mattress; then the plain spread, with its bound edges, will lie smoothly over all. The night pillows may be put away and several cushions covered in the same material as the bed-cover, made to carry out the couch idea. Such a bed has everything to recommend it for the one-room or small apartment—although it really made its bow to modern fashion, in the most luxurious and elegant bedrooms in extravagantly complete and beautiful homes. Adaptability again!

MORE familiar than the fabric-covered beds, are the dressing-tables that have for long emphasized successfully their own peculiar charm. The draped dressing-table seems to fit in amazingly, in any type of room except the one that is severe or the heavy masculine room; apart from these, it goes equally well with dark polished woods or those finished in enamels or lacquers of delicate tone;

[Continued on page 76]



DISTINCTIVE BRIDGE CARDS

There is a marked distinction in the appearance and feel of these playing cards which make them the unanimous choice of Bridge Players.

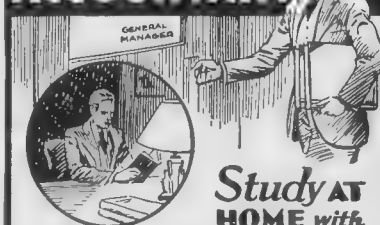


COLONIAL LINEN

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Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

Employment Guidance

FOR many months we have been urging in these columns that attention should be given in the West to what is generally known as vocational guidance as a factor in the satisfactory employment of young people. Recently the public school board of the city of Vancouver appointed a full time director of vocational guidance, whose duty it is to study the needs of various industries and occupations, to interest employers in the students who are being graduated from the public and high schools, and to help the students themselves in the selection of occupations in which they are most likely to be successful.

An interesting contribution comes from Australia, where the ex-premier of Queensland, in discussing the causes and effects of unemployment, refers in the following terms to the urgent need for a systematic provision of vocational guidance:

"One cause of unemployment is the lack of knowledge among young people regarding the prospects of continuous employment in different occupations. The 'dead end' occupation, providing neither a career nor a training, adds considerably to the number of potential unemployed. A similar problem arises for 'misfits' who have entered occupations for which they are unsuited. One urgent need is a nation-wide organization for providing guidance. This should adopt and develop methods of ascertaining the vocational aptitudes of young people and place before them and their parents detailed information regarding such occupations as they are suited to, such as wages, working conditions, prospects of advancement, risks of injury, sickness and unemployment. At present there is no systematic provision of such guidance but its introduction should divert young people out of trades in which there is no place for them, and away from vocations in which they will never be successful."

A Canadian Movement

VANCOUVER has officially recognized vocational guidance in connection with its public school system and several cities in the east have done something in the same direction. In Winnipeg it has been difficult to interest those most able to help in establishing the work and such work as has been done is very limited in extent and mostly of a volunteer nature.

A distinct step forward has been taken in Toronto and recently a national organization for promoting vocational guidance and educational counsel was founded under the title of the Canadian Educational Guidance Movement. The meeting was attended by the Hon. George S. Henry, premier of Ontario, who promised the movement the support of his government; Mr. E. W. Beatty, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company; Sir Robert Falconer, president of the University of Toronto, and other prominent public men.

Master and Servant

IT IS the duty, according to law, of a servant to serve his employer to the best of his ability and in the case of wilful disobedience to the lawful and reasonable order of the master or employer, or any misconduct inconsistent with the due and faithful performance of the duties for which he has been engaged, the servant may

be summarily dismissed without notice.

In the case of railway employees the law is the same as with employees in other occupations but the former have an advantage in the creation of railway boards of adjustment, to which appeals may be taken should employees feel that they have not been justly treated. The decision of these boards are reported from time to time in the Labor Gazette and it is interesting to note the thoughtful and sympathetic way in which the various cases are dealt with.

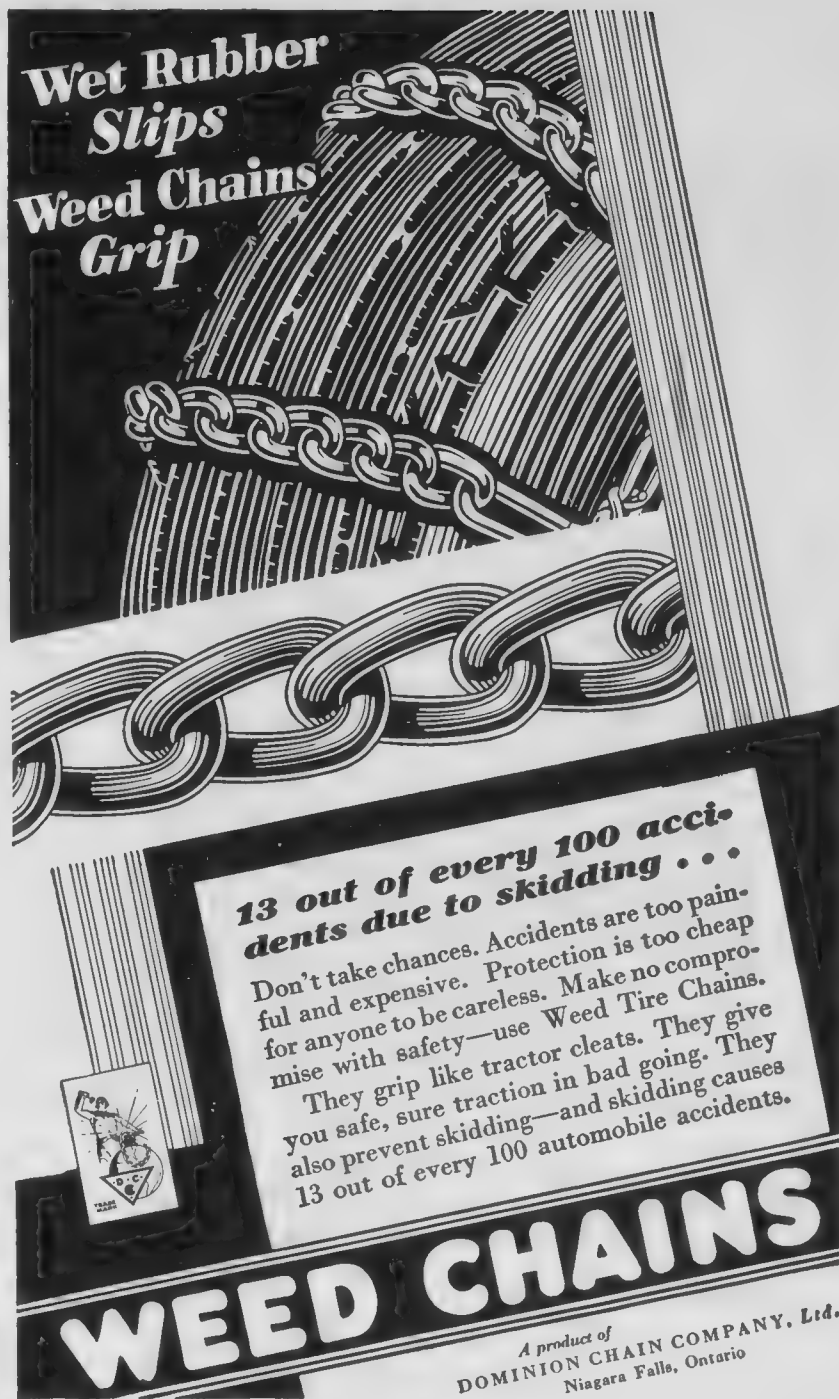
A recent example of the work of railway board of adjustment number one, is the case of a young man who was employed as agent at a station in one of the western provinces. He closed the station for the purpose of attending a hockey game at which he was to play, having failed to obtain permission to do so. He further submitted false information to his superior officer in connection with the incident. He was dismissed from the service for irregularities in his work and for disobeying instructions.

The employees' representatives, while conceding that an offence had been committed, claimed that the punishment was excessive, as the day when the incident occurred was a Civic Holiday, business being slack. The Board considered that the Company was entirely justified in dismissing this agent. However, having regard to the circumstances involved in the case, the youth of the man concerned, and "the general desire of all those entrusted with the operation of the railways to deal in reasonable charity with the mistakes of employees," the Board stated that it would regard it as a kindly act on the part of the general manager if the man was reinstated to the extent of being restored on the space board without loss of seniority for future promotion.

This incident should carry a lesson as to the importance of strict attention to duty on the part of employees and it shows at the same time how every effort is being made on the part of Canadian railways to secure efficiency in the interests of the public and to protect as far as possible employees who may become involved in difficulties in connection with matters of duty and discipline.

Overcrowding

A CORRESPONDENT writes to ask that a list of about fifteen occupations be sent to him, adding the stipulation that they must not be overcrowded. A letter has been sent to him with the explanation that in these industrial times an occupation that appears to need recruits to-day may be overcrowded tomorrow. There is some difficulty, too, in deciding just what is meant by overcrowding. Statements have appeared, for example, to the effect that the legal profession is overcrowded, but a law student who is making a good record in his studies, who is interested in the work, and who has every reason to believe that law is the work that he is best fitted for, would perhaps not be well advised to give up his ambitions because of reports of overcrowding. There is possibly some justification for the statement that there is always room in most occupations for efficient workers—for men who have enthusiasm for their chosen occupation and who back their enthusiasm by careful preparation for the work they will be called upon to do.



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equipment at no extra cost . . . and a smart variety of distinctive color harmonies.

The frame and axles have been strengthened. Refinements have been made to the shock absorbers and springs. There is greater ease in turning and parking, due to the entirely new steering gear and larger, 3-spoke wheel. You will appreciate the smoothness of the clutch and gear shift.

Give the Chevrolet Six a chance to win you! We will be glad to demonstrate. Once you try this bigger and finer Six, we are sure you will never be satisfied with less.

Chevrolet's policy has always been one of service to the public . . . The G M A C plan of deferred payments offers the lowest financing charges available . . . and the General Motors Owner Service Policy pledges lasting satisfaction.



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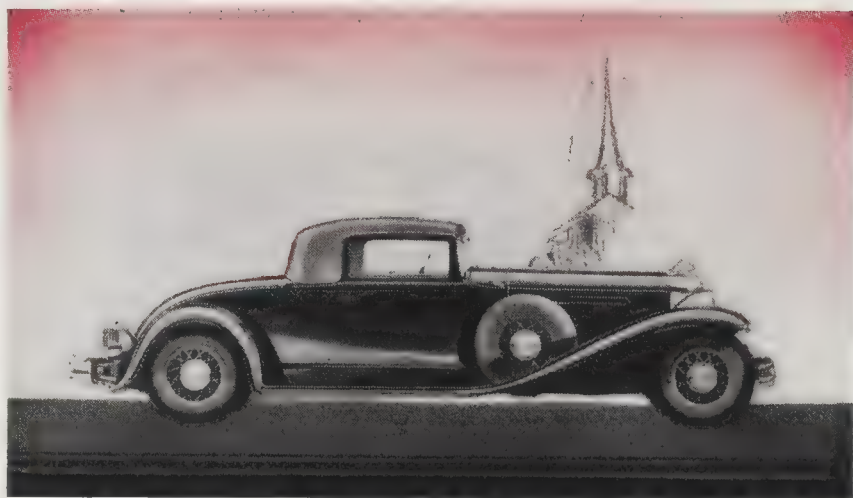
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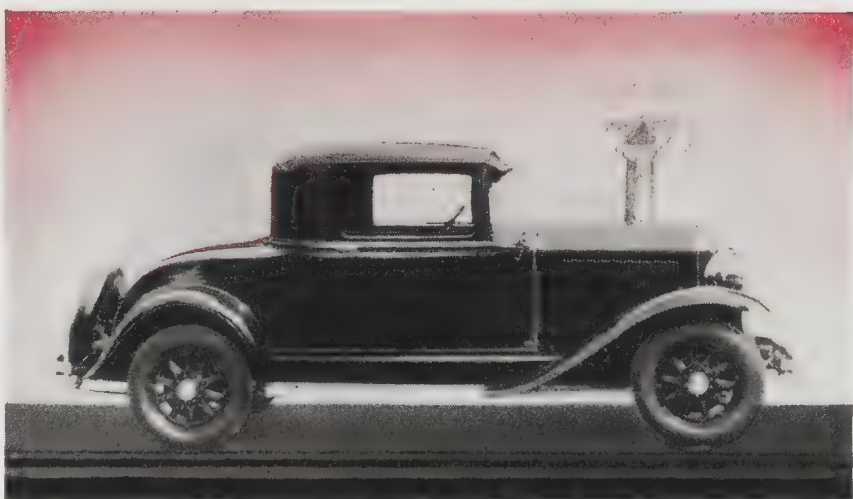
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Spring Offerings From the Motor Shows



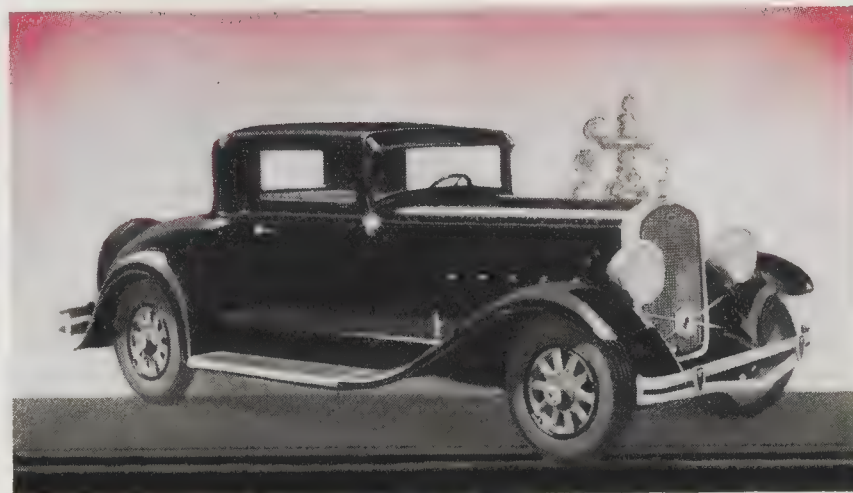
Chrysler Imperial Eight Coupe



McLaughlin Buick Straight Eight Standard Coupe



Nash Four Passenger Convertible Sedan



Greater Hudson Eight Coupe



The Six-63 Sedan

A Big Six of True Nash Quality \$1025

Built in response to a pronounced demand for Nash quality in the low price field — Offers a multitude of superiorities — at prices ranging from \$180 to \$205 below the prices of the comparable Six of 1930! — 114 $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch wheelbase — 7-bearing crankshaft — Upholstery of selected mohair. — Distinguished appearance — Powerful, flashing performance — Unmistakably, the greatest value in its field.

18 New Eights—\$1215 to \$2810 — 4 New Sixes—\$1025 to \$1090

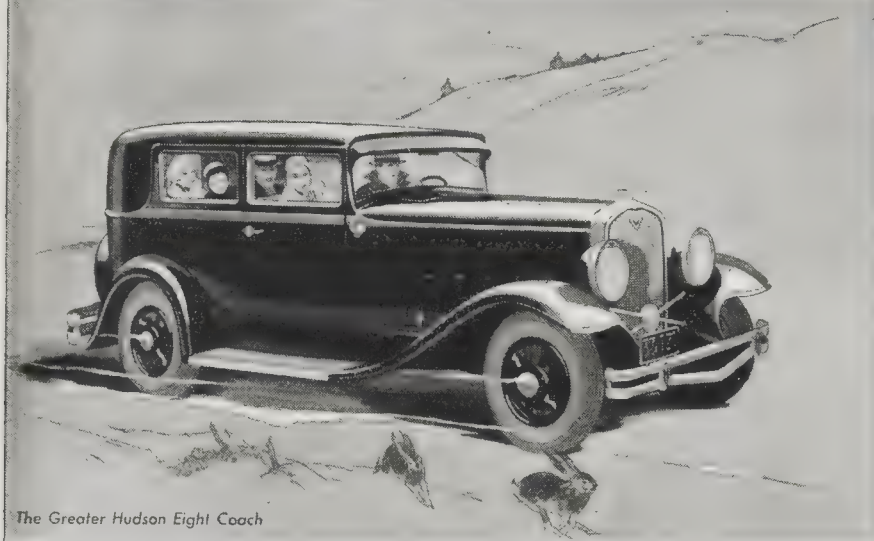
Above Prices are Canadian List, f. o. b. Factory and Include All Taxes

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The Greater Hudson Eight Coach

Now you can ride in Comfort and save money too!

There was a time when you had to pay two or three thousand dollars for an easy-riding car. Those days have gone forever! Hudson-Essex now brings you *Rare Riding Comfort* at prices all can afford.

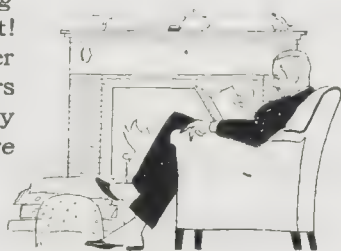
This comfort is not limited to freedom from road shocks. Four two-way hydraulic shock absorbers, patented Hudson-Essex spring construction and non-weaving frames take care of that. It extends to the vibrationless motors and to bodies that are insulated against drumming noises and drafts. It includes generous head-room and leg-room, wide doors and deep, form-fitting cushions. You will not tire on all-day drives in these cars! Wide seats permit you to shift position with perfect ease. You are never crowded.

Larger motors enhance speed, get-away and power. Added strength throughout assures greater reliability. Improved fuel systems bring new operating economy. You expect brilliant performance from Hudson-Essex—and you get it.

These cars look aristocratic and they are! Interiors are smartly done. Chrome-plated radiator grids and other attractive details make them distinctively *different* in outward appearance.

But you cannot see *Rare Riding Comfort*. You must experience it! Ask your nearest Hudson-Essex dealer to show you how easily these cars ride. Then think how easy it is to enjoy such beauty, performance and *Rare Riding Comfort* at prices so low!

Hudson and Essex Comfort is
Like Your Favorite Fireside Chair



OWNER-MANAGEMENT PERMITS EXCLUSIVE VALUE ADVANTAGES

Owner-management enables Hudson-Essex to give you outstanding advantages in quality and price. The men who are now guiding its destinies have been with the company since its inception twenty-two years ago. Its department heads and principal distributors are its controlling owners. Their independence is backed by unusually large resources in capital and plant facilities. It enables Hudson-Essex to lead in design and engineering. It permits economies in manufacture and distribution that bring exceptional quality direct to the public at distinct price advantages.

\$730
ESSEX SUPER SIX
CHALLENGER
COACH or BUSINESS COUPE

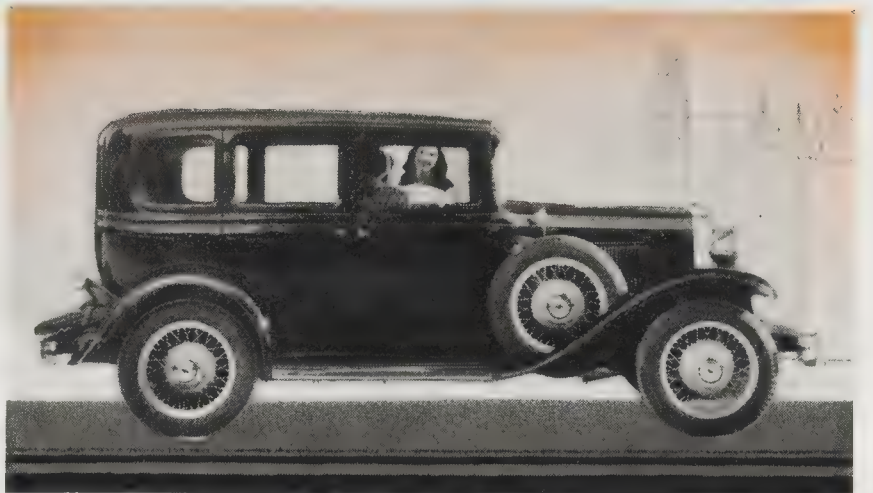
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The GREATER HUDSON 8
BUSINESS COUPE (COACH \$1090)

Other body models as attractively priced. Special equipment extra.
All prices F. O. B. Windsor, duty only paid

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Around the Firesides of Canada



"More important than all the deliberations of the industry are the family councils on the performance of cars, the atmosphere of service stations and the courtesy of salesmen. Millions of daughters, mothers, sons and fathers are writing the future of the automotive business around the fireside—with no one there to plead the case of the manufacturer, car or dealer. And the verdicts are final."—Motor Magazine.

The verdict, with relation to cars priced between \$1290 and \$2900, is clear-cut and conclusive: . . . Fifty-eight out of every one hundred buyers of eights in this field choose the Straight Eight by McLaughlin-Buick, while the remainder divide their purchases among 14 other makes. And eighty-eight per cent. of McLaughlin-Buick Owners—almost nine out of ten—return to buy McLaughlin-Buicks again and again.

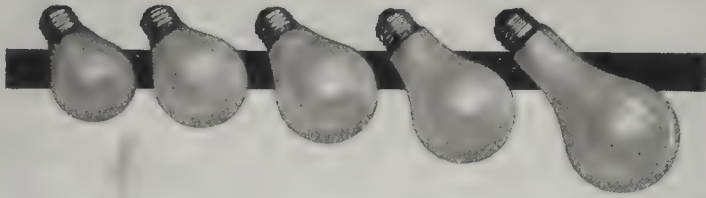


The Straight Eight by **McLaughlin-Buick**

A G E N E R A L M O T O R S V A L U E

4 SERIES . . . 4 PRICE RANGES . . . ALL WITH SYNCRO-MESH TRANSMISSION

LACO MAZDA LAMPS

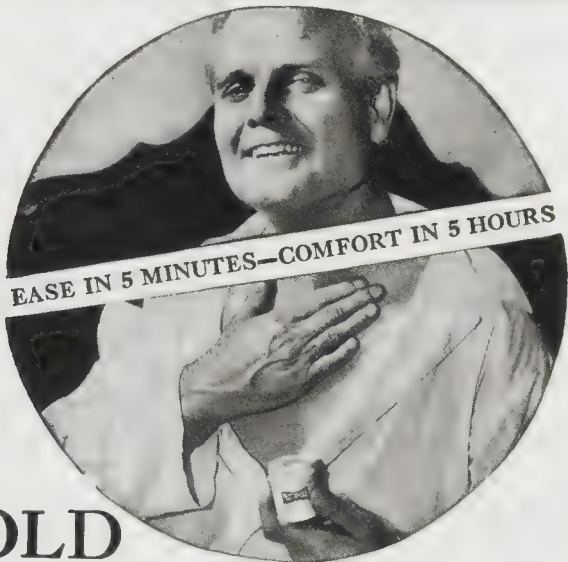


A SIZE FOR EVERY USE

THE right lamp in the right place is the principle of modern lighting. Laco Mazda Inside Frosted Lamps are made in 15, 25, 40, 60 and 100 watt sizes, so that every need in the modern home can be supplied.

A MODERN MAZDA PRODUCT

Ask your dealer for them



EASE IN 5 MINUTES—COMFORT IN 5 HOURS

Stop that COLD ... before it stops you!

It takes a "counter-irritant" to get quick action

COMMON head colds often "settle" in throat and chest where they may become dangerous—draw them out with Musterole, which gets action because it is a "counter-irritant"—not just a salve. It warms, penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, brings congestion to the surface, and thus gives real relief.

But don't be satisfied with the noticeable relief



you should experience from the first Musterole rub—*apply it every hour for five hours* and you'll be amazed at the result!

This famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients brings relief naturally. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Keep Musterole handy—jars and tubes.

Women Wanted

to sew for us at home. Sewing machine necessary. No selling.

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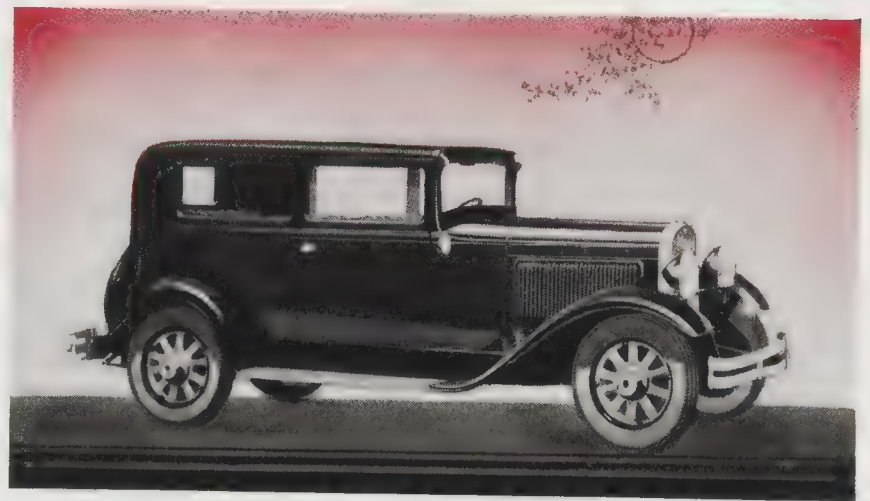
Spring Offerings From the Motor Shows



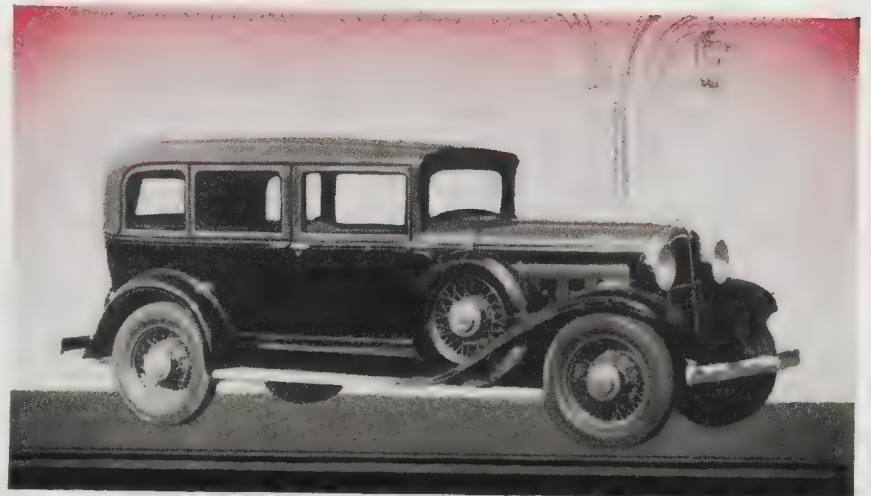
Pontiac Six 1931 Standard Coupe



New Dodge Eight Sedan



Super Six Essex Coach



Willys Eight Cylinder Sedan



You are invited to drive the
NEW OLDSMOBILE
 improved in performance . . . enhanced in value



There can be no more convincing proof of Oldsmobile's dependability than the word of Oldsmobile owners. Talk to your friends who drive Oldsmobile . . . men and women who have experienced its trustworthiness over the months and the miles. Then judge the enhanced value of the 1931 model which has been improved in performance . . . yet is offered at new lower prices.

Here is a car developed on sound original principles and benefitting from more than 30 years progressive design . . . a car which contributes more to the comfort, safety and pleasure of motoring than many costlier automobiles.

First of many major advancements is the Syncro-Mesh Transmission which eliminates gear clash and permits an

easy, silent change from first, to the new quiet second, to high . . . then back to second if necessary. Oldsmobile is the lowest priced car with this new-type transmission. Improvements to Oldsmobile's famous engine contribute increased power, greater smoothness, and quicker pick-up. Body and chassis are built as one unit for utmost strength and longer life. And the Fisher bodies, now insulated against cold and noise, are smarter in appearance, with a new, deeper radiator design.

Visit your community dealer and at his invitation, drive the new Oldsmobile. Learn the advantages of the General

Motors Owner Service Policy, and of the GMAC, General Motors' own plan of deferred payments.

OLDSMOBILE

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

SYNCRIO-MESH TRANSMISSION

permits smooth, silent shift from first to second to high . . . and back to second.

NEW QUIET SECOND GEAR

assures smooth, swift acceleration rivaling high gear performance in quietness.

NEW EASY STARTING

—starter when engaged, automatically opens throttle to proper starting position.

DOWN-DRAFT CARBURETOR

gives increased power, higher speed, faster acceleration, and greater smoothness.



AUTOMATIC MANIFOLD

warms up engine quickly and gives it improved performance at all speeds.

INSULATED FISHER BODIES

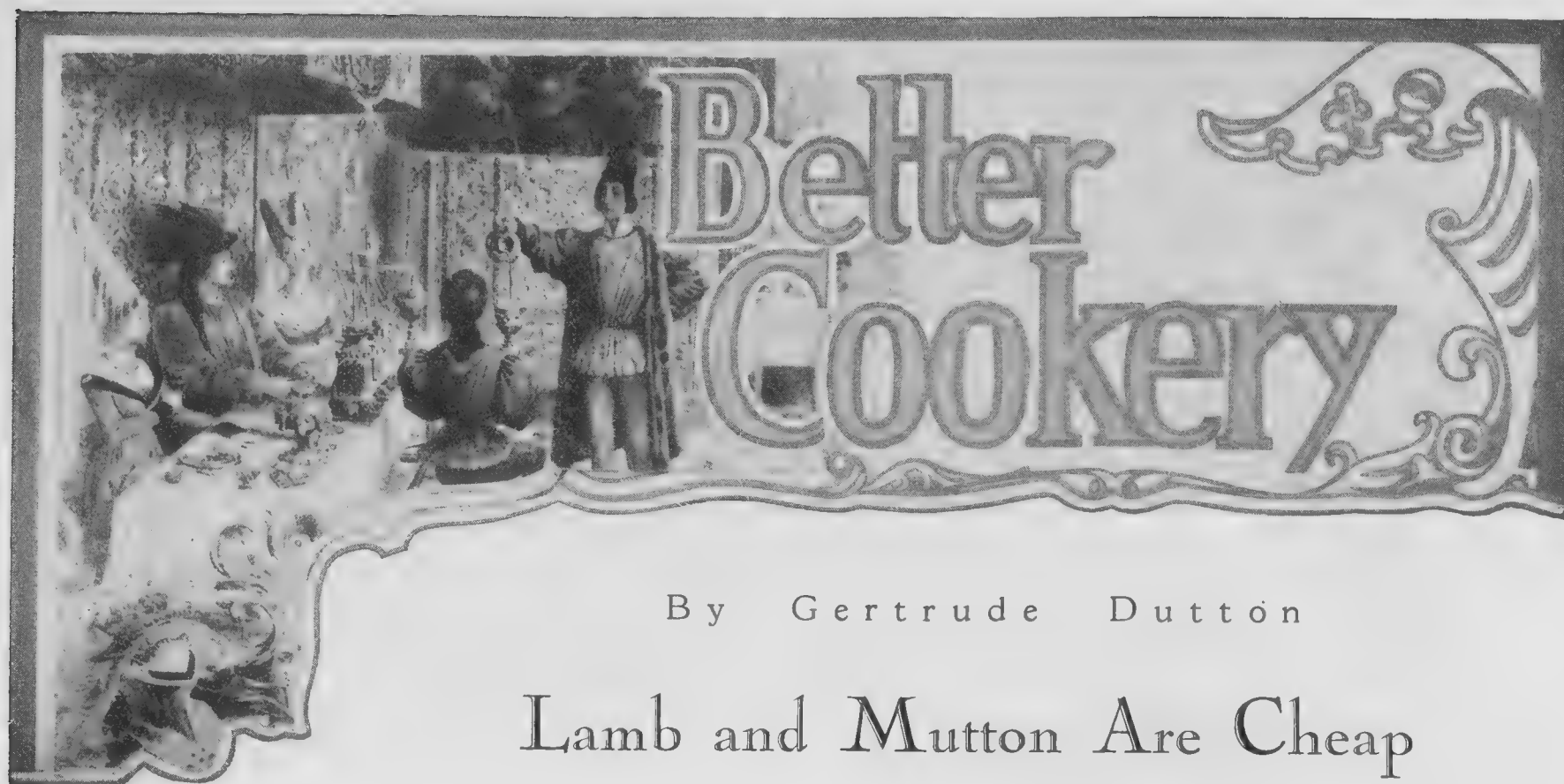
are warmer in winter, cooler in summer, and exceptionally quiet.

HARMONIC BALANCER

of the latest type on the crankshaft, contributes to greater smoothness.

CARBURETOR SILENCER

contributes to quieter, more efficient performance at all driving speeds.



By Gertrude Dutton

Lamb and Mutton Are Cheap

SO MANY farmers in the Canadian West have of recent years become interested in sheep-raising that we are able to buy mutton and lamb at a very reasonable price. Lamb is at its best at this season of the year, when the young animal is killed at six weeks to three months of age. Many people object to the peculiar flavor sometimes found in mutton, but this may to a very large extent be overcome by removing the pink skin, and trimming off considerable of the fat. There are so many ways of cooking lamb and mutton that we may well take advantage of the opportunity to secure variety in meat courses. Roast leg of lamb with mint sauce is delicious as anything we know of.

The animal is cut in two, lengthwise, then each half cut again into hind and fore quarters, leaving eight ribs on each hind quarter, these ribs being cut into what we know as "rib chops." The meat which is between these rib chops and the leg, is cut into "loin" or "kidney" chops. Loin chops in lamb and mutton correspond to porterhouse steaks in beef.

"French Chops" are made from the rib chops, which have the bone scraped clean nearly to the lean meat.

The fore quarter is frequently used for stews, soup, etc., although it may be boned, stuffed, rolled and roasted.

The leg is used for roasting or boiling, and is bought whole.

If a "Saddle of Mutton" is wished, the loin is cut off before the animal is divided down the backbone. Some of the bones are removed, and the flank ends rolled and either tied or skewered in place.

We distinguish between mutton and lamb chops by the color of the bone. In lamb the bone is red, and in mutton white, as the blood leaves it as the animal grows older. When buying a leg of lamb or mutton, we distinguish between them by the bone at the joint. In mutton it is smooth and rounded, but in the immature animal, is not smooth. Good mutton is of a bright pink color, with a fine grain, and the fat hard and white and flaky, with the outside skin easily removable.

Crown Roast of Lamb

This is considered quite good enough for even a formal dinner.

The rib portion of two loins is used, and the meat scraped from the bones down to the lean meat, as in "Frenching" the chops, but the chops are not cut apart. The two pieces of loin are then formed into a circle, and fastened with the ribs outside, making a crown. Trim the ends of bone to make them uniform in length, and on top of each stick a small cube of salt pork, which

will melt as it cooks and prevent the bones being burnt. Roast an hour and fifteen minutes. Before serving, remove the pieces of pork, and fill the centre with dressing, or drained green peas, etc., or stuff the crown with dressing before roasting.

Roast Leg of Lamb

Wipe the leg of lamb, sprinkle with salt and pepper, put in the roasting pan, and dredge with flour, then place in a hot oven till the outside is seared, when the heat may be lowered a little. Let roast for almost two hours, perhaps five or ten minutes less, if the meat seems to be done then. Lamb, being a young animal, must be well cooked. Mutton may be cooked rare if liked. It may be necessary to add a little water during the roasting. Make gravy from the juice in the pan, or serve with Caper Sauce or Currant Jelly Sauce.

Or if preferred, have the bone removed from the leg and stuff before roasting, making a stuffing of bread crumbs, butter or fresh dripping or finely chopped suet, and seasoned with poultry seasoning, salt and pepper.

Mutton Hot Pot

In the bottom of a large casserole or small round covered roasting pan, put a layer of pared and sliced potatoes, lay on top of them, three mutton chops, sprinkle with salt and pepper and a little chopped onion. Repeat, and cover with a third layer of potatoes. Pour over a cup of soup stock or boiling water, cover closely and cook in a slow oven for two and a half or three hours. This will serve six.

Lamb Cutlets With Peas

Prepare cutlets from the neck of lamb, by cutting them with a bone in each one, and trimming the bone and meat into cutlet shape. Brush over with beaten egg and dip in bread crumbs. Put in a frying pan with hot dripping or butter and cook till a golden brown on both sides. Put on a hot platter, with a paper frill on each bone, and garnish with hot drained peas, seasoned with salt and pepper and butter. Serve gravy in a separate dish.

Mutton Cutlets

Prepare mutton cutlets from neck of mutton, in the same way as the lamb cutlets. Cook the cutlets in a greased frying pan till done on both sides, (about 12 or 15 minutes), put a paper frill on the bone, and serve at once. Fried halves of tomatoes are good with them, and either a brown gravy made from the fat in the pan, or a tomato sauce served in a separate dish, if the cooked tomatoes are not served at the same meal.

English Lamb Chops

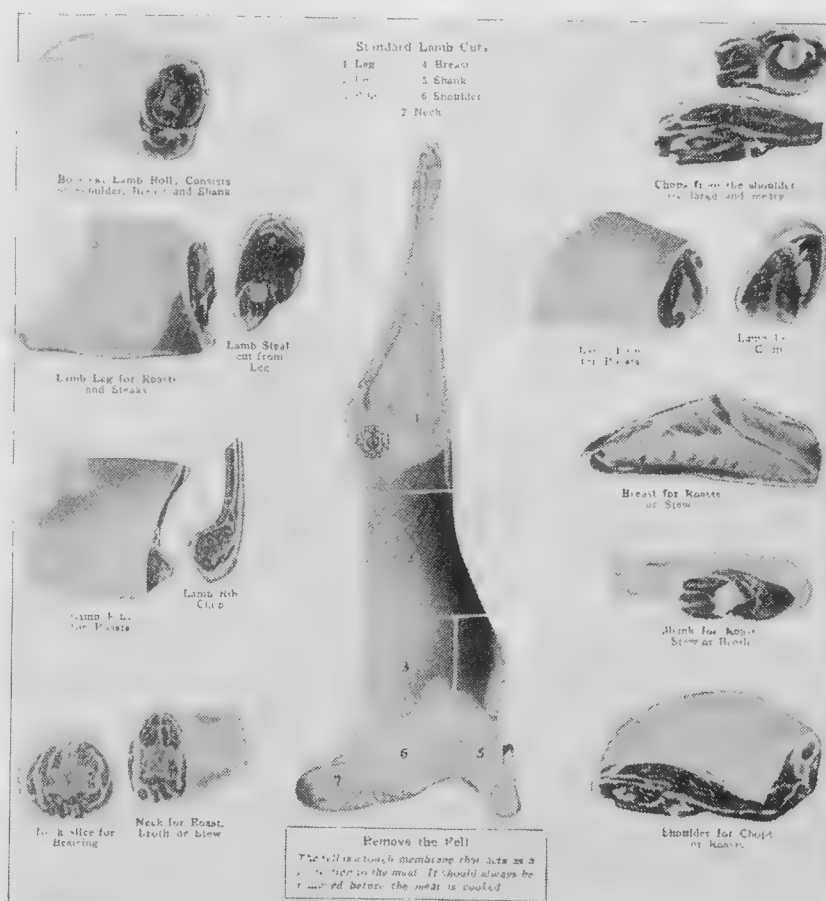
Have the chops rather thick. Dip in melted butter and let stand about 20 minutes, then cook in a hot frying pan, greased merely enough to prevent sticking, turning frequently till browned on both sides (12 to 15 minutes) arrange in a circle on a large hot platter or chop plate, with French fried potatoes heaped in the centre.

Braised Cutlets of Lamb

Cut slices 1 inch thick from the neck, remove the bone and skewer into cutlet shape. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, dip in egg and crumbs, and sear on both sides (in butter or dripping). Put in a covered dish, or use the frying pan with a tight-fitting lid, cover with soup stock or tomato juice or diluted tomato soup, cover and let simmer till tender (about an hour). Make a gravy of the liquid in which it was cooked, by adding a little flour if needed, and more salt and pepper if necessary.

Breaded Fried Mutton Chops

Wipe the chops, trim them and
sprinkle with [Continued on page 70]



Courtesy Swift Canadian Company

Miss Katherine

M. Caldwell

Cookery Authority, Canadian

Home Journal, Approves



MAGIC BAKING POWDER

"TEMPTING appearance, health value and economy should all be considered when selecting ingredients for cooked dishes," says Miss Katherine M. Caldwell, cookery authority of the Canadian Home Journal, Toronto.

"For that reason, I use and approve Magic Baking Powder because I know it is pure and free from harmful ingredients, and because experience has taught me that it does make all baked dishes look and taste better."

Magic Baking Powder is used almost exclusively by dietitians in public institutions, cooking schools, and a recent Dominion-wide investigation proved that 3 out of every 4 housewives, who bake at home, use it too, because Magic *does* give consistently better baking results.

When you bake at home use Magic Baking Powder, then you too can always be sure of complete satisfaction.



★Look for this mark on every tin. It is a guarantee that Magic Baking Powder does not contain alum or any harmful ingredient.

Buy Made-in-Canada Goods



Try this delightful "Magic" Recipe suggested by Miss Caldwell

Any Season Shortcakes

The luscious shortcake that is a feature of the strawberry season, is too great a treat to be restricted to so short a time. Our canned fruits or the dried peaches, apricots, figs, dates and prunes, all make the most delectable shortcakes.

The rich biscuit dough of this recipe will make a foundation for any of them:

2 cups flour	1/2 cup sugar
4 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder	1/2 cup shortening
1/2 teaspoon salt	1 cup milk
	1 egg (optional)

Fresh or preserved fruit, Pulverized sugar, Whipping cream or pour cream.

Mix and sift dry ingredients; cut in the shortening with a pastry blender or chop it in with a knife, using a short, quick chopping motion. The mixture should resemble a very coarse meal.

Add the liquid—just milk or the milk and well-beaten egg combined (using about two tablespoons less milk when you include the egg.) Mix quickly and lightly with your knife.

Turn out on a lightly floured board. Pat and roll out the dough to about one-inch thickness and shape with a biscuit cutter or cut in squares with a floured knife.

Bake in a hot oven, 425° F. . . . about 15 minutes.

Split the hot cakes, spread quickly with softened butter, then add a generous layer of fruit, on the lower half; when using fresh fruit, crush and sweeten it beforehand. The shortcakes in our illustration have an apricot filling.

Put the upper half of the cake in place and if you are using whipped cream (lightly sweetened with pulverized sugar), drop it by spoonfuls on top of the cake, and garnish with fruit. Our pictured shortcakes are topped with a half apricot and a maraschino-flavoured grape or cherry.



More than 200 other suggestions for delicious cooked dishes are contained in the New Magic Cook Book. If you bake at home, mail the coupon and a copy of this handy recipe book will be sent to you.

WHM 3

Standard Brands Limited,
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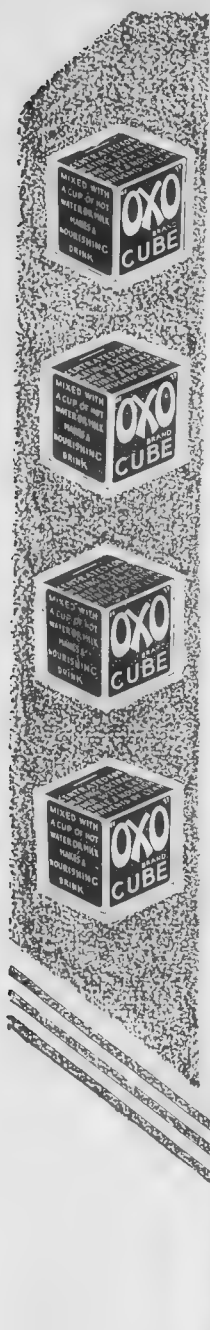
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CHICKEN PIE

FLAVOURED WITH OXO

UM-M-M....



A dish that will make any hungry, healthy young chap's eyes sparkle—

For, in addition to the dainty flavour of chicken there is a rich, meaty goodness that satisfies—a zestful savour that comes from the concentrated nourishment of prime, lean beef which is Oxo.

Every careful housewife keeps a tin of OXO Cubes handy—they add flavour and richness to soups, gravies, meat pies, croquettes and the "left-overs" that economy demands shall not be wasted.

OXO

CUBES



salt and pepper. Dip in crumbs, beaten egg and crumbs, then fry in deep fat, doing only four at a time, or the heat of the fat will be lowered too much. When the chops are put into the fat, set it back on the stove so that the outside will not become too brown. About 8 or 10 minutes will be required. Pile around a mound of mashed potatoes on a hot platter and serve with tomato sauce, or brown gravy.

Boiled Leg of Mutton

Wipe the meat, put it in a large kettle and cover with boiling water. Put on the hottest part of the stove, boil for five or six minutes, skim, then put where it will simmer till tender. When partly cooked, add salt. Serve with Caper sauce, or brown gravy.

Roast Saddle of Mutton

The saddle of mutton or lamb should be prepared for one at the market. Wipe it, sprinkle with salt and pepper and dredge with flour, put in the roasting pan, and cook, allowing about 34 minutes to the pound, having the oven quite hot for the first 20 minutes, then reducing the heat. Baste with hot water and a little melted butter or dripping, if necessary.

Baked Chops Bechamel

Pound the chops to make them thin, spread with a little melted butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper and brown on both sides. Put in a pan, with a little bechamel sauce on each. Sprinkle with bread crumbs and a little grated cheese, baste with melted butter and bake 15 minutes in a hot oven. Serve with browned parsnips.

Lamb Stew

Cut 2 pounds of breast of lamb in 2-inch pieces, wipe and brown in a frying pan or iron pot, in 1 lb. fat. Remove the meat, add 2 lb. of fat to any remaining in the pot, with 6 small onions, 1 c. of diced carrot, and brown add 4 lb. flour, 3 c. hot water, the browned meat and seasoning, and simmer till tender (1½ to 2 hours). Put on a deep platter, surround with small boiled potatoes sprinkled with chopped parsley.

Lamb Noisettes

Use "Saratoga" chops, which are cut from the chuck, boned and rolled. Rub with melted butter, and let stand 15-20 minutes, brown on both sides in a hot greased frying pan, then finish cooking slowly. Serve on rounds of toast, with brown gravy or Mushroom Sauce.

Lamb Patties

Heat cold cooked lamb, cut in fine cubes, in half as much medium white sauce, and serve in Croustades or patty shells.

Lamb Soufflé

Minced cold cooked lamb 1¼ c.	Butter 1 lb.
Milk 1¼ c.	Eggs 2
	Flour 1 lb.
	Salt and pepper.

Make a white sauce of the flour, milk, butter, salt and pepper, add the beaten egg yolks, the finely minced lamb, and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a buttered

loaf pan, set in a pan of hot water, and cook till firm (about 20 minutes).

Individual Lamb Pies

Line muffin tins with pastry, fill with chopped cooked lamb, season well and moisten with gravy, put on a cover of pastry, and bake in a hot oven. Serve hot.

Leg of Lamb, Barbecued

Cook the leg of lamb in an open pan long enough to brown, then reduce the heat, cover the pan, and baste frequently with the following sauce, while baking for an hour and a half:—

Sauce for basting

Mix and cook for 10 minutes.

Juice of 1 lemon	Worcestershire
Mustard 1 t.	Sauce 2 lb.
Vinegar ½ c.	Any spices liked 1 lb.
Water 1 c.	Salt 2 lb.
	Cayenne, a pinch.

Lamb and Ham Grill

Cook thin slices of ham and an equal number of French lamb chops. Keep hot while browning 2 c. boiled rice in the pan in which the meats were cooked. Arrange the slices of ham on a hot platter, with the chops on top of them, and the hot browned rice in heaps between them. Garnish with parsley and cubes of stiff jelly.

Lamb Pie

Cut 2 or 3 pounds of neck of lamb in dice, dredge with flour, and brown in 2 lb. of fat in a frying pan or iron pot. Add 3 c. boiling water, 1½ t. salt, 1 t. grated onion and simmer till tender. Thicken the juice with 2 lb. butter and 6 lb. flour, put in a large casserole with 1½ c. diced cooked potatoes, and if wished, 1 c. cooked peas or string beans, cover with a crust of baking powder dough, and bake. Serve hot.

Lamb Croquettes

Minced cooked lamb 2 c.	Salt and pepper
Thin white sauce and peas	Thick white sauce 1 c.
	Eggs and crumbs
	Parsley.

Add the minced lamb to the thick white sauce, season well, and cool, then shape into croquettes. Dip in egg and bread crumbs, and either fry in deep fat or brown in the hot oven. Arrange on a platter, garnish with sprigs of parsley, and pour around them, peas heated in a thinner white sauce, using the juice of the peas as part of the liquid.

Stuffed Roast Shoulder of Lamb

Bone the meat and stuff with the following stuffing, and tie into shape. Roast in a moderate oven, after searing it in the hot oven. About ¾ hour before the meat is done, allowing 35 minutes to the pound, put peeled part boiled potatoes in the pan to bake, and make gravy of the fat in the pan.

Stuffing

Bread crumbs 2 c.	Salt
Butter or dripping 1 lb.	Minced onion 2 lb.
	Chopped parsley 1 lb.

Baked Breaded Lamb Chops

Select the chops from a front quarter of lamb, wipe with a damp cloth, sprinkle with salt, dip in crumbs, then in beaten egg and again in crumbs,



put in a pan, dot with a little butter and bake till tender (about half an hour) and serve with tomato sauce.

Curry of Lamb

Cut cooked lamb or mutton in cubes, and reheat in a gravy or brown sauce to which curry powder has been added to taste, having plenty of the gravy. Put on a platter and surround with a border of hot steamed or boiled rice.

Fricassee of Lamb

Put 2 pounds of forequarter of lamb in a pot with 4 cups of cold water, bring to the boiling point and simmer till the meat is tender. Remove from the liquid, and cut the meat in pieces for serving, then brown them in a little butter in the frying pan, and remove to a fairly deep serving dish and keep hot. Add 2 tb. butter to the fat in the pan, 4 tb. flour, and when smooth, 2 cups of the stock in which the meat was cooked, season and pour over the meat to serve. Salt should be added when the meat is about half cooked.

Lamb and Rice Stew

Use a piece of flank, and cook till tender in boiling water. Cut the meat from the bone, and cut in pieces for serving, then return to the liquid, add $\frac{1}{4}$ c. uncooked rice and 1 c. of canned tomatoes, and cook till the rice is tender, seasoning a little more if necessary. If the rice has not made the gravy thick enough, add a little flour.

Lamb Chops With Mushrooms

Brown the chops on both sides, spread, mushroom sauce on each one and put in a hot oven for ten minutes to finish cooking, remove to a hot platter and serve at once.

Stuffed Braised Leg of Mutton

Have the leg of mutton boned, wipe it and stuff with a cracker stuffing, and sew. In 4 tb. of butter in the pot to be used, cook for 5 minutes, a chopped onion, 1 cup each of diced carrot and turnip, add 3 c. of hot water, salt and pepper, and the leg of mutton. Bring to the boiling point, then simmer for 3 hours, or till tender, having the pot closely covered. If necessary, add a little more water. Remove to a hot platter, and make a gravy of 3 tb. butter, 4 tb. of flour browned together, and the liquid in which the meat was cooked. The vegetables may be strained from the liquid, or left in as wished. A piece of bay leaf and one or two sprigs of parsley may be cooked with the meat, then removed before making the gravy.

Smothered Lamb

Brown the required number of chops or slices of lamb cut from the leg, then put in the bottom of a bake dish and put in a hot oven. Parboil 1 c. of sliced carrots, cook a chopped onion in the pan in which the chops were browned, till yellow, in 1 tb. butter. Have 1 c. of potatoes cut in cubes, spread the onion over the meat, then the carrots and then the potato cubes. In the pan make a brown sauce by adding to the butter in it,

1 tb. butter, 3 tb. flour, 2 c. of water, soup stock or vegetable stock. The water in which the carrots were par-boiled, would be good. Season with salt and pepper. Pour over the meat and vegetables and cook, covered, till almost tender, when the cover may be removed for a few minutes, if too liquid. The amounts of vegetables may be varied, if liked.

Mutton Curry

Use mutton from fore-quarter, wipe and cut in 1-inch cubes. Cover with cold water in a kettle and bring to the boiling point over a hot fire. Drain, pour cold water over it in a strainer or colander, return to the kettle and cover with boiling water. Add chopped onions, two or three, according to the size of them, salt and pepper and a few sprigs of parsley. Simmer till the meat is tender, remove it from the liquid, strain the stock, thicken it with 4 tb. flour, 4 tb. butter, add salt and pepper, and curry powder to taste, probably $\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{3}{4}$ t. Return the meat to the gravy and serve in a platter with a border of steamed or boiled rice. The process of bringing the meat to the boiling point in the cold water, will lessen the strong characteristic mutton flavor.

Irish Stew

Use lamb or mutton from the fore-quarter. Wipe it and cut in pieces, put in a kettle, cover with boiling water and simmer till tender. At the end of one hour's cooking, add diced carrots and turnips, and sliced onion. About 25 minutes before serving, add potatoes cut in quarter-inch slices, thicken with a little flour smoothed in cold water, add salt and pepper, and 12 minutes before serving, drop by spoonfuls, on the top, the following dumplings, and cook very tightly covered, then remove to a large platter with the dumplings for a border.

Dumplings

Butter and lard 2 tb.	Flour 2 c.
Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t.	Baking powder 5 t.
Beaten egg 1	Milk to make a batter.

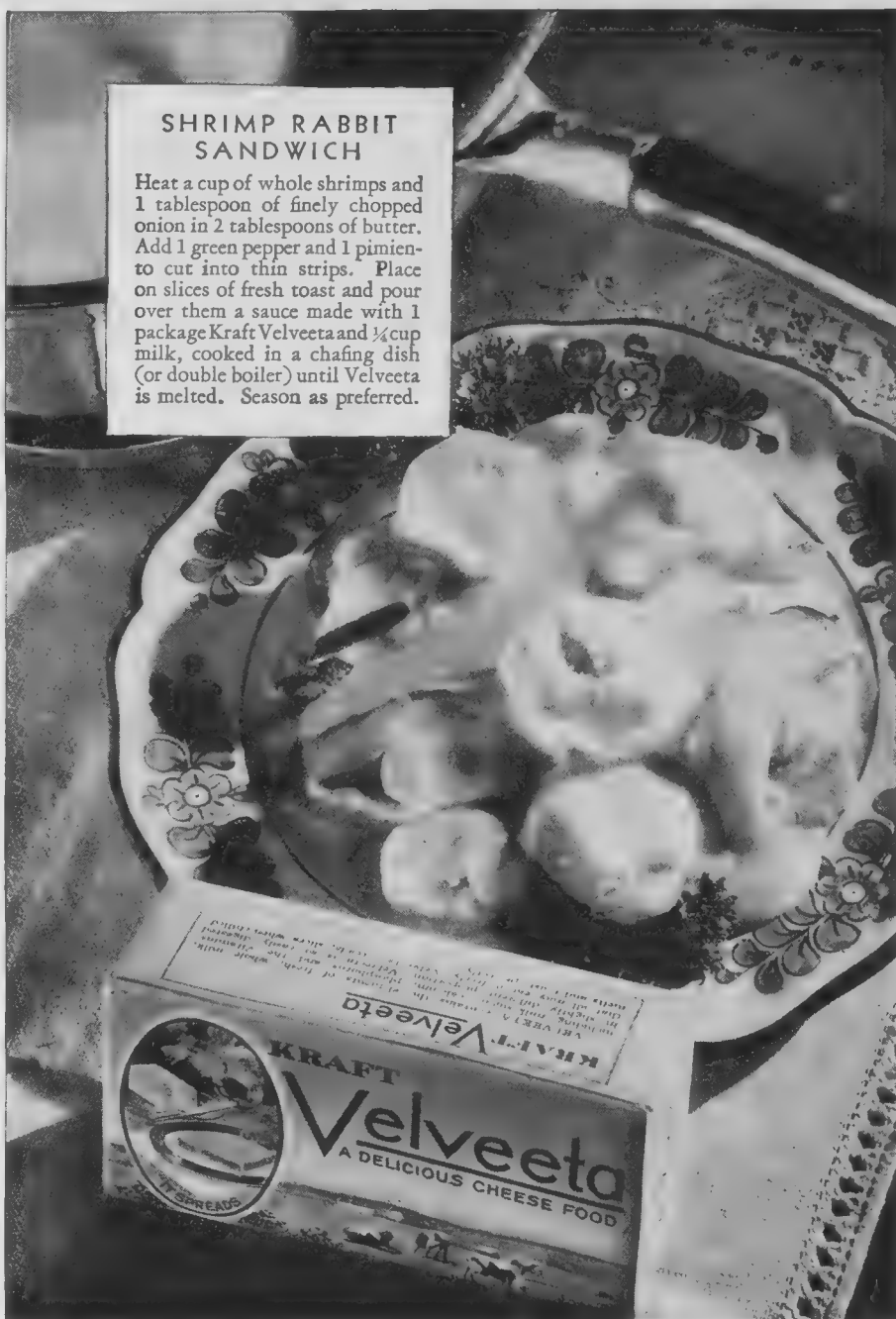
Mix as for biscuits, using enough liquid to make a batter which can be dropped from a spoon.

Scotch Broth

Mutton from the neck 3 lbs.	Pearl barley $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Cold water 6 c.	Vegetables 1 c.
Salt and pepper	or more.
	Parsley.

Cut the meat in cubes and put in a kettle with cold water, bring to the boiling point, skim, add the barley which has been soaked in cold water over-night, and simmer till the meat is tender. If using a range, the bones may be put in a second kettle, covered with cold water, and simmered, then the liquor strained off and added to the meat and its juice. If this is not advisable, the bones and extra water may be added to the meat, the bones being picked out later. Brown the vegetables in a little butter, and add them to the soup at the end of an hour and a half of cooking. Any such combination as carrot, turnip, celery, onion, etc., may be used. Season with salt and pepper, and cook till the vegetables and meat are done.

* DIGESTIBLE AS MILK ITSELF *



SHRIMP RABBIT SANDWICH

Heat a cup of whole shrimps and 1 tablespoon of finely chopped onion in 2 tablespoons of butter. Add 1 green pepper and 1 pimienta cut into thin strips. Place on slices of fresh toast and pour over them a sauce made with 1 package Kraft Velveeta and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, cooked in a chafing dish (or double boiler) until Velveeta is melted. Season as preferred.

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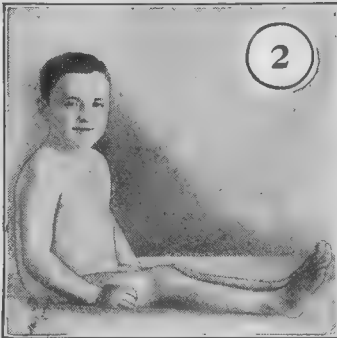
MARJORIE McKENNA TO-DAY



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To Serve With Mutton and Lamb

We always think of mint sauce in connection with lamb, and it is one of the easiest possible sauces to make. Dried mint can always be bought in cans or packages, and is perfectly satisfactory.

Mint 4 tb. Vinegar ½ c.
Powdered sugar 1 tb.

Put the mint, either dried or, if fresh, finely chopped, the sugar, and the vinegar in the dish or pitcher in which the sauce is to be served, and let stand for half an hour where it will warm. Granulated sugar may be used, and if the vinegar is very strong, it is well to dilute it with water.

Currant Jelly Sauce

To one cup of gravy or brown sauce made to serve with lamb, add 4 tb. of currant jelly and let it melt in the gravy.

Bechamel Sauce

Make a sauce of 4 tb. butter, 4 tb. flour, 1 c. scalded milk, 1 c. of white soup stock well seasoned with vegetables, salt and pepper, and if wished, the beaten yolks of one or two eggs to make a yellow sauce. If the soup stock is not well-flavored, it should be cooked for 20 minutes with a little onion, carrot, bay leaf, parsley, pepper and salt, and celery salt, then strained.

Caper Sauce

Capers are the flower-buds of a plant which grows along the Mediterranean. They are bottled in vinegar for exportation. They strongly resemble, both in appearance and flavor, the nasturtium buds we find in our own gardens, which many women like

for pickles and salads. Not everyone likes the flavor of capers, but those who do, enjoy it particularly with mutton. A small bottle, after opening, may be kept a long time in the pantry without spoiling, if the vinegar is not removed.

Butter 1/3 c. Hot water 1½ c.
Flour 3 tb. Salt and pepper.
Capers.

Melt part of the butter, rub in the flour and seasonings, then gradually the hot water, boil a few minutes then add the remainder of the butter and a few capers, which may be left whole, or cut in two, as liked.

Mushroom Sauce

To Brown sauce, add canned mushrooms, drained and either sliced or coarsely chopped, or cook fresh mushrooms when available, before adding to the sauce.

To Carve Roasts of Lamb

A crown roast, either of lamb or pork, is the easiest of all roasts to carve. The fork is inserted at the side with the left hand, to hold the roast firmly while cutting. The knife is inserted between two ribs, cutting them apart, serving one rib in each portion, along with some of the stuffing or vegetable, which is in the centre.

To carve a saddle of lamb or mutton, a cut is made the whole length of the back bone and close to it. The fork is inserted with the left hand at the opening, and with the knife, thin slices are cut parallel to the back bone, and the entire length of the roast. The slices are then cut in halves, and with the knife, slipped away from the bone.

Say It With Draperies

Continued from page 58

it runs the entire scale from excessive luxury to extreme simplicity; it is large or small, much re-ruffled or trimly straight, or cool looking—all with the same equanimity and, under proper conditions, the same success.

The crisp materials were at first an invariable choice for the petticoated dressing-table; glazed chintz was—and must remain—a great favorite; the same can be said of taffeta, which makes some of the loveliest tables one sees. An organdy or muslin came in for attention when they were more suitable to the rest of the room's furnishings.

Lately, there has been still more variety in evidence. Over plain sateen linings, soft-hanging fabrics such as voile and net have been used, and with decided charm. Pretty as one could ask, was a table proudly displayed to me by a young friend who decked it out in her Christmas holiday from college. And part of the pride had its origin in the fact that the marquise, in delicate apple-green tone, had been white before and had done curtain service at a down-stair bay window; when it had been supplanted, she had tinted the net with one of those easily-used modern dyes, and asked for a mirror table-top as a Christmas gift. This, by the way, makes one of the

loveliest tops you can have, reflecting as it will, all the pretty accessories on the table and adding a touch of brilliance to the room. My youthful friend's green and silver toilet pieces looked more than double lovely on it!

And if you would have your table as useful as possible, your skirt should be mounted on swing-arms that can be turned back to leave drawers and maybe a shoe-shelf, available—often very desirable in the small room. Sometimes there are narrow drawers right to the floor, with just knee-room in the centre. These skeleton tables are sold, ready for draping, in the unfinished woods—as so many pieces are, nowadays.

So much for some of the newer ideas in using fabrics where they have not been much used before. But like most of our so-called new ideas, they are often really very old indeed, so far as their true origin goes; fabric beds are actually a very old story—and the petticoated dressing-table is ancestor to many another kind! Which just goes to show that in furnishing, as in other things, it is hard indeed to find anything new under even the most modern sun—the great thing being to adapt whatever ideas come our way, to the needs and tastes of our own time, and to gather all the loveliness to ourselves that we find available.

The Young Modern



7104

A Popular Overcoat Style For Boys—7104. Tweed cheviot, broadcloth and wool mixtures are suitable for this design. The fronts are double breasted, and are rolled back to form broad revers that meet a coat collar in notches. Roomy pockets are added on the fronts. The sleeve is the regulation coat sleeve model and is finished with a neat upturned cuff. Designed in 5 sizes: 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years, a 14-year size will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35-inch lining are required (if the coat is to be lined) and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of interlining for a 14-year size. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



7103

7103—Girls' Pyjamas. Designed in sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. A 12-year size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material. For facings of contrasting material $\frac{1}{4}$ yard is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

Two Attractive Cap Styles — 7076. The illustration marked No. 1 portrays the popular Beret, No. 2 shows a sectional cap—of the Beret order, with or without a broad facing. These caps or berets may be made of jersey, felt, tweed, angora or velvet. They are also nice in linen and shantung. Designed for 3 sizes: small, $20\frac{1}{2}$ inches; medium, 22 inches and large, 24 inches head size. To make No. 1 in a medium size will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 39-inch material. No. 2 will require $1\frac{1}{3}$ yard of 39-inch material if made without facing. With facing $\frac{3}{4}$ yard will be required. The facing of contrasting material will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yard cut crosswise. To make in black and white or other contrasting effect in two colors will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of each 18 inches wide, cut lengthwise. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.



7076

A Dainty Little Frock for a Little Girl—7016. Taffeta in a soft shade of pink or China silk in blue or white or chiffon or crepe de chine is suggested for this pretty model. It may be made in sleeveless style, with neck and skirt ruffles, or with long or short sleeves and neck ruffles, or without ruffles and short sleeves. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. To make the dress without sleeves and with ruffles as shown in the large view will require for a 4-year size $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material. With long sleeves and neck ruffles $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards will be required. With puff sleeves and without ruffles 2 yards will be required. The shoulder bow with ends requires $1\frac{1}{3}$ yard of ribbon. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



7110

A Pretty Frock for a Small Girl — 7110. This dainty model was developed as a party dress in printed taffeta with pink blossoms on a white background. Pink crepe was used for binding. Chiffon, dimity or voile is also suggested. Cotton prints may be used. The style is suitable for general wear. Deep waist portion, shaped at the lower edge are lengthened by flare skirt sections. The neck is low and round, with soft gathers over the front and back. Small caplets supply the sleeves. Designed in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. It will require $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 35-inch material for a 6-year size. To finish with bias binding as shown in the large view will require 3 yards $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide. The ribbon bow at the back of the neck requires 1 yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c or 25c in silver or stamps.



7016

The Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg, Manitoba

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IF!

If you can't be a pine on the top of a hill,
Be a scrub in the valley, but be
The best little scrub by the side of the
rill;
Be a bush, if you can't be a tree.

We can't all be captains, some have to
be crew,
There's something for all of us here,
There's work to be done, and we've all
got to do
Our part, in a way that's sincere.

If you can't be a highway, then just be
a trail,
If you can't be a sun, be a star,
For it isn't by size that you win or you
fail;
Be the best of whatever you are.

—Douglass Mallock.

(Sent in by John Zabiaka, of Fork
River. John gets a gold button). Also
sent in by Dorothy Tait, of Manitou,
who wins a gold button.



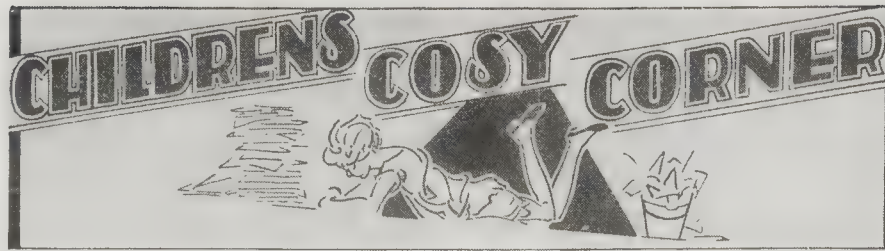
And So To Bed

It was a famous Englishman who wrote very large diaries who always ended each day with this expression: "And so to bed." When you are older you will hear and read of Samuel Pepys and then remember that you heard of him first in the Cosy Corner. The picture we are giving you this month reminded me of it, for it looks a long, long way to bed, doesn't it? And how we all hate to hear those words, "Time for bed," but how much more we hate to hear "Time to get up." Queer people, aren't we? Now the mornings are getting lighter it's much easier to get up though, isn't it? And when once more the inquisitive sun comes peering around the curtains I'm sure you'll all be up with a spring, and there will be no need to call "Time to get up!"

Result of Contest

Hip, Hip, Hooray! This is the most successful contest we have had and the fact that it has all been done for sweet charity's sake makes us feel very proud of our Cornerites. The girls did particularly well, and we know you would feel well repaid for all the trouble you took if you could have seen the pale little faces light up and have heard the great big "Oh's" and "Ah's" of delight with which your scrap books were greeted.

The first prize of a story-book goes to Barbara and Clare Bundy, Cowley, Alberta, and gold buttons for the second



By Bobby Burke

and third have been won by Janie Irwin, Dufresne, Manitoba, and Audrey Sutherland, 1230 East Thirteenth Avenue, Vancouver, B.C.

They are the prize-winners, but the other Cornerites who sent in scrap books

also worked very hard to make amusement for their sick friends and we would like to award such kind acts. We are therefore sending a little gift to every girl and boy who did their best to help some sick child.

And Off We Go Again

And this time we mount into our swift Moth plane and find ourselves once again far away from sparkling snow and chilly north winds, and we are breathing in a perfume we have never smelled before. Down we come into a forest of small shining leaved green trees. Among their branches are waxy-white flowers, and golden globes of fruit. Where can we be? Shall I tell you? In a California orange grove, and there—right before us, are the luscious fruits we in our Northern climate like so well. How lovely they look hanging there. And what's that tiny tree bending down beneath its weight of fruit, why it is, yes it must be, a grape fruit tree. Did you know that grape fruit grew in bunches like grapes? You may imagine how huge the bunches are, and how the tiny trees look weighted down with their golden wealth. And over there a darker green tree has an even brighter yellow fruit, and we find ourselves suddenly in a lemon grove. Do you know why it is that we can always get lemons quite reasonably, and they have no "season" like oranges? Because you can pick lemons every month. If you have a lemon tree in your back garden in California you need never be without lemonade, or lemon puddings or any of the other delightful things that are flavored with this sour fruit. Around the roots of these trees do you see ditches? These are for irrigation, for if California were not irrigated it would be a desert, and so every fruit farmer has his allowance of precious water. As we drive through the lemon and orange groves we find a huge shed, and if we can steal time lets visit this. Its a packing shed, and here oranges are prepared for their long journey across the hot desert and through the cold belt to us. First they are scrubbed so that each little depression is free of insects and fruit troubles, then they are graded in sizes and this is done in such a funny way, I wish we had time to tell you. The swift fingered girls wrap each fruit and pack it in a box, then the box is placed on a belt and whirled away to a chilling room, on its journey towards Canada.

Along the roads as we drive homeward in the evening we find ourselves under great trees covered with lovely blooms, pink and red and purple. Pepper trees covered with tiny red seeds like beads hang like ferns above us; oleanders, which we cultivate in the house here make hedges of lovely bloom, and over the bungalows climb purple bourgainvillea and white jasmine flowers. Geraniums, too, form hedges of bloom, and what is this great spikey wall we see? Can it be? Yes it is, cactus. A great high solid wall planted hundreds of years ago to keep out hostile Indians and animals, and, fancy that, when it is covered with the great crimson or pink waxy blooms of the cactus plant! What is that silvery gray-green tree that looks so dusty? That? Oh, that's an olive tree, and if you want to be really mean, you will try and persuade someone to eat an olive picked from a tree. Its a horrid bitter thing, until it has been treated by a canner. Before dusk falls we must reach the place where we are to stay for out in the garden there are roses in bloom, great white waxy ones, tiny sweet scented climbing ones, dewy hearted crimson, dainty pink, tight folded yellow, and green veiled moss roses. If it is Christmas time the scarlet flare of real poinsetta may be seen against the stucco of the wall.

Next morning bright and early we are about, for today we are going to the seashore, to race up and down the sands trailing green strands of salty seaweed, to dash into the surf and out again, to lie in the sun and get brown and warm, and to picnic on the beach under a great striped umbrella. If we have time perhaps we can, the next day, take the funicular railway up Mount Lowe, and away up there find ourselves once again in snow drifts, and how gladly we will hasten down again to the land of orange groves and roses. It's been a pleasant flight hasn't it, but we must be getting back, for spring will be coming to our own land soon, and we have to take a trip to one of our own beauty spots. And so once more we climb out of our plane, and find ourselves at home.



Fan palms, which look like a piece of Egypt set into California.

SONNY DISOBEYS HIS MOTHER

By Ida Atherton

"Mother!" shouted Sonny as the screen door banged shut "Can I go swimming?"

"May I," corrected mother quietly.

"Well, may I go swimming?"

"No, Sonny, not today. It is really too cold. I know it is nice and warm in the sunshine, but it was frosty this morning and you haven't quite got rid of your cough yet."

And with a muttered "Aw gee!" Sonny slumped down on a kitchen chair and rested his elbows on the table.

"Yoo-hoo, Sonny! Come on. Hurry up!"

That was Tommy Smith. And he heard Stevie Williams whistling. Gee whiz! Other fellows' mothers let them do what they liked!

Sonny followed his mother into the bedroom. "Can't I go, Mother? I won't stay in long. Just one little swim—only one, and then I'll come right home."

Sonny's eager pleading almost persuaded his mother to let him go this once. But she remembered the doctor's instructions to "watch that cough."

"Sonny, dear" she said, as she ran her fingers through his hair, "Mother knows best. You mustn't go into that cold water. Tommy and Stevie haven't got your bad cough and it's not likely to do them any harm. Why, you might easily get pneumonia if you went swimming today!"

Sonny was too big to cry, but he sure felt like it. The boys would call him a baby. He knew what they'd say!

With his hands thrust deep into his pockets, and a scowl on his face, Sonny kicked open the screen door and slouched down the path.

From the bank of the river Sonny watched his playmates and occasionally he picked up small pieces of wood which he threw into the water for Paddy to fetch.

Tommy and Stevie were calling to him to watch them dive and splash. Paddy was shaking himself dry again and looking eagerly up for the next piece of wood.

All enjoying themselves! And he couldn't have any fun. Well, why shouldn't he? He hadn't coughed much today. And it was warm. And he'd just have one little swim and mother would never know!

Excitedly he undressed and with a quick look around, he plunged into the cold water. Gee!

A little breathlessly he splashed around. Tommy showed him a new stroke and Stevie laughed as he cried:

"Holy doodles! Hope no girls come along while you're in here Sonny boy!"

If mother noticed the damp hair and white face at supper time, she didn't say a word. Only she had a sense of fear as she noticed Sonny's pathetic efforts to stifle a renewed cough which came oftener than before.

Towards bed time, Sonny felt cold and hot in turns, and his teeth began to chatter though he tried hard to keep them still.

Mother watched closely but said nothing and when two days later the doctor said that dreaded word "pneumonia" she only shook her head and sighed.

Sonny had a hard battle, but his little body was strong and he was able to fight through and when his mother came in one night to see that he was properly covered over and comfortable, he threw his arms around her neck and sobbed:

"I'm terribly sorry, mother!"

And mother just held her Sonny boy close, grateful to God for his recovery.

"Mother" said Sonny softly, "Do y-you think t-that was my punishment f-for going in swimming when y-you told me not to?"

"No, darling" whispered Mother, patting him gently, "It wasn't a punishment for disobeying me, it was the result of your going into the cold water. But always remember, Sonny, that what mother says is right and if sometimes it seems a little hard you will soon learn that mother knows best and that all good manly boys must obey their parents."

The New Ford Victoria



A NEW FORD BODY TYPE OF DISTINCTIVE BEAUTY

THE NEWEST, latest addition to the wide variety of Ford body types is the distinguished four-passenger Victoria. It marks a new degree of beauty and of value in a low-price car.

The striking lines of the Ford Victoria are especially apparent in the graceful sweep of the straighter, lower top, the slanting windshield and the curving bustle back, with the spare wheel set at a conforming angle. There is a suggestion of continental design also in the shape and size of the side windows and



"The Canadian Car"

the intimate interior arrangement. The comfortable, deeply cushioned seats are carefully tailored and upholstered in luxurious mohair. Colors, appointments and hardware reflect the mode and manner of a custom-built car.

With all its new beauty and outstanding mechanical performance, the Ford Victoria sells at a low price. In addition, you may purchase it for a small down payment and on convenient, economical terms through your Ford dealer.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

A GUIDE TO THE MODES INSPIRED BY VICTORIAN DAYS



1810

1810...the days of the French Directory...the days of sentiment and sensibility...graced by the Empress Josephine, Mme. Recamier, Lady Hamilton...Napoleon, Nelson and Wellington...Gainsborough, Romney, Lovelace, Grandison, Jane Austen, Rousseau and Goethe...when Fashion, revolting against the extravagances of the Rococo, embraced the gracious simplicity of classical Greece.

This period is marked by the high waist, the narrow close-fitting simple gown, cut low and square at the neck, self-trimmed with rows of ruffles near the hem. The modern re-creation here sketched, after a Molyneux gown, is of Alabaster Panne Satin, a fabric by Canadian Celanese Limited.



1855

1855...the days of the Second Empire...of Napoleon III, and the Spanish girl Eugenie, who in 1853 became the Empress of France...of Bismarck, Wagner, Whistler, Rossetti, Ruskin. The early days of the telegraph and the railway, the Suez Canal and the California gold rush. The zenith of the Crinoline, when skirts were 10 yards round, flounces numbered 25 or even more, and a dress might use a thousand yards of fabric.

The highlights of the Eugenie styles: the gown cut very low, bare neck and shoulders, heart-shaped bodice, puffed sleeves, and crinoline, with skirts scalloped, goffered or festooned; the Bertha. The modern version, after Patou, is of black Taffeta de Soir, a fabric by Canadian Celanese Limited.



1870

1870...the era of the Franco-Prussian war...of Disraeli, Gladstone, Parnell and the Fenian uprisings, Du Maurier and Herkomer...the first dawning of the age of industry and science...marked by the hum of factories, and the democratisation of society. Dress in this era at last shows signs of being more practical...the crinoline, after a run of 20 years, gives way to the bustle...already fashion is on the road that leads to Today.

The styles of 1870 are notable for the appearance of the bustle. Skirts became extremely complex in cut, displaying cascades, chutes, and undulations. This modern gown, after Chanel, with its interest behind the hips, is of reversible Crepe-Back Satin, a new fabric by Canadian Celanese Limited.



FABRICS THAT EXPRESS THE MODERN MODE

THE almost infinite variety of line and silhouette permitted by the Mode of Today gives vast importance to the correctness of fabric choice. For fabric must harmonise with line... fabric must express the spirit of the dress and the occasion.

But however wide the call for different weaves, it has always been anticipated by the Stylists and Fabric Designers of Canadian Celanese Limited. They have created a full choice of every weave and texture for which Fashion finds a use...Taffetas, Satins, Crepe Satins, Georgettes, Canton Crepes, Flat Crepes, Crepes de Chine...to mention only a few...are available in abundant variety, in the very latest shades that Paris is announcing...lovely, flattering shades, styled to the minute, and in sympathy with the modern mode.

- DRESS FABRICS DIVISION •
Satins, Crepe Back Satins, Moirés, Taffetas, Georgettes, Canton Crepes, Flat Crepes, Crepes-de-Chine, Voiles, Ninons, etc.
- UNDERWEAR DIVISION •
"Gluv-Sylk" bobettes, bloomers and vests.
- DECORATIVE FABRICS DIVISION •
Drapery Taffetas, Moirés, Voiles, Ninettes, etc.
- LINING FABRICS DIVISION •
New Lining Fabrics...Lining Crepes and Crepe Back Satins...to add loveliness and chic to smart coats.
- BUREAU OF STYLE •
Personal Style advice by mail, Colour selection. State your problems to the Bureau.
- SHOPPING SERVICE •
If you cannot obtain any of our products locally, June O'Dell will do your shopping for you. See coupon.

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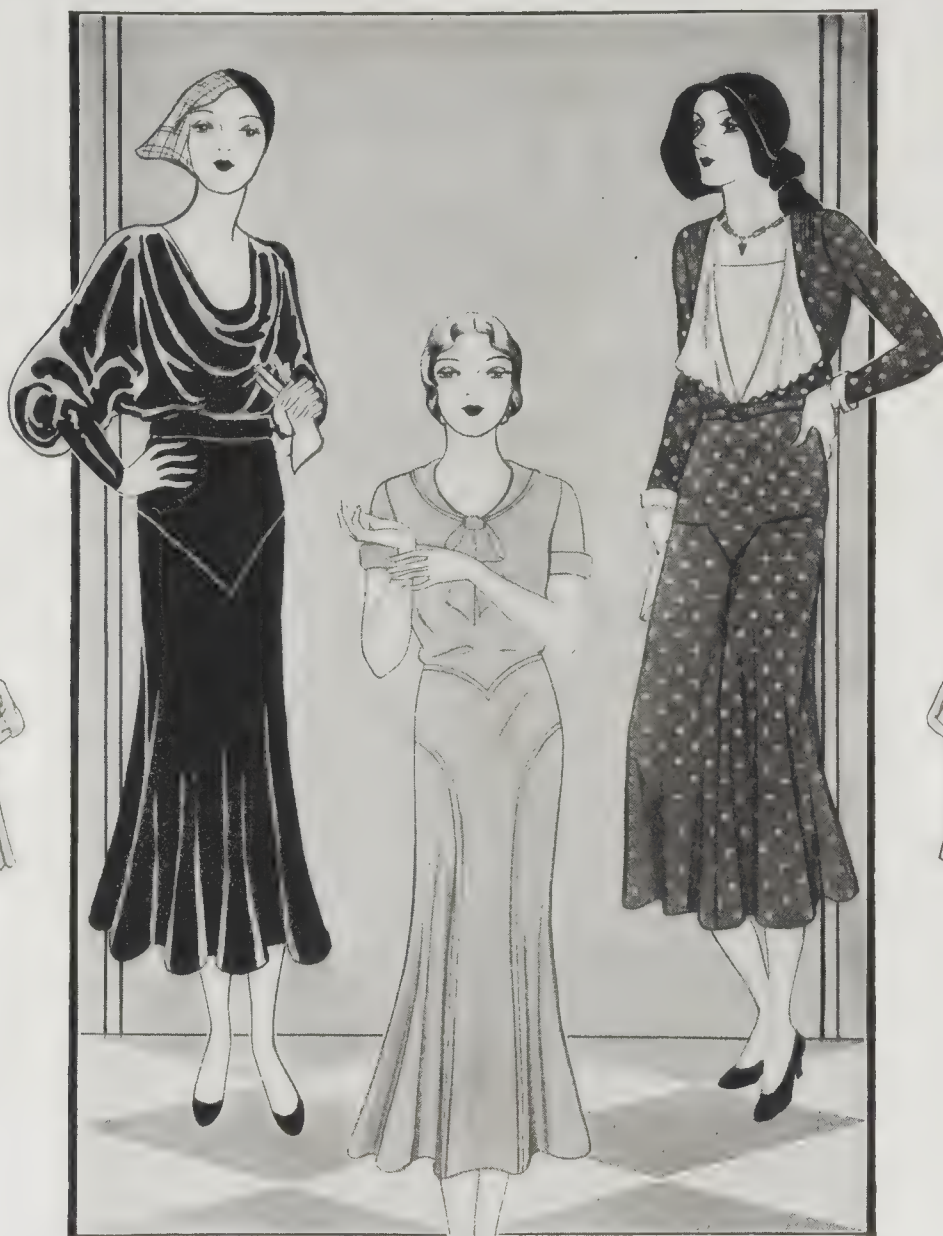
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ENSEMBLING THE SPRING MODE



7053

7049

7052

7063

7062

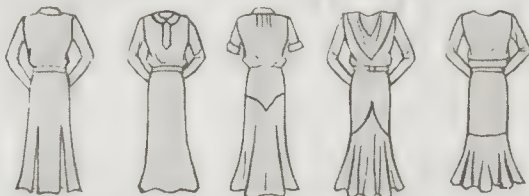
7053. Comprising a draped blouse, with body and sleeves combined, and finished with a deep cuff, and a flare skirt mounted on a yoke cut with deep point over the front. Satin or velvet is suggested for this pleasing style. The soft draping is especially suited to slender figures. One could also have this dress in Canton crepe or in printed linen, or the blouse of metal cloth, and the skirt of satin or sheer velvet. Designed in 5 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material. The Blouse alone will require $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard cut on a crosswise fold of material. The Skirt alone will require 3 yards cut on a crosswise or lengthwise fold of material. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with fulness extended is 3 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

7052. This style may be attractively developed in Canton crepe, or in light weight woolen. It is also good in cotton prints. Clever seaming is a feature of this model. The waist extends in a short point over the centre of the front, where it joins the yoke of the skirt panel. In the back the yoke formation continues in pointed outline, above flare skirt portions which also lengthen the sides of the front below the yoke. A pleasing collar rolls comfortably away from the neck. The sleeve is short and finished with an upturned cuff. Designed in 5 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material for a 38-inch size. For collar, cuffs and bow of contrasting material $\frac{1}{4}$ yard is required 39 inches wide. To trim with bias binding will require $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with fulness extended is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

7049. Black canton crepe and tan georgette are here combined. The georgette is used in the vestee and small turnover on the cuff. Graceful revers fall softly over the waist fronts and outline a deep vestee that may be plaited or gathered. Groups of fine tucks are at the shoulders in the fronts and in the back at the neck edge. The skirt flares becomingly below a hip yoke that is cut in points over the front. The sleeve is a one-piece fitted model, lengthened by a pointed cuff, which is finished with a scalloped turnover. This model is also desirable for printed silk and printed crepe—and nice in handkerchief linen or cotton prints. The Pattern is designed in 9 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years for Misses and 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure for Ladies. To make the Dress in a 38-inch size will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material. For revers, vestee and turnover on cuffs of contrasting material $\frac{3}{4}$ yard is required 39 inches wide. To finish with bias binding or piping as shown in the large view, will require 2 yards $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

7063. Designed in Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires 4 yards of 39-inch material if Jumper and Blouse are made of one material. For the Jumper alone $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard is required. For the Blouse alone, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard is required. Price 25c.

7062. Designed in Sizes: 16, and 18 years for Misses, and 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure for Ladies. The Dress with bolero requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material for a 38-inch size. The Dress without bolero requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards. For contrasting material $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 39 inches wide cut crosswise is required. Price 25c.





In Regard to Politics

TOO many speakers and writers who deplore the evils of politics shut their eyes to the fundamental truth uttered by Hon. G. Howard Ferguson, High Commissioner of Canada in London, when he said in a recent speech that "there will always be politics in this world we live in." Many a crafty politician has got his start by professing to be lifted above politics by his zeal for the public good. The plain fact of the matter is that all men and women are born politicians. We are all born into a world that is incurably political. A world without politics is a world we cannot conceive of as existing with human beings in it, knowing what we know of ourselves as human beings. Each of us has his or her interests and desires. Every one of us starts out in life wanting to be of importance, to be well thought of, to impress our personality on others, to achieve, to be successful, to do the best he can for those he loves, for those dependent on him, to be happy. There is thus a constant interplay of human efforts and endeavors, of rivalry and competition and conflict. In a word, there is life. That is to say, there is politics. For that is what is meant (whether we fully realize that we mean it, or not) when we say "politics." A world of perfectly unselfish, unambitious people, a world with no social or individual interests or desires in it, a world in which no one thought of wanting to possess more of anything than everybody else had, would be the only world in which there would be no politics. Such a world being inconceivable, we have to adjust ourselves to this actual world we have to live in and realize that the only way of producing better politics is by better citizenship.

No Figure for Canada

THE Calgary Herald wonders if there is ever going to be a firmly established figure recognized by all the world as representing Canada, a figure as distinctive as John Bull and Uncle Sam. True, there is the figure of a strapping young man labelled Johnnie Canuck. But unless he is so labelled, he is not recognized by the world at large as representing Canada. The queer thing about this matter of distinctive national figures is that few of them are really representative. John Bull, with his paunch and heavy jowl, Uncle Sam, with his high cheek-bones, his beaky nose, his goatee, and his pantaloons strapped under his boots, Sandy, with knobby knees and well-feathered legs below his kilts and with his curly walking-stick, Pat, with his long upper lip, his short clay pipe upside down in his mouth, his knee breeches and his shillelagh, and so on—they are all caricatures that are out of date. Perhaps if that figure of the strapping young man labelled Johnny Canuck, which is representatively Canadian, were, instead, a caricature, it would have secured world-wide acceptance and recognition.

"Even in a Palace—"

"WHO knows how much the average duration of human life may be lengthened?" asks Lord Dawson of Penn, the King's physician, in a review

article in which he says that there is nothing more distinctive of the present era than the general dissemination of information about the human body and the human mind. Articles in magazines and in newspapers by qualified writers are constantly spreading knowledge of value for the preservation and increase of health. And we are as yet only in the shallows of the sea of knowledge about the deeper laws of life. With the duration of human life made healthier as well as longer, there should be more hope and happiness in the world. But why should we day-dream over such speculations as whether increased health and vigor and length of days will lessen for humanity the causes of sorrow and anxiety? The truest wisdom measures years by good living, not life by years. "Even in a palace," wrote the good, wise and great Roman Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, "life may be lived well." The aids to the best living are all within us now and here.

An Eloquent Preacher

THE Philosopher was recently in a small gathering of old timers, who were talking of the great orators in the public life of Canada half a century ago. There were giants in the land then, according to the survivors from that heroic age. As he listened, The Philosopher wondered how one of those eloquent old speeches would sound today. And his mind wandered back to a time long ago and a story told him by an old man who had lived in one of the settlements in Bruce county, where the people spoke Gaelic. The story was of the way a churchful of people were swayed by a preacher from Toronto, a Scot, but without "the Gaelic." "But were many of the people able to follow the preacher closely?" the old man was asked. "No, dear me!" he replied. "But those who could not caught here one word and there another, grand words! And that was enough—whatever! Didn't they have the imagination to put meaning in his words for themselves? I tell you, boy, it was a grand sermon!" Undeniably, that must have been a truly eloquent speaker, speaking to hearers who could appreciate eloquence.

The Cheerful, Hopeful Heart

A THING we all learn as we grow older is that the greater part of pleasure lies in the anticipation of it. And the same is largely true of the ills of life. We can suffer more from the preliminary fears and forebodings than we do in the actual crisis, when it comes. Is not all this a way of saying that man is a forward-ranging creature? In the voyage of his life he is always looking ahead for a happy isle. Island after island looms up before him, and is duly landed upon. But it is always the next one that is going to be the true happy isle—unless and until a man loses the vital spring of his spirit. Happy are those who, with advancing years, continue to keep the hopeful, forward look. Not to lose it is a duty we owe not only to ourselves but to others, a duty which we cannot fulfil adequately by any mere show of artificial cheerfulness. There is no place for false-faced jollity on any happy isle.

Contents

Editorial

EDITORIAL—The Editor.....	3
THE PHILOSOPHER.....	78
WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING.....	80

Fiction

THE FAR AWAY ROAD—Elizabeth Jordan.....	7
THE LAST NORTH—Alberta C. Trimble.....	12
SILK—Charles Tenney Jackson.....	16
UNDER FROZEN STARS—(Fourth Instalment)—George Marsh.....	18
THE LONELINESS OF GREYBEARD—Ivy Scott Rogers.....	20
THE GYPSY TRAIL—Berton Braley.....	22

Articles

THIS HAPPY WARRIOR FACES WORLD FEARLESSLY—Edna Kells.....	4
WOMAN'S NEEDED EMANCIPATION—Robert Watson.....	10
DANCING AND PERSONALITY—Madame Tamara Karsavina.....	14
A HOUSE IN RED AND BROWN—V. W. Horwood.....	15
CANADA'S NEW CHALLENGER—Arthur J. Verss.....	21
THE LURE OF BULBS—Marion Isabel Angus.....	28
A DREAM THAT CAME TRUE—Elizabeth Bailey Price.....	30
THE MORNING MAIL—Martina Owen.....	42

Regular Departments

SHADOWLAND—WITH ALL ITS VAGARIES—Jerome Carver.....	24
DOLLARS AND CENTS.....	50
LEGAL INFORMATION.....	57
YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM—H. J. Russell, F.C.I.....	59
CHILDREN'S COZY CORNER—Bobby Burke.....	74

Women and the Home

HOME FURNISHINGS—Katherine M. Caldwell.....	26
BETTER COOKERY—Gertrude Dutton.....	68
FASHIONS.....	73, 77

The Western Home Monthly

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BAKER'S COCOA

Use Baker's Premium Chocolate for Cooking

What the World is Saying



"Yeah, we're havin' supper early Mrs. Hinchey—
John's just dippy over this premature golf!"

Hop-to-it-ism Is Also Important
The great need is optimism.—Moose Jaw Times-Herald.

And, Sometimes, Our Credulity
Everything we have is taxed, even our patience.—Neepawa Press.

We've Often Had It Get A Foothold On Us
American chewing gum has gained a foothold in Japan.—London Daily Mail.

And Of Strife Among Apartment Dwellers
Einstein calls the radio an instrument of peace between nations.—Vancouver Province.

Do You Give Yourself a Pat on the Back?
A medical magazine says that butter is helpful in curing lumbago.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

He Needs Only a Pedestrian's License Now
Lindbergh has received a license to drive an automobile in New Jersey.—Minneapolis Journal.

The Buyer, Of Course, Took the Whole Dog
A dachshund has been sold in Germany by length, at threepence an inch.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

World Peace Seems Farther Off Than Ever
An Austrian musician has invented a saxophone which can be played by machine.—London Saturday Review.

It Is an Outspoken Vegetable
Use a hint of garlic in cooking a steak, says a recipe. But garlic never hints.—Montreal Gazette.

And the Others Haven't Any Business
The reason why some people cannot mind their own business is they haven't any mind.—Toronto Star.

A Case of "Step On It, Kid!"
In hospitals they are now taking footprints of babies, for purposes of identification.—Medicine Hat News.

But More Often to Find Himself Late
It still happens, sometimes, that a man wakes up, like Byron, to find himself famous.—London Times.

He Must Be the Magnetic Pole
A woman in Warsaw is seeking divorce, on the ground that her husband has eleven sweethearts.—Glasgow Herald.

They Sound More Authoritative
An authority in voice training says that women's voices have changed notably in the past twenty years.—Kitchener Record.

A Needed Adjunct
Forward-looking architects are working out plans for a garage with a home that will fold inside the door.—Seattle Intelligencer.

Most Remarkable, If True!

Once upon a time there was a movie heroine who at no time allowed one of her shoulder straps to slip down.—Duluth Herald.

He Is Really of the Octopus Family

We wonder why the loan shark came to be called that. He doesn't have to turn over on his back to bite.—Ottawa Journal.

Say, Rather, in a Needle Factory

New York police are seeking six escaped lunatics in that city, which is like looking for a needle in a haystack.—Buffalo Express.

Full Many a Gem of Purest Rayon Serene

With the return of the long skirt, if it is really returning, there will be regrettably much lost to view.—Niagara Falls Review.

Shouldn't This Be: "For Nothing?"

It is rumored that, in view of the demand for economy, Scotsmen will not in future give even a hoot for anything.—Dublin Evening Mail.

Simply the Irony of Fate

A police magistrate in Vancouver has decided that a scorched shirt does not justify an assault on the laundryman.—Victoria Colonist.

Instead of That Dark, Portentous Frown

Mussolini says he is for peace, but we'll believe it when we see a smile on his face in those news reels.—Portland Oregonian.



"Will yuh pull us out, sir? Father often mentions having a pull with the police."

Ah, the Good Old Days 8,000 Years Ago!
"What is known as modern jazz was played by prehistoric people 7,000 years ago," writes a learned authority on music.—Scientific American.

And When It Goes By Ship It's a Cargo!
We've often wondered why a shipment of goods is called a shipment, when as a matter of fact it goes in a railway car.—Fort William Times-Journal.

We'd Rather Not Be Prehistoric, Anyway
It is often said that from a physical standpoint we are inferior to prehistoric man. But that is an assumption that is to be questioned.—British Medical Journal.

With "Wish You Were Here" Carved On It?
In Berlin they have been honoring the memory of the originator of the picture postcard. There is talk of erecting a monument to him.—Quebec Telegraph.

What Would Bootlegged Spinach Be Like?

"It is not impossible that even so harmless a thing as spinach may yet be prohibited in the United States," writes G. K. Chesterton.—New York Times.

Domestic Note

The skid properties of a banana skin are quite equalled by those of a spoonful of mashed potatoes on the kitchen floor.—Indian Head News.

We Like "Haggis, Where Art Thou?"

It would be hard, indeed, to say which is the chief favorite among the songs which are sung at Scottish banquets all round the world.—Toronto Globe.

How About the Bargain Sales Over There?

A German lady novelist who is visiting this country says that she finds that the women here are becoming more gentlemanly.—London Daily Express.

Did She Say: "O.K. with me, Big Boy!"

An Englishman complained in a separation case in London that his wife used "crude Americanisms" such as "Attaboy!" and "Be your age!" in speaking to him.—New York Tribune-Herald.

Why Not Slow-Motion Romantic Films?

The modern girl's readiness to rush into a love affair on a short acquaintance is attributed to the influence of the rapid progress of romance on the films.—London Passing Show.

We Would Never Trust Such an Acrobat

A friend of ours who has always given us good advice says you should never trust a man who will pat you on the back to your face and then laugh in your face behind your back.—Selkirk Herald.

Ye Ed. as an Expert on Human Nature

In women, courage and a majority of the other good qualities are more highly developed than in men. Conceit, which is useful because it encourages us, keeps men from knowing it.—Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.

Bank, Drug Store, or Plain Pedestrianism?

Professor Einstein, as a pacifist, advocates that pacifists should offer themselves for dangerous service and tasks of peril in peace time, to prove that their pacifism is not due to a lack of personal courage.—Ottawa Citizen.

Maybe Prohibition of Tea Would Do it

It is said that the Americans, who were never great tea-drinkers, are now drinking less tea than ever, and the tea trade is concerned about ways and means of promoting tea-drinking under the Stars and Stripes.—London Statist.

Enough Perfume, Without Gasoline

During their brief visit to Bermuda, the Prince of Wales and his brother were taken for a ride. It was in a buggy, not in one of the Chicago type of one-way automobiles. Motors are barred in the perfumed island of the Easter lily and the onion.—Boston Transcript.

A Use They Were Never Intended For

The sort of weather we have been having thus far this winter has not been such as to give curlers much more use for their rocks than to use them to hold open the front and back doors.—Brandon Sun.



Mrs. Cider: "Hush, boys! Papa's working."

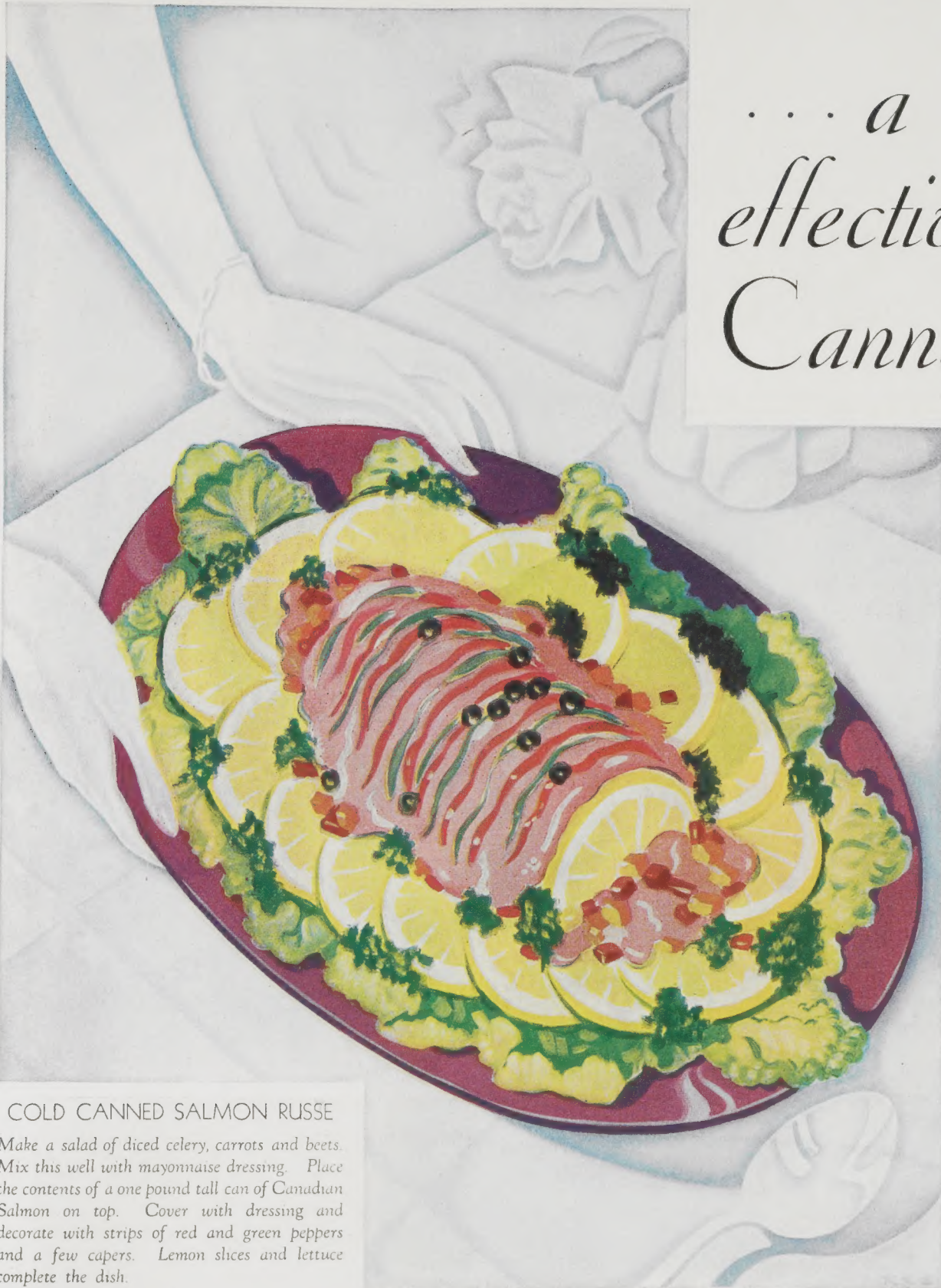
... a simple but effective recipe for Canned Salmon

For some meal tomorrow try this Canned Salmon recipe... it is very easy to prepare, looks and tastes just as tempting as it does here... and it has high food value, which is made up of Vitamin D, Lime, Calcium, Phosphates, Iodine... with a very high percentage of Protein.

The healthful deliciousness of Canned Salmon from frigid ocean depths is such a naturally perfect food in all ways that every home might well economize on the less valuable and more expensive items, and serve Canned Salmon in one of a hundred ways every day.

You've used Canned Salmon occasionally for years... you know its goodness, but perhaps you've never been in a position where it was so necessary to maintain full value food with such a closely trimmed budget as now.

Canned Salmon fits today's requirements... order three or four cans at a time... it keeps in a cool place indefinitely. And, of course, you **must** send for the delightful "tested-recipe" booklet on the coupon below!



COLD CANNED SALMON RUSSE

Make a salad of diced celery, carrots and beets. Mix this well with mayonnaise dressing. Place the contents of a one pound tall can of Canadian Salmon on top. Cover with dressing and decorate with strips of red and green peppers and a few capers. Lemon slices and lettuce complete the dish.

Canadian Canned Salmon

47C

Nature Sets The Price—Your merchant will show you five varieties of Salmon from the cold, clear ocean waters... Red Sockeye, Red Spring, Cohoe, Pink and Chum Salmon

Buy three or four cans at a time... they're always handy.

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Author of "Sherlock Holmes"

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The late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, author of "Sherlock Holmes," wrote reams of manuscript—tried all sorts of pens. Came the day, as it has to 26 million others, when he discovered the Pressureless-Writing Parker Duofold. Taking it in hand, he wrote to his friend, Lord Molesworth: "I have at last met my affinity in pens!"

Yet you don't have to be an author to gain great aid from this Pen that lets you write without strain, and think without irritation. By making your ideas *sparkle*, it gives your expression *flavor*. By giving you utter *confidence*, it gives your words new *power*.

Indeed, this Pressureless-Writing Parker is in the hands of more clear thinkers and real doers than any other pen. For example: An independent census of pen owners in twelve vocations proved Parker to be the pen most in use in no less than nine of them.

Go to the nearest pen counter and try it. But the first thing to look for in trying, or in buying, is this name—"Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD—Made in Canada," on the barrel. For its color may be imitated, but the Parker name means 17.4% more ink capacity than average and Guarantees the genuine for Life.

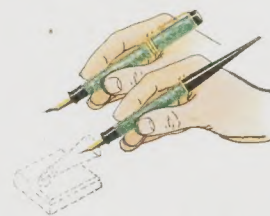
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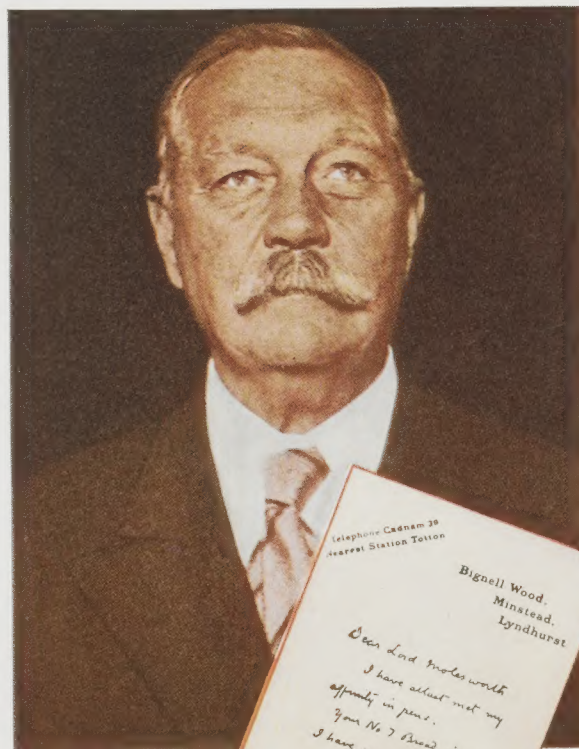
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